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"A CHINESE GATEKEEPER."
OIL PAINTING BY GEORGE
CHINNERY, R.H.A.



PORTRAIT OF GEORGE CHINNERY
 FROM A CRAYON DRAWING
 BY HIMSELF

THE LIFE AND WORK OF GEORGE
 CHINNERY, R.H.A., IN CHINA. BY
 JAMES ORANGE.

IN Mr. W. G. Strickland's "Dictionary of Irish Artists" an account is given of the life and work of George Chinnery, but it contains little detail of the China period. The artist's gouache work has been dealt with recently in an excellent article by Mr. R. R. M. See containing some fine reproductions. It is with the Chinese period that the present article is concerned.

George Chinnery was born in London on January 5th, 1774; began to exhibit at LXXI. No. 285.—NOVEMBER 1920

the Royal Academy in 1791; practised in Dublin from 1797 to 1802 (married in 1799); and proceeded to Madras in 1802. Leaving Madras in 1807 he went to Calcutta, where he remained until 1825, when he sailed for China. Soon after his arrival in Macao his wife threatened to join him, so he removed to Canton, for, as he remarked, "Now I am all right. What a kind providence is this Chinese government that it forbids the softer sex from coming and bothering us here!" After about two years in Canton he resumed residence in Macao, living in the same house until he died on May 30th, 1852.



PORTRAIT OF A HONG
MERCHANT IN CANTON
BY GEORGE CHINNERY

Chinnery's genius met with early recognition in England and Ireland, and in India he became a noted artist. The references of Thackeray in "The Newcomes" and of Sir Charles D'Oyley in "Tom Raw" testify to his skill and reputation. He received important commissions and could have made a large fortune if he had not been possessed of the eccentricity of genius and of so restless a character. It was rare for him to complete a picture; he would take pains with the face of the sitter and be quite indifferent to the complexion, the drapery, and other accessories. It was said that there were over fifty unfinished portraits in his studio when he left Calcutta.

In China he entered into a society which was not artistic, and his life was a constant financial struggle, yet on the whole a happy one. Contemporary writers speak of his charming and genial disposition and of the affection in which he was held. Mr. William C. Hunter, in "Bits of Old China," has many allusions to Chinnery thus : ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

"Facile in expression, quick in comparison or illustration, he always made himself welcome with his amusing stories of local as well as of Indian life. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

"As a story-teller his words and manner equalled his skill with the brush, while to one of the ugliest of faces were added deep-



"MACAO FROM THE INNER
HARBOUR." WATER-COLOUR
BY GEORGE CHINNERY



"CREEK NEAR MACAO"
WATER-COLOUR BY
GEORGE CHINNERY



"GROUP OF CHINESE AT A MEAL
IN STREET." OIL-PAINTING
BY GEORGE CHINNERY

set eyes with heavy brows brimming with expression and good nature. ♦ ♦

"During the whole time that Mr. Chinnery had passed amongst us, twenty-seven years, he had been remarked for two characteristics, one of being an enormous eater, the other of never drinking either wine, beer or spirits. His sole beverage was tea, oftener cold than hot." ♦ ♦

Miss Low, niece of W. H. Low, of Boston, U.S.A., whose portrait Chinnery painted in 1833, wrote a journal of her visit to Macao, 1829-1833, which was published by her daughter, Mrs. K. Hillard, and entitled "My Mother's Journal." In it there are many allusions to Chinnery, giving a living impression of his personality. ♦

A French author who dubbed himself "Old Nick" quotes in his book "La Chine Ouverte" (Paris, 1845), from a letter

written in 183- which gives a long account of Lam Qua, a pupil of Chinnery, and describes the rivalry between the two artists; while praising the work of the pupil, he admits that the talent of Chinnery was very superior and explains that the bitterness of Chinnery was caused by the lower prices of the pupil. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Dr. Sylvia Mendes, of Macao, an ardent collector and admirer of Chinnery, has some examples of Lam Qua's work which, while resembling the style of Chinnery, cannot be compared to the latter's productions. Lam Qua exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1835 and 1845. His name is now quite forgotten by Chinese painters, but that of Chinnery is still remembered. Dr. Mendes in a recent letter to the writer says: "Une remarque très intéressante; la tradition de George Chin-



"HOW QUA, HEAD OF THE HONG
MERCHANTS IN CANTON." OIL PAINT-
ING BY GEORGE CHINNERY, R.H.A.

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"ITINERANT CHINESE BLACK-SMITH." OIL - PAINTING
BY GEORGE CHINNERY

nery à Canton est encore bien vive. Il y est très bien connu parmi les peintres à l'huile. Dans un grand magasin de photographie, ou je suis entré pour voir une peinture de Chinnery, on m'a remarqué qu'elle n'était pas là pour être vendue mais pour être étudiée par les peintres, c'est de 'Chinnalee' (c'était un portrait de femme anglaise ou américaine.)" ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Chinnery's work in China has a certain monotony, for he painted the same individuals and the same scenes and types of Chinese life many times albeit with some difference in detail. His best work is probably to be found in charming scenes of

Chinese life, for his great delight was in sketching ; every morning of fine weather attracted him out at dawn, and his vigorous sketches in both pen and ink and pencil are masterly drawings. Some of his portraits in oil are remarkably good, though it is said, not always faithful likenesses, while others are evidently painted without any artistic effort and most probably to produce the money required at the moment. His landscapes, and small marine views are especially attractive, whether in oil or water-colour. A favourite subject was the sampan girl or boat woman with the black trousers, blue tunic, and red kerchief over



"EAST INDIA COMPANY AGENT'S
RESIDENCE AT MACAO." FROM
A PENCIL-DRAWING BY GEORGE
CHINNERY

the head. One of the best examples is an oil painting in the possession of Mr. G. T. Veitch. So far as the writer can recall, he did not do any pictures or sketches of rough sea or stormy weather; evidently he loved peace in nature as well as in mind. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

The colours and materials used by the artist were ground and mixed in his own studio, and fortunately have stood the test of time; the blues and reds are durable and especially good. He did not sign any pictures, but many of his sketches, pen and ink and pencil, are initialled and dated, with notes added in a shorthand writing.

Most principals of firms in China during 1825-1852 obtained from him portraits of themselves and friends and pictures of Chinese life; most of these are now in Europe or America, and very few are to be found in China. It was a fashion thirty or forty years ago among old firms to possess a Chinnery, like a piece of plate or old furniture. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

The list of Chinnery's works in the
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"Dictionary of Irish Artists" is far from complete. Sir Robert Buchanan Jardine, Bart., has about forty pictures, principally oils, portraits and scenes of India and China, including an admirable portrait of Mr. William Jardine, founder of the China firm of Jardine, Matheson & Co. and *A View of Macao*, a picture of strong contrasts and particularly worthy of attention. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Major Henry Keswick has eighteen Chinese pictures, besides Indian scenes and an interesting volume of sketches by Chinnery. Some of the pictures were loaned by his father, Mr. William Keswick, to an exhibition held in Hong Kong in 1867. Mr. J. J. Keswick, Mrs. Morris, Messrs. John Bell Irving and John Johnstone (all connected with the firm of Jardine, Matheson & Co.) possess several fine examples of the painter's art. ♦ ♦ ♦

Miss M. B. Maguire, of Dublin, has a large collection, and has acquired a mass of information with a view to publishing a book on the life and work of her relative.



"STREET SCENE, MACAO"
PEN-DRAWING BY
GEORGE CHINNERY

Mr. R. M. Gray has a portrait of his uncle, William Forsyth Gray, of Canton and Macao, painted about 1840, and there are several portraits in America, especially of the Low family, including the picture of Miss Low which is so frequently mentioned in her journal. ■ ■ ■

The British Museum possesses thirty-six sheets of mostly pen-and-ink and pencil sketches and four engravings from two pictures of Macao, the portrait of Thomas Colledge and that of Dr. Morrison translating the Bible into Chinese. ■ ■ ■

The Victoria and Albert Museum has three miniatures and a water-colour *A Coast Scene*, signed "Geo. Chinnery, 1801." ■ ■ ■

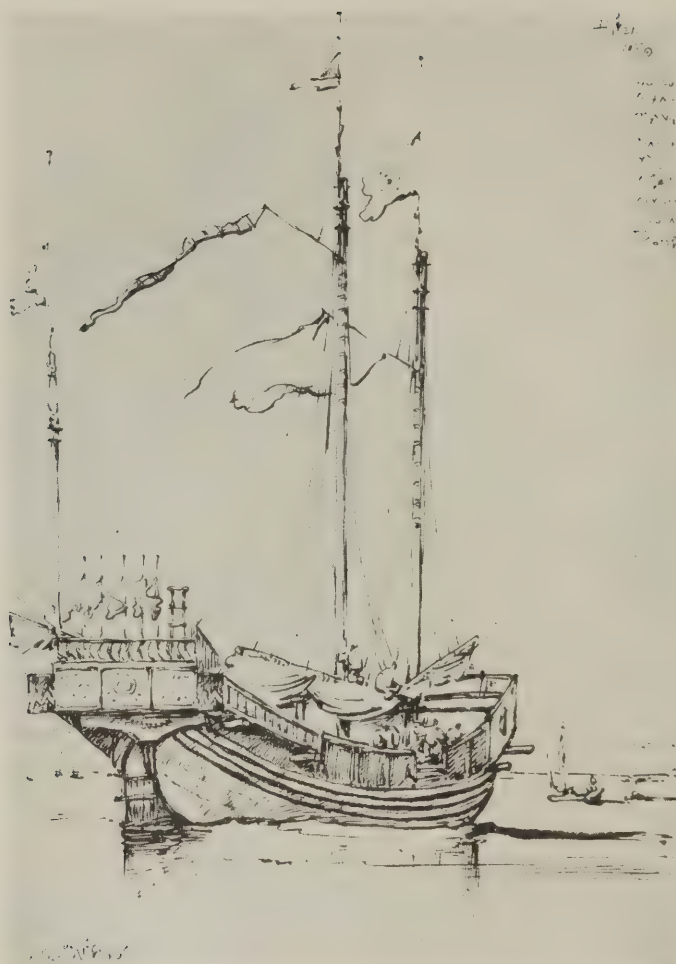
The National Portrait Gallery picture of the artist painted by himself and presented by Mr. John Dent in 1888, is probably the best of the many portraits of the artist. ■ ■ ■

The Dr. George Morrison Library, now owned by Baron Hisaya Iwasaki, Tokyo,

Japan, includes two volumes of Chinnery's works. One contains 206 pen-and-ink and pencil sketches, and the other thirty-nine finished water-colour drawings and eighty-four sketches. ■ ■ ■

The above is but a brief account of a genius, who, in different circumstances and with other opportunities, would probably have reached the highest rank among the artists of his time. ■ ■ ■

The oil portrait of *How Qua, Head of the Hong Merchants in Canton*, was painted for W. H. Chichele Plowden, Agent of the Hon. East India Company's Factories in Canton and Macao. How Qua, 1769-1843, was immensely wealthy and held in the highest esteem by all foreigners. (The Hong merchants were honourable and reliable in all their dealings, faithful to their contracts and large-minded.) The *Portrait of a Hong Merchant in Canton*, also painted in oils, was formerly the property of Sir John Francis Davis, Governor of the Colony of Hong Kong ;



"CHINESE JUNK AT ANCHOR"
FROM A PEN-DRAWING BY
GEORGE CHINNERY

it has not been identified, but may be that of Seng Qua. The robe is dark purple—brown and bright blues and reds occur in the elaborately painted embroidery of apron and under-garment. The picture of *A Chinese Gate-keeper* represents a type very familiar to old residents in China. The *Itinerant Blacksmith* and *Group of Chinese at a Meal in Street*, both quite small canvases, are favourite subjects of the artist and have charming effects of colour. The water-colours, also small, are luminous and finished with care. The pencil drawing of *East India Company Agent's Residence at Macao* is a masterly drawing;

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it is initialled and dated 1829. The crayon portrait of the artist is slightly tinted—blue eyes and red lips. These works are all from the collection of the writer and may be taken as typical of Chinnery's work in China; portraits of foreigners have been omitted from the selection. The pen-and-ink sketches are from the Dr. George Morrison Library, Tokyo. ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻

There are many pictures and works of Chinnery which are not mentioned in Mr. Strickland's list nor in this article, and the writer would be grateful if owners would kindly communicate with him with a view of compiling as complete a list as possible.



PEN SKETCHES OF
CHINESE LIFE. BY
GEORGE CHINNERY



"SELF-PORTRAIT." BY
ANDERS ZORN
(Uffizi Gallery, Florence;
Photo. Rischgitz)

ANDERS ZORN: SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS. ♡ ♡ ♡

MORA, where Zorn was born and died, is a little village by the shores of Lake Siljan, in the heart of Dalecarlia, which itself lies in the very heart of Sweden. Hills surround the lake, and the country for miles in all directions is timber land, dotted with lakes, and intersected by rivers. From Fuloberg, a hill overlooking Lake Siljan, the eye can look north and east for a hundred miles over uninhabited forest; uninhabited, that is, during the summer months, for in the winter the lumber men go and live their lonely lives among the giant firs. ♡ ♡

In this country, in the year 1860, Zorn was born. His father was a German and employed in a brewery; his mother (well known to all collectors of the etchings as "Mona") was of old Dalecarlian peasant stock. The boy first showed his talent for drawing at school at Enköping, and when about fifteen years of age some of his father's friends subscribed 400 kronor (£21) to enable him to attend the Academy school at Stockholm. ♡

Even in the 'seventies £21 would not go far for a growing boy, but it sufficed for the school fees, and he kept himself in food by selling pencil portraits at 15s. each. In later days he used to tell how his mother reproached him when, after

ANDERS ZORN : SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

a couple of years' study, he returned to Mora penniless. "If you had done as I wished and gone to learn to be a tailor, you would be getting four kronor a week now!" By 1882, however, he had saved enough money to come to England, where he stayed with a friend at Richmond, Surrey. But his money was soon exhausted, and on his friend's advice he went to one of the principal dealers in the Haymarket to try and sell an oil painting—a portrait of himself. He asked £60 for this, and the dealer offered £3. Zorn angrily left the shop and vowed never to have anything to do with "art dealers" again. Penniless, he boldly took a studio in Brook Street at a rental of £5 a week; got some elegant cards printed, and soon received a commission to paint various members of the Swedish Legation. In a few months all anxiety for the future was gone. ♪ ♪ ♪

It was in midsummer 1916 that I made Zorn's acquaintance, when staying at Fuloberg hut as the guest of Dr. Helling, who attended him in his last illness. Fuloberg is a "saeter"—one of those hill-tops to which the cattle are driven to make the most of the short summer, and eat the grass which is not found lower down. The hut, a solid wooden building, originally belonged to Zorn but was given by him to Dr. Helling; it was built in the early seventeenth century. ♪

Zorn's own house is in the valley, near Mora Church, and has a verandah with a beautiful view overlooking the river. Upon entering the drawing-room I saw Zorn, a huge and rather corpulent man, sitting in an arm-chair with the tiniest little Yorkshire terrier sitting upon his shoulder. He shook hands and introduced me at once to "Liten" (little fellow) the dog. "He is an Englishman too, and he comes from Yorkshire and weighs three and a half pounds, which is less than his master weighs!" He spoke English perfectly, but with a strong foreign accent; his face was much lined, and had a tired, kind look. He told me about his visits to America and England; it was in America, and not Ireland, that he made the etching of *An Irish Girl*—a rarity to-day. ♪

Liljefors, the animal painter, then came

in, but unfortunately he spoke no English. Mrs. Zorn then asked me to come to see the studio, and there I found wonderful old Dalecarlian tapestries, and solander cases full of Zorn's etchings. "Some English people are very queer," said Zorn. "A man came to see me once and spoke about my etchings, but I could see that he didn't know what an etching was." I brought him here (in a little side room full of porcelain trays and dishes) and told him that this was where I bit my plates. He looked very astonished, but after thinking a little asked me, "But don't you find that it injures your teeth?"

He showed me his private collection of pictures, and some of the old Dalecarlian woven work. Frescoes, done by the peasantry some hundred years ago, once covered the walls of Mora Church, but have been many times whitewashed over. When the old woodwork and old pews were threatened with destruction by the church authorities, Zorn offered to have the walls cleaned, the frescoes brought to light and the old woodwork restored at his own expense, but this was refused. The walls were painted and new pine-wood pews brought in. "It is strange," he said, "to think that there is perhaps no town in Europe where my authority in any art matter would not have some weight. Only in little Mora it is not so."

After tea we went into the gardens and saw his statue *The Morning Bath*, a beautiful nude girl in bronze, pressing a sponge against her breast. We went across to the small house which Zorn had built for his mother, and met the old lady, perfectly charming in her Dalecarlian peasant dress with white headcloth. She used to spend much of her time on sunny days sitting outside the door, smoking an old iron pipe, and she worshipped her son.

Midsummer's day throughout Sweden is a public holiday. Upon all the hill-tops and in all the villages, maypoles are erected and the people spend the whole of the daylight night in dancing. At Mora, no dancing would begin, nor would the maypole be erected, until Zorn appeared. He was certainly the "uncrowned king" of Dalarne; and his charities and good deeds throughout the district were un-

THE ETCHINGS AND DRY-POINTS OF GEORGE SOPER, R.E.

countable. It is entirely due to his influence that the picturesque costumes of the peasantry have never been discarded, and it is to be hoped that his memory may be kept alive by their retention. ■ ■

He had been failing in health for some weeks, but the illness of which he died was sudden. Dr. Helling was called, and found that it was too late. An operation was performed as a last chance—but he sank under it. ■ ■ ■ ■

He was sensible almost till the last, but at 1 a.m. unconsciousness supervened and his hands began to go through the motions of painting. ■ ■ ■

He spoke of colours, and of Liten, his little dog, and quietly passed away. As an artist he is a loss to the world; but as a man his death will leave an unfillable void in the heart of every Dalecarlian. ■

E. L. ALLHUSEN.

THE ETCHINGS AND DRY-POINTS OF GEORGE SOPER, R.E. BY MALCOLM C. SALAMAN. ■

MR. GEORGE SOPER has been etching barely three years, yet already he has achieved plates, such as *South Down Shepherd* and *Timber Hauling, No. 2*, reproduced in the second and third Folios of *THE CHARM OF THE ETCHER'S ART*, which have won him a distinctive place among the contemporary British etchers who count with discriminating collectors. And it is no easy thing for a practised book-illustrator, who has been habitually adapting his art to picture-making at the suggestion or dictation of authors and publishers, to emancipate his artistic outlook and embark on the adventure of a pictorial free lance, choosing at will the motive that appeals for the spontaneous utterance of the instinctive etcher.



"BURNING TWITCH." ETCHING
BY GEORGE SOPER, R.E.
(By permission of Mr. H. C. Dickens)



"BINDING FAGGOTS." ETCHING
BY GEORGE SOPER, R.E.

Yet this is what Mr. Soper has done, and with notable promise of success, because his etching is the result of a sincere artistic impulse toward free linear expression upon the copper-plate. Wisely, he sought from the first the best grounding he could get in the etcher's craft, and this he got with the true traditions from that past-master of all the crafts of intaglio engraving, Sir Frank Short. Soundly equipped, then, in the matter of technique, Mr. Soper began his adventure as etcher, and in such early plates as *Coal Wharf*, *Topsham*, *Devon*, and *Pit Props for the Trenches*, we see already that, though the composition inclines a little to "tightness," the line is not only well and truly drawn, but bitten and printed with a nice feeling for the tone subtleties of acid and of ink, albeit instinct with little of that subtle vitality and spontaneity of suggestion that makes for the etcher's magic. There is more of this in *A Cornish Farm*, the charm of which is in its sunny serenity of expression. In *Gleaning* and *Binding*

Faggots we find Mr. Soper trying a more open treatment, with freer and more fluent line, and greater economy in its selection ; but, especially in the latter plate, we still scent the illustrator's picture-making tendency rather than the etcher's spontaneous impulse to suggest a vivid impression of a human action momentarily seen in its natural rhythm. But when I turn to that beautiful little plate, *Burning Twitch*, I feel that the etcher has come artistically into his own. With true observation and sensitive, expressive drawing, he has realised the scene ; the woman's attitude is spontaneous, she is actually feeling the weight of the spade and handling it to "stoke," as it were, the burning mass of twitch. And how justly the figure takes its place upon the plate, how admirably balanced the tone! ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

One of Mr. Soper's attractive qualities as etcher is his independence in choice of subject-matter ; he etches no type of subject because others have done it with success.



"FEEDING CATTLE," (1917). ETCHING BY GEORGE SOPER, R.E.

On the other hand he is giving a new lead in the matter of pictorial content for the copper-plate in England. A very real interest in the life of the country-side about his Hertfordshire home draws him into personal intimacy with the labourers of the fields, and in the varied activities of the agricultural life he finds pictorial motives for his etching-needle or his dry-point. Working with his sketch-book or his copper-plate in the fields, with the tillers of the soil active about him, he is able to invest his plates with the actuality of the thing seen and the true out-of-doors atmosphere. He can never resist the pictorial appeal of a horse, and, admirably as he can draw the human figure, his graphic interest is, I think, most sympathetically concerned with the horse, primarily, the horse of agricultural labour. In those two attractive dry-points, *Timber Hauling, Devon*, and *Harrowing*, with the first of which Mr. Soper may be said to have "arrived" as a collector's etcher, we see how the artist has enjoyed observing and portraying with ex-

pressive draughtsmanship the energy of man and beast under the strain of their daily toil; while in *Beaver*—signifying locally the brief break-off for lunch—no less faithfully has he etched, with an expression worthy of Paul Potter, two tired, patient plough-horses restfully enjoying the refreshment of their nose-bags while the ploughman eats his own "snack." The true etcher's suggestive economy of line, each line carrying its pictorial freight of significance, is properly Mr. Soper's ideal, and he comes nearer to realising it with artistic confidence in *Feeding Cattle*, 1917, reproduced here. To have been a pupil of Sir Frank Short without learning the practice of aquatint were to have wasted valuable opportunity, and that is not Mr. Soper's way. That he has gained an artistic command of the medium he shows in *The Count*, in which the interest is focussed in the light of the shepherd's lantern on the flock of sheep against the dark tones of the night-shaded farm-buildings, making an excellent aquatint motive. ■ ■ ■



"THE COUNT." AQUATINT
BY GEORGE SOPER, R.E.



PORTRAIT OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE
 HON. JOHN W. DAVIS, UNITED STATES
 AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN. FROM
 THE PAINTING BY P. A. DE LASZLO

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The two examples of Mr. P. A. de Laszlo's recent work, which are reproduced in this number, illustrate in an interesting manner distinctly different sides of his practice. The portrait of Mr. Davis, the American Ambassador, is one of those vigorous and definitely stated studies of character which the artist has accustomed us to expect from him in his portrait work. It has a notable quality of vitality, and in its sense of construction, its decisiveness of draughtsmanship, and its

direct and expressive brushwork, it is exceptionally convincing; and it is distinguished throughout by a remarkable alertness of perception and by unusual exactness of observation. The *Interior: Littleworth Corner*, which figured in the recent exhibition of the National Portrait Society at Messrs. Agnew's, is a painting of a less familiar type, one in which he has had a special opportunity to observe subtleties of light, shade, and colour, and to show his skill in handling varieties of inanimate detail. The result at which he has arrived is wholly acceptable; the strength and significance of the picture cannot be ques-



"INTERIOR: LITTLEWORTH CORNER."
FROM THE OIL PAINTING BY
PHILIP A. DE LASZLO.

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tioned ; and its charm of treatment and attractiveness of effect, and its harmony of well-related colour, claim the sincerest approval. It certainly suggests that there are in Mr. de Laszlo's art possible developments in which he might be quite as eminent as he is in portraiture pure and simple ; and it will induce his admirers to look to him for even more notable achievements as a painter of such fascinating domestic subjects. Both these canvases, by the way, are additionally interesting because, painted as they have been since that period of unmerited suffering which was imposed upon the artist during the war, they prove that his unfortunate experiences have not affected the power and the vitality of his art. The confidence of his many friends in his honour and integrity was fully justified by the result of the public inquiry which was made into the fantastic charges against him ; the wide appreciation which

he has earned from students of art by his consistent accomplishment in past years will be increased by these latest evidences of his still growing capacity.

"Admiral's House" at Hampstead, where just a hundred years ago that prince of English landscape painters, John Constable, took up his abode, has this year passed into the hands of the Hon. John Fortescue, the King's Librarian, and here, under the name "Cintra," Mrs. Fortescue is conducting a business that is in many ways unique. The name "Cintra" comes from a delightful place a little to the north of Lisbon, and it was while visiting this place in 1919 that she first gained a sight of old Portuguese furniture, and resolved to introduce it to the British public. In particular her attention was arrested by the beautiful carved bedsteads of Brazilian rosewood, dating from the early eighteenth century,



"GROUP ON THE NORTH TERRACE, WINDSOR CASTLE." BY PAUL SANDBY, R.A.
(From a facsimile reproduction of the original drawing in the Royal Collection, published by "Cintra.")

STUDIO-TALK

and specimens of a slightly later date, which showed strong marks of the influence of Chippendale, who visited Portugal about that time. Old Portuguese furniture has hitherto been a great rarity in this country; indeed, so little was known about it that until not long ago the only specimen of an early eighteenth century Portuguese bed at the South Kensington Museum was ascribed to Holland. These fine examples of Portuguese craftsmanship are, however, only a few of the treasures displayed in Constable's old home; for besides old lace, shawls, Spanish combs and Chinese pottery, porcelain, jades and crystals from a Shanghai house for whom "Cintra" is acting as sole agent, they include replicas of antique Italian brocatellos, velours, damasks, silks and other fabrics for

decoration and costumes. A specially interesting department of the business is the exclusive publication of facsimile reproductions of drawings, chiefly those of Holbein, in the Royal Collection at Windsor. These reproductions, of which more than seventy have already been completed, have been executed by an English firm under the personal supervision of the King's Librarian and are remarkable for their fidelity to the originals. Besides its unique collection of Holbeins, the Royal Collection contains many characteristic examples of the work of the brothers Paul and Thomas Sandby, the latter, it will be remembered, was Deputy Ranger of the Great Forest under George III, and his more eminent brother Paul lived with him in the neighbourhood of Windsor for some time. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦



"GROUP ON THE NORTH TERRACE, WINDSOR CASTLE." BY PAUL SANDBY, R.A.:
(From a facsimile reproduction of the original drawing in the Royal Collection at Windsor, published by "Cintra.")



**"CICELY HERON," BY
HANS HOLBEIN**
(From a facsimile reproduction of the
original drawing in the Royal Collection,
published by "Cintra.")



**"SIR THOMAS ELIOTT"
BY HANS HOLBEIN**
(From a facsimile reproduction of the
original drawing in the Royal Collection,
published by "Cintra.")



PORTUGUESE DOUBLE BED, OF CARVED
AND TURNED BRAZILIAN ROSEWOOD,
EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, WITH
HAND-EMBROIDERED QUILT, ETC., OF
SILVER BROCADE



PORTUGUESE SINGLE BED OF CARVED
BRAZILIAN ROSEWOOD, LATE EIGH-
TEENTH CENTURY, WITH SEVENTEENTH
CENTURY PORTUGUESE HAND-EMBROI-
DERED QUILT



MODEL OF THE "MAYFLOWER" MADE
BY R. PATTERSON, OF LASSWADE, TO
THE DESIGN OF R. MORTON NANCE
(Photo, Royal Scottish Museum)

The model of the "Mayflower," reproduced on this page, has, like other models of famous sea craft already illustrated in these pages, been constructed by Mr. Richard Patterson, of Lasswade, Midlothian, from drawings by Mr. Morton Nance, and after exhibition in the Royal Scottish Museum in Edinburgh it was lent to the City of Plymouth last month in connection with the tercentenary celebrations. In this case Mr. Nance was without the precise data which guided him in designing his other models, as no

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definite record exists indicating the exact form of the vessel which bore the Pilgrim Fathers on their momentous voyage to the New World, and consequently conjecture has played some part in the design. The vessel being referred to simply as a "ship," he has assumed that she was just the normal small trading ship-rigged vessel of her time. The model as constructed differs in certain minor details from his drawings, but on the whole it represents fairly well his idea of what she ought to be. It is believed to be the only



FROM A DRAWING BY
MATTHEW MARIS.
(IN THE POSSESSION OF MAJOR LESSORE.)

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NOV 27 1928

model ever made of the "Mayflower," save one which is in the National Museum, Washington. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

In the drawings of Matthew Maris, as in his paintings, there is a subtlety and elusiveness with which the process engraver, no matter how near perfection are the methods he commands, finds it difficult to cope, but bearing this in mind the reader will see in the reproduction we give a characteristic example of the draughtsmanship of this rare genius.

The Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours has suffered a serious loss by the death of Mr. Francis E. James, the well-known flower painter, who, after leading an invalid life for many years, passed away at his home in Torrington, North Devon, on August 25th, at the age of 70. Of late years the name of the



STUDY FOR STAINED GLASS WINDOW "THE PRODIGAL SON." BY BERNARD RICE



STUDY FOR STAINED GLASS WINDOW "THE PRODIGAL SON." BY BERNARD RICE

deceased artist has been almost exclusively associated with the painting of flowers, but in earlier years other subjects engaged his attention—landscapes, and more particularly church interiors, a series of which he painted during his travels in Germany, Italy and elsewhere. Like the late Mr. H. B. Brabazon, a country gentleman who gradually became an artist, Mr. James was fortunately so circumstanced that he could give rein to his artistic impulses without the constraints imposed by pecuniary considerations, and as a result "he never produced a pot-boiler," to quote the words of Mr. (now Sir) Frederick Wedmore, who reviewed Mr. James's work in an article which appeared in this magazine in 1898.

From the journal of the Royal Institute of British Architects we learn of the death of Dr. Josiah Conder, who settled in Japan forty-four years ago and died there on June 21st last in his 68th year. Dr. Conder was for many years architectural adviser to the Japanese Government, and many important buildings, public and private, were constructed under his supervision. Amongst the books he



"THE GOOD SAMARITAN." CARTOON
FOR STAINED GLASS WINDOW FOR THE
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, PENARTH,
GLAMORGAN. BY BERNARD RICE

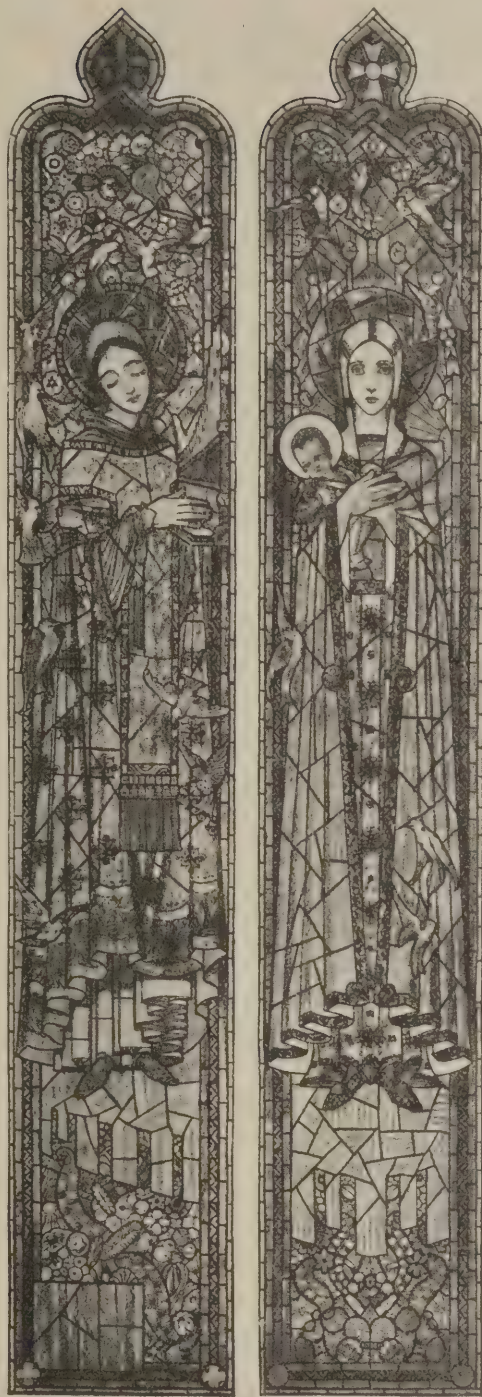
wrote was one on the Floral Art of Japan, a subject which he dealt with in a series of articles contributed to this magazine in its early years. ■ ■ ■ ■

We reproduce some examples of the work of Mr. Bernard Rice, whose designs for stained glass reproduced in *THE STUDIO* Year Book of Decorative Art for the present year show him to be an artist of an unconventional turn of mind, which is also evident, though to a less marked extent, in the *Good Samaritan* window designed by him for the Congregational Church at Penarth, South Wales, and executed by Messrs. Williams, Gamon and Co., of Chester. The distinguishing feature of Mr. Rice's stained glass work is its richness of colour, his predilection being for mellow golden tones. His two studies for another window show him to be a capable draughtsman. It is interesting to note in connection with this window in South Wales that the austere attitude which was once so common amongst the Nonconformist bodies in this country in matters pertaining to church decoration has in recent years been gradually giving way to a more generous outlook. ■ ■ ■ ■

With this window of Mr. Rice we illustrate one recently designed for the Parish Church of Nantwich by Mr. Harry Clarke, of Dublin, whose work, reviewed not long since in an article in this magazine, is becoming more and more appreciated elsewhere than in Ireland. Mr. Clarke, too, has a remarkable feeling for colour, which he employs in combinations of striking richness. ■

On page 114 we reproduce a memorial designed for the Green Room Club in Leicester Square by Mr. F. V. Blundstone, a young and talented sculptor whose work since his demobilisation fully bears out the favourable anticipations aroused by his pre-war achievements, of which illustrations have been given by us on more than one occasion. ■ ■ ■ ■

Speaking of sculptors, we are reminded of a new kind of modelling clay that has recently been put on the market under the name of "Silvered." It is claimed for this that it does away altogether with the necessity of constant moistening and protection from evaporation incidental



CARTOON FOR STAINED GLASS WINDOW, NANTWICH PARISH CHURCH. BY HARRY CLARKE



MEMORIAL PANEL ERECTED IN
THE GREEN ROOM CLUB. DE-
SIGN BY F. V. BLUNDSTONE

to the use of ordinary modelling clay, that it is uniform under varying temperatures, and is clean to handle. Samples of "Silvered" which were handed to us some months ago, including a small piece of the original as mixed by the inventor many years before, have been subjected to various tests, and have so far borne out the claims put forward that we can confidently recommend artists to give the clay a trial. ♦ ♦ ♦

Apropos of the late Mr. F. W. Hayes, who died in September, 1918, Mr. John Littlejohns, R.B.A., writes: ♦ ♦

"Mr. Hayes was one of the most remarkable personalities of his time. In addition to his art, his inexhaustible activity led him into almost every field of thought—as novelist, playwright, composer, economist and lecturer. A regular exhibitor during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, he suddenly reappeared at the London galleries a few years ago with large water-colours full of renewed youthful vigour. But perhaps the most unique side of his work—his oil studies from nature—by which he may ultimately be judged, were known only to a few of his artist friends, until they came to light at his death. When tabulated they were found to be an almost

complete record of his sketching in oils and revealed the origin of the extraordinary grasp of complexities which characterised his exhibited pictures. As will be seen from the two illustrations, these sketches, presenting an amount of complicated detail allied with breadth of effect seldom to be found in the most highly finished productions, give the impression of long sustained effort. But as each sketch, often as large as 20 by 30 inches, was completed at a single sitting, the dexterity alone, to say nothing of other obvious qualities, is truly amazing. This surprising speed was partially due to a process which he invented and which deserves to be widely known. First he stretched white cartridge paper over an ordinary canvas and sized the surface with patent glue or isinglass. Several sheets were laid over one stretcher to form a sort of block to save preparing a fresh surface each day. After sketching the main lines with a fairly hard pencil, the tones and masses were washed in with wide hogs, using the turpentine much as water is used in water-colour. As the size prevents the colour from entering the paper lights were obtained by means of a clean hog. The details were then laid on this thin ground in stiffer colour, but there



"CRICCIETH CASTLE." DRAW-
ING IN OILS BY F. W. HAYES
(By permission of the Victoria and
Albert Museum.)



"THE GRAVE OF GELLERT"
DRAWING IN OILS BY F. W. HAYES

was seldom any heavy impasto. It may be supposed that such a method would not make for permanence; on the contrary, owing to the nature of the surface, the thinness of the paint and the comparative absence of dangerous oils, there is no observable diminution in freshness in those which were painted forty years ago. Already examples have found their way into the permanent collections at the British Museum, South Kensington and the Walker Art Gallery, and there are many evidences that they will soon secure the recognition they deserve." ♦ ♦

PRAGUE.—The present year is the centenary of the birth of Josef Manes, who is generally acknowledged as the father of the modern school of painting in this country, and homage to his memory has been paid in several exhibitions held here during the past few months. Manes died nearly fifty years ago, but his art was never appreciated during his life, and his last days were marked by great dejection which culminated in serious mental trouble. Not until more than a decade after he was laid to rest in the old burial ground of the Vysehrad—the

upper town—of Prague was there any real consciousness of his greatness. Then—in the 'eighties—a number of young artists banded together and formed a society bearing his name, and this society, representing the progressive elements in our art, has kept alive and furthered the principles of the master whose name they honour. His influence has indeed been far-reaching, and of the Czech painters who since his time have attained to note it would be difficult to point to any who do not owe something to Josef Manes. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Manes as a young man studied in Munich, and was influenced to some extent by Schwind and Richter. When he returned to Prague the movement for the revival of national ideals was under way and secured in him a champion in the domain of art, which still languished under the constraint of a rigid academicism. He became the interpreter of the national legends and the illustrator of national songs, remaining above all a painter, eager to grasp the pictorial possibilities of a situation. As a discoverer and describer of Nature, he set out to depict with the enthusiastic love of the patriot



"SUMMER." OIL PAINTING
BY JOSEF MANES.
(BY COURTESY OF MR. F. TOPIC, PRAGUE.)

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"LE PAVILLON FRANÇAIS, VERSAILLES"
WATER-COLOUR BY J. ROSENSTOCK

the Czech peasants in their picturesque costumes. As a painter he possessed all the qualities of the modern artist. Plein-air and tone value were his problems. Some of his paintings astonish by their impressionistic treatment. *Summer*, here reproduced, shows interesting light and colour effects. Who would have dared at that time to set human faces like these in the green shadow of a red umbrella? The greater part of his intentions remained sketches and designs, but all his works—even the smallest productions—bear the stamp of a rare personality. ▀

H. S.

(For the reproduction of *Summer* we are indebted to Mr. F. Topič, of Prague, who has published a portfolio containing many excellent reproductions of works by Manes.—EDITOR.) ▀ ▀ ▀

PARIS.—The name of Versailles is in itself an evocation; its mere utterance serves to call up the past with

its scenes of luxury and tragedy, and so powerfully does it excite the imagination that one has the feeling of witnessing over again one by one the greatest events in the history of France. For here indeed a veritable panorama of that history is, as it were, spread out before one's eyes. The smallest stone of the palace of the Roi-soleil, the tall trees of his park, the groves and hedges, the statues and fountains—all these things have something to say. Are they not like so many letters, so many lines, in the pages of our national history? No wonder that a place so crowded with associations and traditions should have attracted our artists, and, in fact, the number of those who have responded to the appeal may with truth be said to be legion. One of these is J. Rosenstock, than whom no painter has been more deeply stirred by personal contact with Versailles. Exploring its beauties from many and varied points of view, he has brought back a fine harvest



CUT PAPER SILHOUETTE
BY GUDRUN JASTRAU

of water-colours in which the pure, harmonious lines of the château and park are recorded with generous accents in the splendour of the golden days of autumn, and with a sentiment in tune with the things seen and felt—by an artist who knows how to find out and reveal the soul, as it were, of inanimate things. ▯

L. H.

MILAN.—In a recent issue of the "Corrière della Sera" Signor Ugo Ogetti, the well-known art critic and editor of "Dedalo," communicates the result of some correspondence he has had with M. Igor Grabar, director-general of the art administration under the Bolsheviks in Sovietdom. The powers in Sovdepia, as Russia under the régime of the Soviets is called, have decreed the State ownership of all works of art, and it appears that M. Grabar's chief care hitherto has been to collect and place in safety the art treasures from the palaces and mansions that have been sacked and to recover those that have been stolen. Tens of thousands of works of art have been brought from the most remote and out of the way corners of

Russia to the large centres, pending their distribution among the art museums. Apparently the idea is to create new museums where they do not already exist, but M. Grabar's communication leads one to infer that this ambitious scheme has not got beyond the stage of meditation. Paper is so scarce in Sovdepia that M. Grabar's department has so far been unable to publish a series of monographs relating to certain discoveries of ancient works of art. Nothing is said about the famous Hermitage Collection, nor about the treasures of the Kremlin. It is, however, something of a consolation that the art administration should be in the hands of M. Grabar who, besides being eminent as a painter, is justly esteemed as the author of a history of Russian art.

COPENHAGEN.—Although men may have attained fame, more or less transitory, in connection with the art of the silhouette, it seems quite in harmony with the eternal fitness of things, that now at least the other sex is decidedly in the van. After all, women should be more at home with a pair of scissors than men, and that Miss Gudrun Jastrau wields



CUT PAPER SILHOUETTES
BY GUDRUN JASTRAU

REVIEWS

hers with exceeding skill the accompanying illustrations amply demonstrate. These often extremely composite *motifs* of hers are not only beautifully cut, but they are very complete little *genre* scenes, actually endowing their figures with a distinct individuality. Miss Jastrau, who only boasts eighteen summers, was an exhibitor at this year's Danish Royal Academy, where her silhouettes met with speedy appreciation. G. B.

REVIEWS.

Paul Cézanne. Par GUSTAVE COQUIOT. (Paris: Ollendorff.)—Cézanne has been dead fourteen years, and the number of his admirers has been steadily growing ever since. He has a host of disciples and imitators, too—the exhibitions of the present day are evidence of that—but how few of them really understand the aims of their master? It is true that were they to follow his patient, painstaking methods, the result would be a very small output. It would never do in these days of hurry and bustle to ask a sitter for eighty or a hundred sittings—and then, may be, leave a portrait unfinished, as Cézanne did once, because his sitter would persist in talking. M. Coquiote's study of this remarkable personality can only increase the respect which every serious student of the art of painting must feel for his memory. Though he gives only in outline what others—and especially M. Vollard—have given in much more detail, his survey of Cézanne's career and work is complete in so far as the essential facts are concerned. Monochrome reproductions of nearly a score of Cézanne's paintings are included. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Attraverso gli Albi e le Cartelli. By VITTORIO PICA. Quarta Serie. (Bergamo: Istituto Italiano d'Arte Grafiche.)—It must be now fully twenty years since Signor Pica began his unique series of critical essays on the work of representative graphic artists of modern times. Issued first of all as *fascicoli*, these essays now form four substantial volumes, each with a multitude of illustrations and remark-

able for the diversity of its contents. Especially is this the case with the fourth volume, recently published, in which a veritable galaxy of notable names greets the reader. First there is a paper on the drawings of Victor Hugo and the etchings of Jules de Goncourt; then further on the author discusses the drawings of three sculptors—Gemito, Meunier and Rodin; and this is followed by essays on "two princes of modern etching"—Méryon and Seymour Haden, and the drawings and etchings of the Spanish painter Fortuny. The book decorators of Russia—Somoff, Bakst, Bilibin, Benois, etc.—are the subject of another paper, while the remainder deal with the work of Rouveyre, "spietato vivisettore" of the modern man and woman; Henry de Groux, the war's romantic visionary; Emile Bernard, "sapiente architetto del libro"; and the two Italians, Disertori and Ugonia. Truly a cosmopolitan collection. The illustrations number about 400 and are excellently printed. ♦

The Eighth Volume of the Walpole Society, 1919-1920. Edited by A. J. FINBERG. (Issued only to subscribers.)—With the exception of a paper by Mr. A. P. Oppé on Francis Towne, a landscape painter who, dying in 1816, has been undeservedly forgotten for a century, and a notice of a lost monument by Nicholas Stone, whose work was reviewed at length in a preceding volume, the contributions to this new volume of the Walpole Society are concerned wholly with portraiture. Mr. Lionel Cust deals with the iconography of that "goodly man" and ardent patriot, Sir Walter Raleigh, of whom thirteen portraits are reproduced, in addition to others of his wife, his son and his brother. The chief article, however, in point of length, is one by Mr. Richard W. Goulding on the portraits of the Wriothesley family, covering nearly or quite two centuries of family history and lavishly illustrated with reproductions. The papers published in these volumes are important contributions to the history of British art, and subscribers to the Society get good value for the subscription which entitles them to receive these publications. ♦ ♦ ♦

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"A BRIDGE IN DEVONSHIRE," FROM AN
OIL SKETCH BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.
111 PAGE 100

THE PALETTE OF VELASQUEZ.
RÉSUMÉ OF A LECTURE BY DON
AURELIANO DE BERUETE. ♦ ♦

LAST spring Don Aureliano de Beruete y Moret, Director of the Prado Museum, Madrid, delivered at the "Ateneo" there a remarkable lecture on "The Palette of Velasquez." This discourse having revealed certain "discoveries" of the highest interest respecting the technique of the immortal artist, I asked the lecturer to be good enough to allow me to offer a *résumé* of it to the readers of THE STUDIO, and I have now to thank the eminent art writer very warmly for his courtesy in putting at my disposal the notes and the MS. he used at the lecture, and thus enabling me to present it as a *primeur*, since it has not yet appeared in print. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

The lecturer's aim, as he announced, was not to offer fresh criticisms on the work of the illustrious Spaniard, but rather to make a close examination of the *grisailles*, the delicate tonalities which form one of his most marked characteristics, and particularly to study the means whereby he succeeded in forming what one may term his "palette." ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

First came a brief but very profound consideration of the artist's development and of the *milieu* in which it came into being. At thirteen Velasquez was studying with Herrera; but they soon parted, in consequence of the diversity of their natures; and in the following year we find Velasquez in the *atelier* of Pacheco, who, while exercising no strong influence over him, yet served admirably as his guide and protector; moreover, he introduced him at Court after Velasquez had become his son-in-law. In Spain at that time—the beginning of the seventeenth century—there was prevalent in all directions a very strongly marked Italian influence; but, especially in the matter of painting, this "renaissance" was more theoretical than practical. A work by Velasquez dated 1617—he being eighteen at the time—the *Adoration of the Magi* shows signs of this Italian influence in its composition, this influence being mixed, it is true, with something of the Flemish; yet in point of

structure the painting clearly reveals a sobriety that is all Spanish. ♦ ♦

This picture serves Señor de Beruete in a sense as a starting point. Its earthy tints and its use of bitumen point to an evolution in technique which, little by little, was destined to lead, by way of golden tones, and then of dark greys, to the light greys seen later. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Bitumen, which, with its strong, *immediate* effect, and then its formidable blackness, was a characteristic of Ribera and of Zurbarán, and finally of Velasquez in his first period, had never been used in Spain until the seventeenth century. In this *Adoration* Velasquez used it to excess; but, clearly realising its terribly blackening results, henceforth substituted bone black (*noir d'os*). ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

In 1623 Velasquez was appointed painter to the king, and held the post until his death. That year he did three portraits of him, the best, according to the lecturer, being that representing his Majesty full-face, standing, and plainly dressed in black. This portrait meant a giant stride in the art of the Spanish School. It is entirely free from Venetian or Flemish influence, discards all richness of colouring, and, on the other hand, reveals, for the first time, that silvered note which was later to become one of his chief characteristics. But the evolution of Velasquez's palette, far from being sudden, came about almost insensibly. Of the same period as this portrait of the King is that of the Infante Don Carlos, much less delicate in tone; and shortly afterwards the artist created the work which in some respects constitutes the synthesis of his "first manner," namely, *The Drunkards*. Although of the same impulse as the *Adoration*, this last-named production is far more transparent in colour. And here ends the "first period" of the artist—still very black, or rather *darkened* by the use of bitumen, but still a period which must be regarded as marking the earliest steps of the renaissance in Spain. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

The travels of Velasquez in Italy did not bring about any radical change. On the contrary, his *Vulcan's Forge* proves how great is the difference between his solid

THE PALETTE OF VELASQUEZ



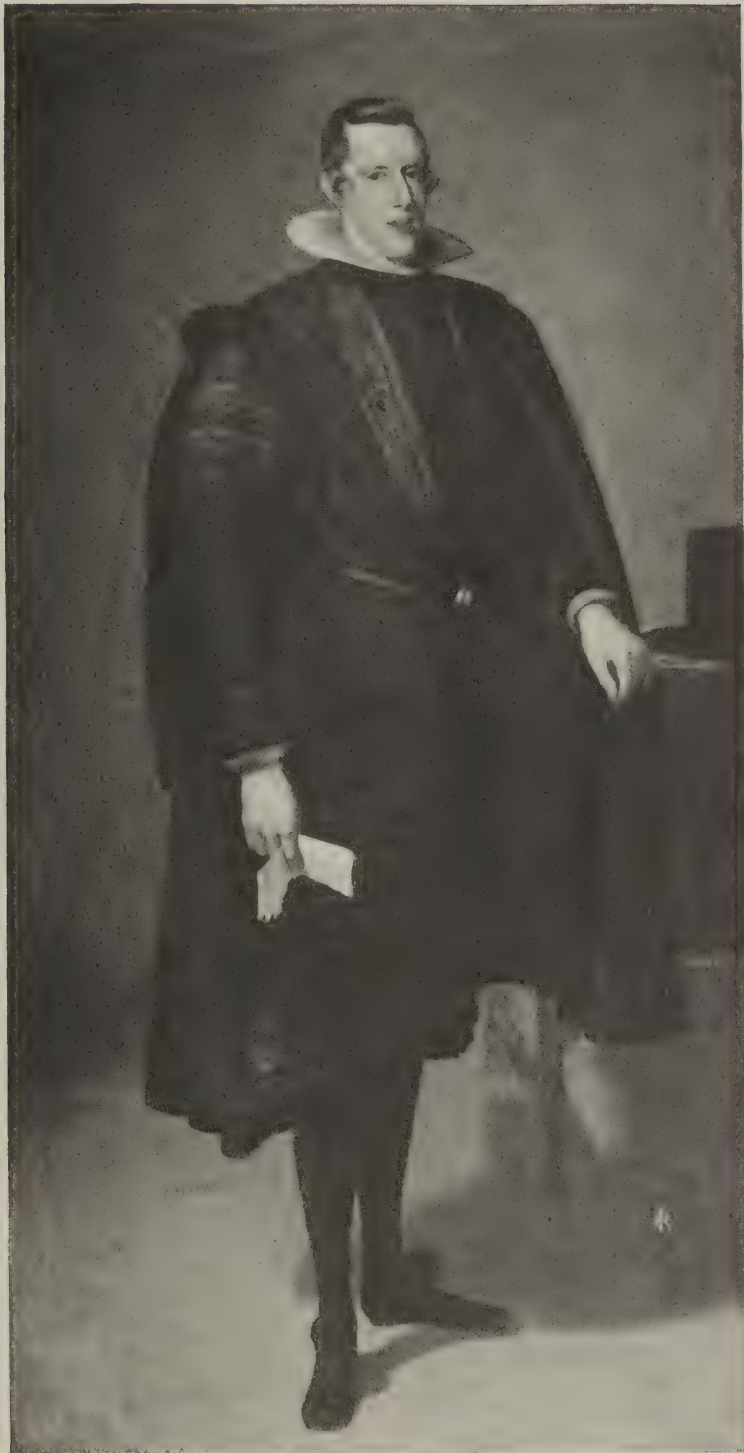
"VIEW IN THE GARDEN
OF THE VILLA MEDICI
ROME." BY VELASQUEZ
(Prado, Madrid—Photo
Anderson, Rome)

realism—realism and nothing else—and the Italian ideal. But Velasquez brought back from Italy two small pictures, apparently of no great importance, yet in reality of transcendent quality: the two little landscapes of the Villa Médicis, so luminous, so vibrating as to show them to be the origin of the most modern interpretations of light and *plein air*. ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊

Thenceforth the technical advance of Velasquez was very rapid, tending ever towards *simplification*, and, at the same time, the artist, it would seem, was making his way along two well-marked routes: on the one his chief preoccupation was colour;

on the other he was mainly concerned with solidity of form; and eventually the two courses met in his master-work, *Las Meniñas* ("The Maids of Honour.") ◊

Characteristic of these tendencies is the portrait of the sculptor Martínez Montañés, done on a ground-work not merely grey but even whitish, overlaid with touches of bone black. And in Señor de Beruete's opinion the hand in this portrait is one of the most real bits of Velasquez in existence, serving as the proof, the sign, the personal *cachet* of the painter in the midst of the entire Spanish School. To the same period belong *The Lances* (better known out of



PORTRAIT OF PHILIP IV
OF SPAIN. BY VELASQUEZ
(Prado, Madrid—Photo Anderson, Rome)

THE PALETTE OF VELASQUEZ



"VIEW IN THE GARDEN
OF THE VILLA MEDICI
ROME." BY VELASQUEZ
(Prado, Madrid—Photo
Anderson, Rome)

Spain under the title of the *Surrender of Breda*), and the equestrian portraits, the *finest* of all the artist's works. Here, truly, the Velasquez palette proclaims itself, all the bitumen, all the opaque black having disappeared, their place taken by bone black or deep brown. The well-calculated employment of these, in alliance with white, in the flesh painting constitute the secret that some have found in this marvellous palette—the secret to which the calcination of ochres, heightened in colour so as to produce golds of an inimitable reddishness, also contributes. Light brown, calcined ochres and cobalt—those are the essentials

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of the open-air backgrounds *invented* by Velasquez and realised by him with rare sobriety. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

In the portraits of hunters, as in the equestrian pictures and the *Lances*, the backgrounds are copied from certain places around Madrid, with its transparent atmosphere so daintily silvered. Thus Velasquez was purely a realist when he took landscapes for his models. The portrait of the King in hunting dress, dated about 1635, is less luminous, precisely for the reason that the landscape is not so true to nature as usual. This is due to the fact that the artist, in order to give special prominence



PORTRAIT OF THE SCULPTOR
MARTINEZ MONTANES. BY
VELASQUEZ.

(Prado, Madrid—Photo Anderson, Rome)

THE PALETTE OF VELASQUEZ

to the head, darkened the ground-work of the picture with earthy tones. This portrait further serves, like the equestrian portrait of the same model, to demonstrate the scrupulous conscientiousness of the painter, who did not hesitate to make elaborate corrections when he judged them to be necessary. In some places these emendations have gradually become visible. The equestrian portrait of *The Infante Balthasar Carlos*—the best of this series—denotes the artist's complete control of his "second manner." Its ground is of a pale but warm gold, on which the painter has worked with an almost liquid lightness. The tones here employed are very few in number: cobalt blue, which, mixed with yellow, gives the green required, bone black—a few touches only—and, for the head, calcined ochres and burnt sienna. This picture is one of the most typical in all Spanish painting, since, by the use of ochres, the artist has soberly attained a richness of effect much greater than that achieved by the Italians. The head of the Prince is more simplified than any in the Prado, and Señor de Beruete, after analysing it closely, remarks, by way of conclusion, "qu'on ne peut faire plus avec moins." ▯ ▯

The *Surrender of Breda*, which one must regard as the most important work of this "second period," offers scope for certain observations throwing light on the magnificent qualities peculiar to its author, also on others which were not so personal to him. Preoccupied by his composition, he shows less spontaneity and less of that restraint which are so remarkable in the other works of Velasquez. He never *composed*; and it would be an error to apply that term to the prodigious skill with which he *placed* his figures apart. The *Spinsters* (*Las Hilanderas*) and the *Meniñas* are, it is true, admirably composed, but the composition in them presented itself to the artist, which was not the case with the setting of the *Lances*. Here Señor de Beruete, in a long parenthesis, speaks of the influence of El Greco on Velasquez—an influence which in no way lessened the artist's strict realism, but which, at this precise moment of his career enriched his palette with a range of greys and carmines and yellows befitting Theotocopuli (El Greco) himself.

The influence of El Greco on Velasquez shows itself in pronounced fashion solely in his portrait of the Comte de Benavente, whose armour, in every detail of its technique recalls the armour of the Comte d'Orgaz. In the *Lances* this influence, though not very apparent at the first glance, reveals itself nevertheless in something there is—who shall say what?—about the composition; and in this connection Señor de Beruete observes that about this period El Greco alone at first, then Velasquez, and afterwards Rembrandt, knew how to evade the "patron" in their scenes containing a large number of figures. Highly important, too, in this "second period" of Velasquez are his quite small pictures (like the *Boar Hunt* in the London National Gallery), which, from their sober dignity and the lively characterisation of their subjects, might well have been of much larger dimensions. Some years later Velasquez paid special attention to colour, and then it was he painted the portrait of Innocent X. in the Doria Gallery, Rome, and the *Venus with the Mirror* now in London. The portrait of the Pope, of which nothing remains to be said in the way of praise, once more proves the realism of the artist, whose palette had assumed a brighter hue in more brilliant surroundings. And the *Venus*, which is simply a magnificent and very exact portrait of a nude woman, tells plainly enough, by its difference in composition from all the mythological pictures of the foreign Schools, that the characteristic of Velasquez was *direct observation of the moment*. But the *Spinsters*, so luminously coloured, must be pronounced the master work of the artist while indulging this colour tendency. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

The *Meniñas*, produced during the artist's last decade, is without doubt the synthesis of his entire output; moreover, it presents the extraordinary singularity of bearing no resemblance whatsoever to any other work, while being the perfect representation of an originality which continued its progress throughout the productions of its author. Its other distinguishing mark is its incomparable certainty, the impression it gives of having been painted *straight off*. In the course of a minute analysis of its technique, Señor de Beruete very justly



PORTRAIT OF THE INFANTE
BALTHASAR CARLOS
BY VELASQUEZ

(Prado, Madrid - Photo Anderson, Rome)



"LAS MENINAS" (THE MAIDS
OF HONOUR). BY VELASQUEZ
(Prado, Madrid—Photo Anderson, Rome)

compares the fluidity of the atmosphere in this picture with that seen in the canvases of Rembrandt ; and his comparison ends in favour of the Spanish master.

This picture of the *Meniñas* affords, furthermore, one's best means of becoming acquainted with the artist's method of painting. The use of the dark mirror is evident here ; for without it Velasquez could never have made so true that darkening of the background which serves to make the foreground scene so luminous. The canvas was completely prepared with a very liquid bone black, showing quite distinctly in certain places ; then the colours, all very fluid, mixed with oil or terebenthine, form the masses by melting, and never detaching, them. The isolated touches, so typical of Velasquez, are here very few, serving only to give just the right note of relief here and there. The tones employed are those that were always the artist's favourites : white, ivory black, bone black, light ochre, burnt sienna, *terre de Séville*, and carmine. The greens are made sometimes with cobalt, black and ochre, at others with blue and calcined ochre. The extraordinary lightness of the work is not broken by correction of any sort, for here Velasquez had nothing to alter ; when any part failed to satisfy him he preferred to do it all over again. Thus everything in this picture is perfect—everything save just one thing, the disproportion between the smallness of the "palette" here used by Velasquez and the importance of the work on hand. But the colours seen therein are indeed those *discovered* in this study by Señor de Beruete, and they confirm the declarations made by the lecturer in his discourse on "The Palette of Velasquez."

MARGARITA NELKEN.

Five years ago a Special Number of THE STUDIO was issued entitled "London Past and Present." Within the next few days a companion volume, "Londoners Then and Now as pictured by their Contemporaries," will be published which will deal with the various phases and aspects of London Life at different periods during the last two centuries. A selection of old pictures and prints will show how Londoners deported themselves in the past ; while the London of to-day will be presented by living artists.

THE REVIVAL OF ATHLETIC SCULPTURE: DR. R. TAIT MCKENZIE'S WORK.

ON the wall of the Stadium at Stockholm, where the Olympic Games of 1912 were held, is a large bronze relief, the work of the Canadian doctor and scul-



"THE AVIATOR." MEMORIAL STATUE TO LIEUT. NORTON DOWNS, R.F.C., BY R. TAIT MACKENZIE

ATHLETIC SCULPTURE

tor R. Tait McKenzie. It represents three hurdlers. Side by side they fly the hurdles with their long clean limbs outstretched, and eager, clear cut faces, each one straining for the mastery. Underneath them are the words "The joy of effort." In this relief and its title we have the keynote of Tait McKenzie's work. The joy of effort inspires his work and gives to it the freshness and vitality of perpetual youth: to this joy he owes his own success in many spheres. ▯ ▯

Certainly nothing else can explain his productiveness and versatility and the high standard of all his works. Some sixty of these were recently exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Gallery in New Bond Street. There were bronze statuettes and groups, mostly of athletic subjects, high reliefs, low reliefs, models and portrait plaques. Among works inspired by the war we may notice the charming figure of a young soldier ready to go on leave, entitled *Blighty*, and the portrait-statues of *Guy Drummond* and the aviator

Norton Downs, two of the many who gave their lives for the Mother Country. Most original of all is the model panel for an altar in memory of Captain McCall, where the sculptor has dared—and dared successfully—to array St. Michael and St. George in the uniforms of a French Poilu and a British Tommy. Photographs represented his life-size statues of *the youthful Franklin* and *George Whitefield*, which stand now in the grounds of the University of Pennsylvania. ▯ ▯

Surely there is enough work here for one man's lifetime. Yet art has been for Tait McKenzie the recreation of his leisure. Born in 1867 he was educated for the medical profession at McGill University and practised as a doctor, holding various medical appointments at the University till 1904, when he was chosen to occupy the newly founded chair of Physical Education at the University of Pennsylvania, a position that he has held ever since. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

It is impossible within the limits of this



"THE ONSLAUGHT." BY
R. TAIT MACKENZIE



"THE FLYING SPHERE (SHOT PUTTER)"
BY R. TAIT MACKENZIE

article to deal adequately with such variety of work. I must confine myself to the most characteristic aspect of Tait McKenzie's art, his revival of athletic sculpture. It has been well said that without Greek athletics Greek art is inconceivable. It was through daily observation of youthful athletes in the gymnasia and stadia that the Greek sculptor of the fifth century acquired his consummate skill in modelling the human figure. Similarly it is probable that but for American athletics Tait McKenzie would never have

discovered his gift of sculpture, and no modern sculptor has approached so nearly to the athletic art of the Greeks.

Drawing and painting had been his recreation from boyhood, but till 1902 he had never attempted to model anything. At this time he was deeply interested in the study of the influence of athletic training. In order to discover the physical proportions of the typical runner he had measurements made of some hundred sprinters. These results he wished to see embodied in a typical figure, and as no

ATHLETIC SCULPTURE



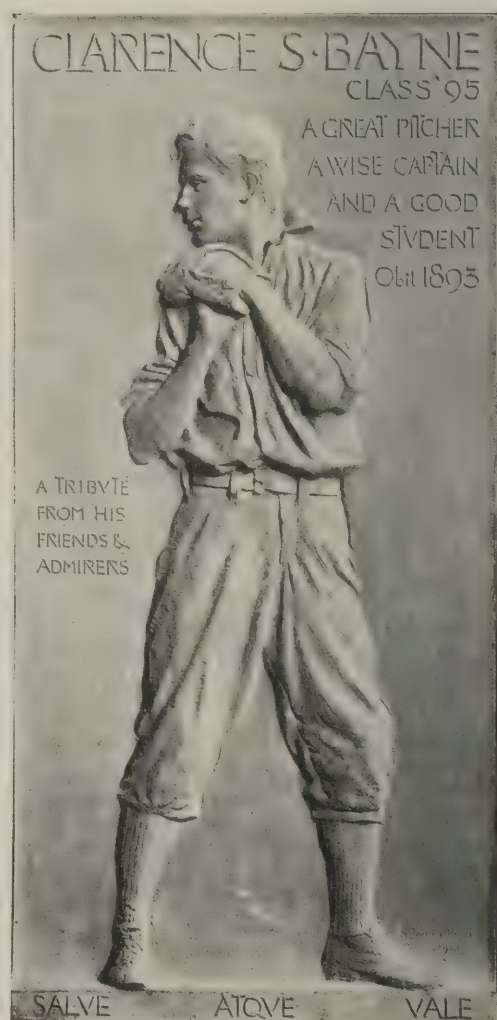
GEORGE WHITEFIELD MEMORIAL
STATUE, UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA. BY R. TAIT MACKENZIE

sculptor would undertake the task, with characteristic energy he set to work to model such a figure himself, and after many attempts he produced his *Sprinter*.

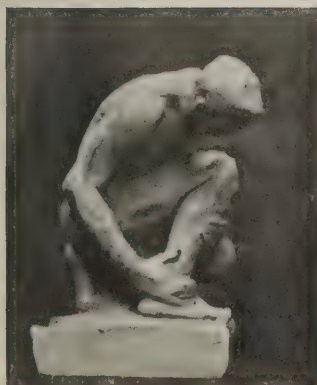
A very mechanical way it seems of producing a statue. Yes: but after all it was thus that the Greek sculptor consciously or unconsciously worked. Certainly there is nothing mechanical about the *Sprinter*. Crouching with his hands on the ground in readiness for the start, he is the embodiment of alertness and activity. As the Greek epigrammatist wrote of Myron's Ladas "Surely the bronze will leap towards the crown." The next year he produced the *College Athlete*, another study in proportion, based on the average measurements of 400 picked athletes. In an exhibition of sports and pastimes at the Whitechapel Art Gallery I showed a photograph of this statue side by side with one of the Doryphoros of Polykleitos, the

so-called "Canon," in which the Greek artist embodied his ideal of physical proportion. The Greek figure is somewhat shorter, thicker and more heavily built, for such was the type of athlete that prevailed at Argos. But in spite of differences due to nationality there are striking resemblances between the two figures. Both are realistic in that they are the result of conscious study. But the realism is informed by idealism, and it is this that makes Tait McKenzie's work so near akin to that of the Greeks. ▯ ▯

His appointment to the Professorship of

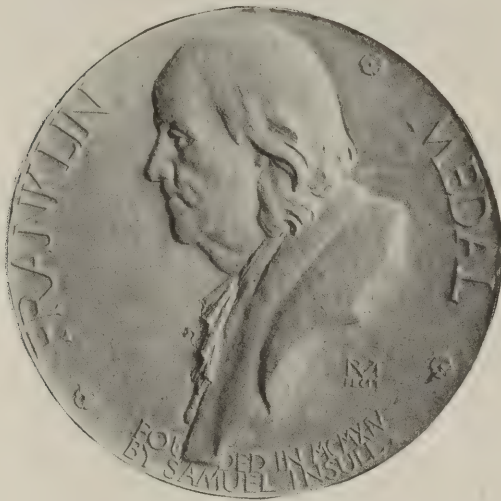


THE BAYNE MEMORIAL PLAQUE
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA
BY R. TAIT MACKENZIE



"THE SHOT PUTTER," "THE
PLUNGER," "THE TACKLE"
"THE INJURED ATHLETE"
BY R. TAIT MACKENZIE

ATHLETIC SCULPTURE



THE FRANKLIN MEDAL, FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, PHILADELPHIA. BY R. TAIT MCKENZIE

Physical Education gave him opportunities for observing athletic youth under conditions hardly less favourable than those that the Greek sculptor enjoyed. So far his object had been to represent the proportions of the ideal athlete. Now he set himself to portray the ideal athlete in action. Every position, every movement represented was to be ideally correct, for in the perfect action of the perfectly developed athlete would be found the supreme grace of human movement. How far he succeeded may be judged from such delightful little figures as the *Plunger*. ▯

His finest representation of the athlete in action in my opinion is his *Flying Sphere*. It should be studied together with *The Shot Putter*. In the latter the athlete is preparing for the final effort, his body drawn back, his muscles contracted, his face set, the line of the arms showing the direction of the throw. In the *Flying Sphere* the shot is already sped upon its way, and he gazes after it with a look of happy expectation. The body extended to its utmost seems as if it would follow it in its flight, but that it is held back to earth by the straining muscles of the supporting leg. The composition is superb, the long delicate curve of the body and the short reversed curve of the open hand beautifully suggesting the curved flight of the shot. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

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Tait McKenzie has not confined himself to single figures. In his *Onslaught* he tries to depict the spirit of American football. The central figure who holds the ball is being forced by his fellows through and over the ranks of his opponents. It is difficult for one unversed in the laws of the game to grasp the multiplicity of detail. In reality every figure has his own work to do. Our illustration shows only the back view, but seen from the front the impression produced is that of a curling wave about to break. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

Tait McKenzie's intimate knowledge of the nude influences all his work. Whatever the garb, he is always conscious of the human shape beneath. But with his other works I have no space to deal. Here I would only emphasise the immense service that he has rendered to art by his revival of athletic sculpture. The modern sculptor, confined too often to ill-developed models, knows little of the beauties of the human body and its movements. Tait McKenzie shows him where to learn. In the playing fields of our schools and universities he will find models no whit inferior to those of the Greeks and a variety of motives of which they knew nothing. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

E. NORMAN GARDINER,
(Author of "Greek Athletic Sports and Festivals.")

SOME PICTURES BY JOHN
DUNCAN, A.R.S.A. ▯ ▯ ▯

IT is as an artist whose joy lies in mystic mythology and all things pertaining to Celtic life and lore, that John Duncan, A.R.S.A., takes a leading place among living painters. Fully to appreciate his art, one must be old, yet young; old in the knowledge of the ways of men who were intimates of the hills and the wind and the waves, and young enough to believe in a fairyland to-day. To him, I do not think the past seems very vast or far away. And he is perhaps the one artist in the North to whom Ossian, Carril and Ullin and all the heroes that are no more are still living forces. ▯ ▯ ▯

A native of Dundee, Mr. Duncan, after a few years' study in London and Düsseldorf, ultimately settled in Edinburgh, where he soon became enchanted by the glamour of the Gael, as perhaps most alluringly described in the works of Fiona McLeod. It was in Edinburgh, too, that he became closely associated with the similarly enthusiastic Professor Patrick Geddes, whose northern seasonal "The Evergreen," published in 1895, contains some most charming illustrations by Mr. Duncan. Amongst a few that recur to memory, those entitled *Outfaring*, *Apollo's Schooldays*, and *Jehanne d'Arc et sa Garde Ecossaise*, all suggest that he, like Jeanne, was inspired by visionary voices. It was about that time, too, that he executed several mural paintings in connection with various schemes of Professor Geddes, amongst the later outstanding ones being those inspired by the legendary history of Scotland in the University Hall, Edinburgh, and some in America. Duncan spent two years in America as associate professor of the teaching of Art in the University of Chicago, and after his return to Edinburgh in 1904, various church decorations claimed his attention. ▯ ▯

In succeeding years the wonderland of the inner and outer western isles of Scotland has been, with Edinburgh, his artistic homeland. Fascinated by the still living story of those enchanted isles he becomes one with his subjects, and some Beltane night it would not be surprising to find him aureoled with the fairy dew,

riding off with the Sidhe on their elfish missions. Various are the stories told of these fairy folk, and various, too, are the beliefs in their good and bad influence. They dwell, some will tell you, within the hills or in the underworld and are never to be seen on a moonless night, or at the rising of the moon or when the dew is falling, and it is not a hard thing for the most practical of mortals to believe in them should they be so fortunate as to



"CHRIST WALKING ON
THE SEA." BY JOHN
DUNCAN, A.R.S.A.



"THE RIDERS OF THE SIDHE"
BY JOHN DUNCAN, A.R.S.A.
(The property of the Dundee Corporation)



"THE QUEEN OF SHEBA." FROM THE OIL
PAINTING BY JOHN DUNCAN, A.R.S.A.
(ON THE POSSESSION OF J. KENT RICHARDSON, ESQ.)



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"FIONN." BY JOHN
DUNCAN, A.R.S.A.

spend a May eve, or Halloween on Iona, Eriskay or even the more southerly island of Arran. In his picture, *The Riders of the Sidhe*, Mr. Duncan has represented them setting forth on a Beltane eve in a kind of ritualistic procession, carrying symbols of their faith and power, and at their good pleasure dowering mortals with spiritual gifts. The symbols are those of age-long Celtic tradition. The first rider in the procession carries the symbol of intelligence, the tree of life and of the knowledge of good and evil, the second the cup of the heart of abundance and healing, the third the sword of the will on its active side,

and the fourth the crystal of the will on its passive side. ♠ ♠ ♠ ♠

Turning from his riders with their earnestness of purpose to the picture of *The Queen of Sheba* one is sensible of the same mental atmosphere. From Jewish tradition we learn of King Solomon's wide-spread reputation and how from all the kings of the earth there came of all people to hear his wisdom, and amongst them we find the Queen of Sheba, who has come from her home in Southern Arabia to propound in person her own riddles. From the Midrash or commentary on proverbs, which contains a list of her



"ALCESTIS." BY JOHN
DUNCAN, A.R.S.A.

questions, we know that she was quite able to cope in wisdom with the Hebrew monarch. There is an interesting little Arab story which relates that when Solomon was informed of the Queen's coming visit envious demons whispered to him that she had hairy legs and the feet of an ass, and that in order to test the truth of their statement he set a trap, by overlaying his court with glass in imitation of water, but that when the Queen lifted her skirts to wade through, he saw the accusation was a vile instigation of jealousy. It is, however, the journeying of the Queen to Jerusalem as described in the

Book of Kings which Mr. Duncan has so delightfully visualised. ♡ ♡ ♡

More alluring perhaps in story is that of Deirdire, and without her the charm of Celtic lore would lose much. Incidents in her life have been lovingly recorded by Lady Gregory and Mr. W. B. Yeats in Ireland, and that indefatigable mystic and economist "Æ" recreated her in the first important play performed by the company from which sprang the Irish National Theatre. But it is to Mr. Alexander Carmichael that Scotland owes a special debt of gratitude for his lifelong chronicling of the beauty of the Celtic past. It



"DEIDIRE." BY JOHN
DUNCAN, A.R.S.A.

is his loving, thoughtful life of Deidire, founded on oral tradition patiently recorded, that has often held Mr. Duncan enthralled in the far away dreamland days, in the land of Lorne, which is lovelier because she lived there, though her name is hardly known to the stranger. ❖ ❖

From the "Myths of Greece and Rome," the story of Alcestis has also a heroic charm, which has certainly not failed to appeal to Mr. Duncan. In his *Christ Walking on the Sea*, too, he has depicted Christ as a type of energy of will control and fixed purpose. Similar characteristics distinguish his creation of *Fionn* (Ossian's

father), a fine old Highland chieftain of whom much praise is bestowed in "The Book of Lismore." Then we have *Ossian* himself, the greatest poet of the Gael, whose poems James Macpherson has sympathetically translated, and despite the opinion that they are not genuine renderings of the ancient originals, one cannot help quoting from his "Fingal": "Pleasant are the words of the song . . . lovely the tales of other times!" ❖ ❖

Having but slightly touched upon the themes of Mr. Duncan's pictures and the sources from which they came, of their art in construction and colour I have said



"OSSIAN." BY JOHN
DUNCAN, A.R.S.A.

nothing. That belongs to the artist and his vision—his vision as seen in the countries through which we wander in dream and to which on awakening living nature around us may add somewhat of her colour. Nor is it my desire to dissect Mr. Duncan's pictures and by so doing diminish the soul of their appeal. Yet I fancy that even the most exacting technical critic will fail to find in them flaws upon which he could long dwell. It may, however, not be out of place to refer briefly to the ways and means the artist has used in arresting his visions. While in France the use of tempera, as employed by the primitives and others, made a strong appeal to him, and it is in that medium that much of his important work has been done. A keen seeker after the ancient ways and methods, he prepares his own canvas and colours with a scrupu-

lous care that would quite satisfy the heart of Cennino Cennini. In a recent exhibition held in the galleries of The Petit Salon in Edinburgh, one had an excellent opportunity of intimately viewing a collective gathering of his smaller works in tempera, chalk, water-colour and oils. Among his oil paintings some landscapes of the Western Isles were exceptionally distinguished. Only those who have visited the islands—the "many coloured lands," as the ancient Gael named them—can have any idea of their mystic moods and brilliancy of colour. On Iona, for instance, one day may dawn with dusky hues and another with an opalescence that makes the brightest and purest pigments look dull by comparison. ▯

That Mr. Duncan's work has of recent years advanced in technical charm and colour as well as in creative design is at

THE POSTER REVIVAL

once proclaimed by his *Hymn to the Rose*, purchased by the Scottish Modern Arts Association, and *The Coming of Bride*, acquired for the Glasgow Corporation Art Gallery and already reproduced in *THE STUDIO*. Nor will any who were fortunate enough to witness his Celtic group in a pageant some few years ago in Edinburgh easily forget its colour and impressive arrangement. At present he is to be found on the island of Iona, within sight of those other isles, which call up the past in story he is never too weary to listen to amidst the silence of the hills, or lingering awhile in some humble cottage to join in the songs of ancient days lulled into melody by the sea playing on its white shelled shores.

E. A. TAYLOR.

THE POSTER REVIVAL. II. MR. F. GREGORY BROWN.

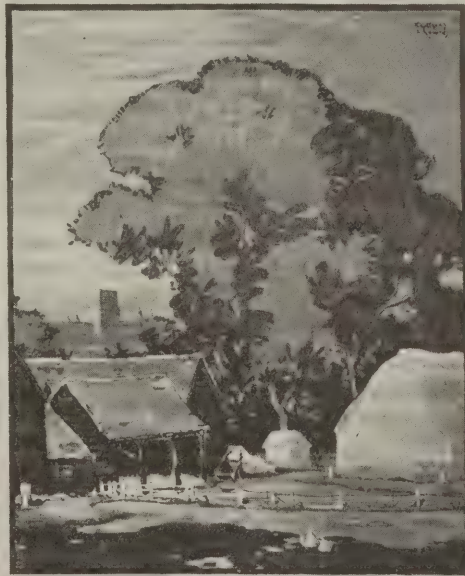
PERHAPS the best-known posters in the campaign of the London Electric Railways have been those advising the pedestrian how to avoid being run over. This solicitude on the part of an underground railway for the perils of the traveller above ground might almost seem to have a hint of irony, were it not that the company also controls the motor omnibuses, which are the principal terror of the streets. There is also on the surface something ambiguous in decorating the walls of this submerged tunnel with pictures of sunny farms and country lanes, to tantalise passengers deprived of the sky and sunlight. But a moment's thought reveals the perfect propriety of both these types of decoration. What could be more encouraging to the traveller in the bowels of the earth than to reflect on the dangers he is escaping and the pleasant countryside into which after a swift sojourn below he is to be transported! The majority of the posters which gave point and expression to this aspect of the Tube were the work of Mr. F. Gregory Brown, who has since devoted himself almost entirely to this and kindred branches of what is called commercial art.

Mr. Gregory Brown has had the ad-

vantage of escaping the usual methods of artistic training in this country. Had he been a student at the Slade or Royal Academy Schools he might have painted the accepted type of easel picture and exhibited regularly at the New English Art Club or Burlington House. Both these institutions encourage a superior attitude towards art that is applied to a useful purpose, very much as the writer of books looks down on the journalist. Fortunately for our hoardings Mr. Gregory Brown was early apprenticed to metal-work, and thus began as a designer for applied art. This is an important factor. The limitations imposed by a craft are bound to have a salutary effect on any artist.

At the early age of sixteen the young Gregory Brown exhibited two pictures of Thames barges at the Shipping Exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery,

ST ALBANS ROUTE



POSTER FOR THE LONDON
UNDERGROUND ELECTRIC
RAILWAY. BY F. GREGORY
BROWN, R.B.A.

THE POSTER REVIVAL

then under the direction of Mr. Charles Aitken. He also made a number of drawings for the illustrations of minor magazines. His training so far as schools of art are concerned was confined to a little Life drawing under Mr. Swinstead at the North London School of Art. Although latterly he occupied a studio in Fitzroy Street, he never belonged to any of the "groups," and it is not easy to trace any strong influence in his work. If anything he might be grouped with certain young artists—including Mr. Steven Spurrier and Mr. E. A. Cox—who owe something to the work of Mr. Frank Brangwyn. But even the influence of this great decorative artist did not last very long, and Mr. Brown is now himself being paid the tribute of imitation. As a painter he has exhibited fairly regularly at the International, the Royal Society of British Artists (of which he was elected a member in 1912), and occasionally at the Royal Academy and the Institute of Oil Painters. He has sent pictures by invitation to Pittsburgh, U.S.A., and the principal provincial galleries. He has also designed carpets and some very effective printed cretonnes and voiles. ▯

But Mr. Gregory Brown's real career began in 1914 with his series of posters for the Underground Railways. In these he succeeded in a remarkable way in rendering sunlight in a purely decorative manner. While studying natural forms closely he strove to give, by means of flat colours and bold outlines, something of the joy of sunny country lanes, red-tiled roofs and bright skies, using colour and tone values quite arbitrarily. It has been urged by some critics that the forms are a little realistic for such deliberately conventional colour-schemes, but it must be remembered that many of the Underground posters have been small bills to be looked at close to and demanding a treatment different from that used for large posters displayed high above the eye. Recently Mr. Brown has been engaged on larger posters for the hoardings, and his work has at the same time progressed towards a greater breadth and simplicity. Exhibitions of these posters have been held all over the world. One of the first advertisers to perceive the value of the

work was again the managing director of the firm of drapers whose poster for stockings is here reproduced. ▯ ▯

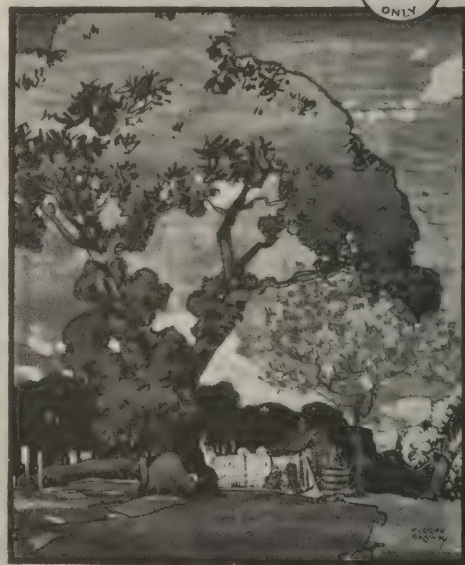
An important aspect of the poster revival is that it is a vindication of indirect advertising. The Underground posters were talked about more than any posters for years, and they never gave a picture of a train. The most widespread notion of a poster is one giving a representation of the object advertised. Now there are very few articles of which it can be said that their appeal is purely pictorial, or that their most valuable properties can be expressed in a picture. A picture of a ten foot tin of cocoa does not tell you what it tastes like. It is also so dull and uninteresting that you do not look at it at all. The photographic film posters deter one from picture theatres, but the wild decorative posters for some of the Italian films are immensely intriguing. ▯

HORACE TAYLOR.

HADLEY WOODS

ROUTE

SUNDAYS
29^A
ONLY

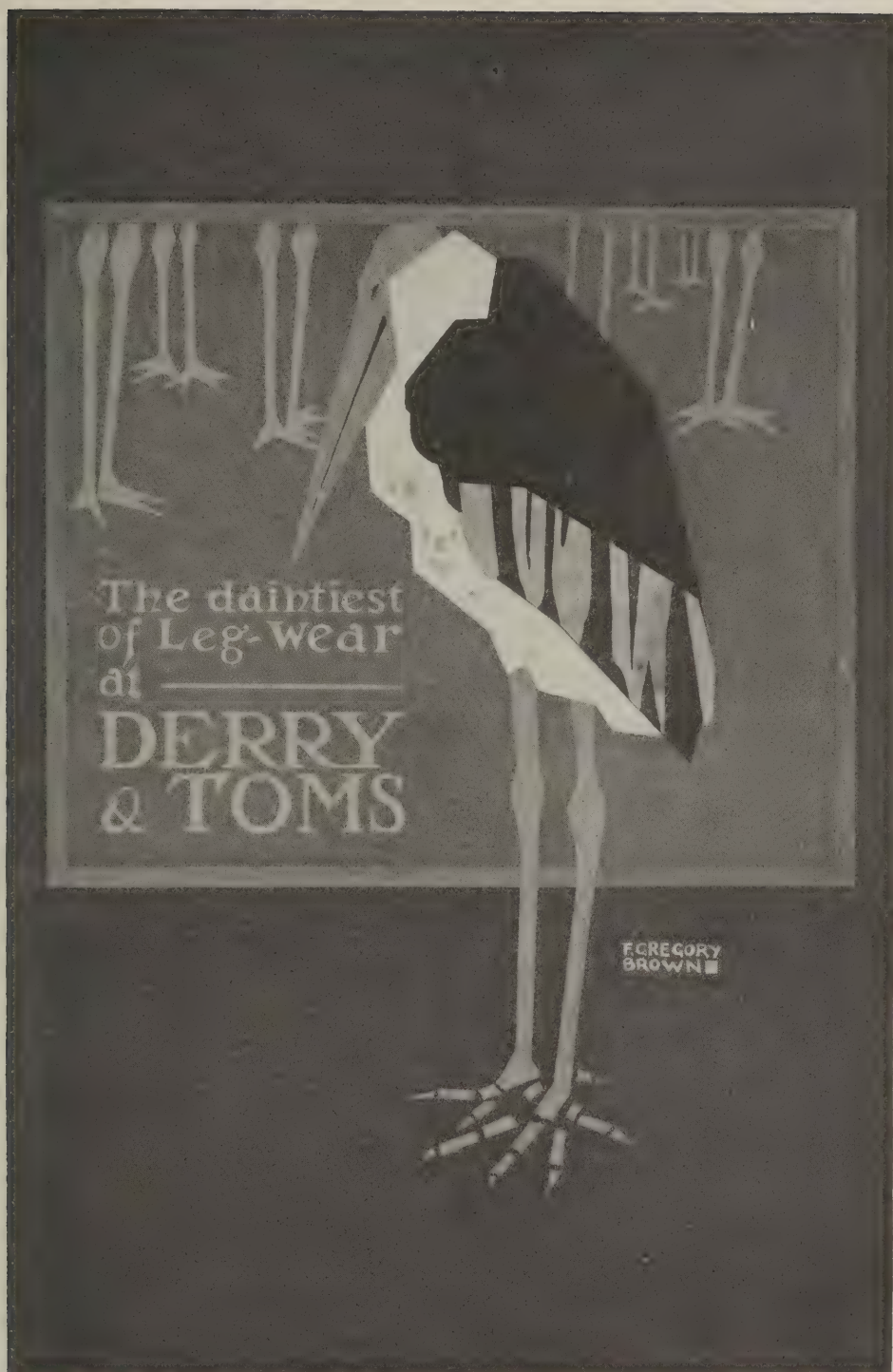


POSTER FOR THE LONDON
UNDERGROUND ELECTRIC
RAILWAY. BY F. GREGORY
BROWN, R.B.A.



POSTERS DESIGNED BY
F. GREGORY BROWN, R.B.A.

THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



POSTER DESIGNED BY F.
GREGORY BROWN, "R.B.A.

STUDIO-TALK

(From our own Correspondent).

LONDON.—Though some little time may elapse before the whole of the Tate Gallery is reopened to the public, owing to the large amount of redecoration now being carried out, the rooms at present accessible contain ample material for the student of British art to revel in. Two of the larger rooms, consecrated to the immortal genius of Turner, are ablaze with the glorious emanations of his palette; these contain most of the paintings transferred from the National Gallery, but ere long two smaller rooms, hung with a goodly array of his water-colours and pencil sketches, will be thrown open. Our frontispiece this month is in-

teresting as illustrating a quite exceptional phase of this great master's art. It is an oil sketch painted direct from nature during his second sketching tour in that county in the summer of 1813, and, according to Mr. A. J. Finberg, it is one of the very few sketches of the kind which Turner ever made, for as a rule all his work direct from nature was done with the pencil and without colour. The circumstances which induced him to depart on this occasion from his habitual practice of sketching only in pencil have been described by the late Sir Charles Eastlake. While Turner was staying at Plymouth he was generally accompanied on his tours by a local artist, Mr. Ambrose Johns, of Plymouth. To induce Turner to work in oils Mr. Johns "fitted up a



"PORTLAND RACE, EBB TIDE." AQUA
TINT BY BERTRAM BUCHANAN
(Bromhead, Cutts & Co.—see page 155)



PEACOCK PANEL IN PATCHWORK.
DESIGNED AND WORKED BY AMY SAWYER.

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"THE SOUTH DOWNS FROM FYRLE"
 ETCHING BY BERTRAM BUCHANAN
 (Bromhead, Cutts & Co.)

small portable painting-box containing some prepared paper for oil sketches, as well as the other necessary materials. When Turner halted at a scene and seemed inclined to sketch it, Johns produced the inviting box, and the great artist, finding everything ready to his hand, immediately began to work." In this way Turner produced about a dozen oil sketches of scenes round Plymouth. Most of them were in his possession when he died and were included in the Turner Bequest to the National Gallery. He does not seem to have regarded this experiment of working direct from nature in oils as a success, as he never repeated it; nor does he seem to have used any of these sketches

as material for his larger compositions. They are, nevertheless, very delightful records of some of the loveliest scenery in England, and the *Bridge* is one of the most pleasing of the series. ♡ ♡ ♡

In these days of high prices the rag-bag is not to be despised, and how effectively its resources may be utilised is shown by Miss Amy Sawyer's *Peacock Panel*, which we have reproduced as a colour supplement. With the exception of some machine sewing done by a friend all the needlework in this large panel, 24 square feet in area, was done with the artist's left hand. ♡ ♡ ♡

Mr. Bertram Buchanan is an etcher but newly come within our ken, although



WOODCUT BY
ROBERT GIBBINGS

we learn from Messrs. Bromhead, Cutts and Co., who are showing a selection of his prints in their pleasant little gallery in Cork Street, that he has been etching for twenty years and winning the admiration of collectors and artists. His work upon the copper has been done, it would seem, *con amore*, for his profession was soldiering until he retired from the regular army as a colonel after serving throughout the war. Now he lives upon a farm in Sussex and enjoys himself with the gentle art of etching. Particularly he seems to be interested in the structure of scenery, especially such as that of the Weald and the Downs, in the undulating shapes of which his etching needle finds rich opportunity for the interplay of sweeping lines. *South Downs from Fyrlé*, reproduced here, is so far his most important plate, in which the treatment of light calls for special commendation. In his use of aquatint, as we see in the very vivid *Portland Race*, *Ebb Tide*, Mr. Buchanan builds up his pictorial impression with flat tones sharply juxtaposed; very effective this in suggesting the structural character of the cliffs and the lively wash of the sea-breakers, with the startling lights and shadows cast by broken threatening sky. ■ ■ ■

The growing appreciation of the wood-

cut as a vehicle of original expression is without doubt one of the outstanding phenomena in the progress of art at the present day. In France, especially, its vogue has been steadily increasing, and many are the publications which appear with decorations or illustrations from wood blocks instead of the more commonplace half-tone blocks. A great stimulus to the revival of the wood-cut was given by the Société de la Gravure en bois originale which, founded some two or three years before the war, has recently reorganised its plan of operations by admitting collectors and foreign practitioners. In this country we have hitherto had no society exclusively associated with wood engraving, but recently a new body has been formed under the title of The Society of Wood Engravers, and its inaugural exhibition is being held at the Chenil Gallery, King's Road, Chelsea, from November 15 to December 24. The artists forming this new Society are Gordon Craig, E. M. O'R. Dickey, Robert Gibbings, Eric Gill, Philip Hagreen, Sydney Lee, T. Sturge Moore, John Nash, Lucien Pissarro, Gwendolen Raverat, and Noel Rooke. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

The two woodcuts by Mr. Edmund Lucchesi which we reproduce are characteristic of the work he is doing. He has a special predilection for masses of black,



"DANSE JOYEUSE." BY
EDMUND LUCCHESI
(By courtesy of "Fan")



"LA MORTE DU CYGNE."
FROM A WOODBLOCK PRINT
BY EDMUND LUCCHESE.

OLD
FISH

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"RED AND BLACK." OIL PAINTING
BY J. STANLEY CURSITER

often relieved with one or may be two or three well chosen tints which impart an agreeable decorative quality and gaiety to his prints. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

As some compensation for the diminution of exhibition facilities caused by the closing of more than one gallery in the West End there is to be recorded the opening of a new gallery at Knightsbridge, (Pavilion Road). It is called the Collector's Gallery and its first exhibition, now being held, consists of a collection of water-colours and pictures by Mr. Albert Goodwin, R.W.S. ♦

GLASGOW.—Some forty years ago the "Glasgow School of Painters" became an established fact, public opinion

was aroused, an educative process begun, and to-day the annual exhibition of the Royal Glasgow Institute creates widespread interest and exercises an influence of incalculable effect at a time when every refining force should be most actively exerted to counteract the coarsening tendencies that have been let loose. ♦ ♦

The visitor to the M'Lellan Galleries does not go far without having his attention arrested. He is pulled up suddenly before one of those Guthrie creations that make the work even of brilliant contemporaries appear to lack some essential quality, as one of them puts it. The *Lady Hermione Stuart*, lent by the Earl of Moray, is more than the inspired portrait of a young girl standing in a grey



"BULL FIGHT—THE BANDERILLEROS"
WATER-COLOUR BY W. RUSSELL
FLINT, R.W.S.

frock at the foot of a brown oaken staircase, with shadowy recesses in a panelled hall for background; it is the essence of a personality, presented with the artistry of genius, with most apparent ease, yet in reality the result of consummate concern, of technical skill. Other notable portraitists represented are Mr. W. Somerville Shanks, in a masterly clerical study; Mr. William Findlay, by a graceful pose in young girlhood; Mr. Howard Somerville by *Eileen*, a Japanese study against opaque background, with dexterously painted drapery; Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen, and Mr. D. Forrester Wilson, equally expert in reality and imagery; Messrs. David Alison, Andrew Law, J. B. Anderson, and Harold Knight, who all send solid achievements.

Among the figure studies two works are opposingly attractive.—*The Valley of Melting Snow*, by Mr. D. Forrester Wilson, ablaze with brilliant colour, green, blue,

red, and yellow being mixed dexterously in a veritable tonal tonic, and *Red and Black*, by Mr. Stanley Cursiter, a contemplative study of rare placidity. Mr. Robert Hope, A.R.S.A., has a congenial subject in *The Golden Apple*. The interest here centres in the lady with auburn hair, so statuesquely represented by the artist at this year's Royal Scottish Academy Exhibition. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

A dominating exhibit, in one of the big galleries, is a remarkable nude study by Mr. William Nicholson, *Carlina*, recommended for purchase by the Glasgow Art Galleries Committee. It is remarkable that Glasgow should have been years behind Aberdeen in public appreciation of this talented artist's work. Mention must be made of *A Gingo Ring in the Sea*, by Mr. Gemmell Hutchison, R.S.A., a quintette of exuberant maidens gambolling in the foamy surf. In *Spilled Milk*, Mr. George



"THE VALLEY OF MELTING
SNOWS." OIL PAINTING BY
D. FORRESTER WILSON



"AUTUMN LANDSCAPE"
WATER-COLOUR BY JAMES
CADENHEAD, A.R.S.A.

REVIEWS

Pirie, A.R.S.A., reveals his intimacy with and affection for the animal kingdom. ♡

In landscape work the exhibition is distinguished at many points. Mr. H. Hughes Stanton, R.A., Mr. Bertram Priestman, A.R.A., and Mrs. Laura Knight, with a remarkably drawn and toned Industrial Sketch by Mr. James S. Hill, R.I., worthily represent English Art, while Mr. Julius Olsson, R.A., revels in charms of a glorious summer sea. Sir David Murray, R.A., a regular contributor to the Institute, in *Grimersta, Isle of Lewis*, captures the atmosphere of the much discussed western isle that juts out into the blue Atlantic. Mr. William Wells resumes exhibiting with two Devonshire sketches, clear as ether; Mr. George Houston, A.R.S.A., contributes from the romantic loch country sketching ground; Mr. Archibald Kay, A.R.S.A., Mr. Tom Hunt, R.S.W., and Mr. A. Brownlie Docharty treat with interest Highland enchantment; while Lowland Scottish landscape art is capably represented by Mr. John Henderson and Mr. J. Morris Henderson; and Mr. Hugh Munro gives renewed introduction to his particular type in æsthetic environment. Mr. W. A. Gibson's French and Dutch landscapes are compositionally and tonally convincing. Mr. R. Macaulay Stevenson's *Reverie*, lent by Mr. Hugh Duncan, is one of those dreamy, subtle, suggestive visions possible only to a rare temperamentalist.

In the Water-Colour Section, Mr. W. Russell Flint is conspicuous on a generous scale. His *Bull Fight: The Banderilleros*, and *Promenade des Jeunes Filles, Jour de Fête, Provence*, are marked by that spontaneity and purity of wash, which as Arthur Melville demonstrated so completely, the medium is capable of encouraging. In *Autumn Landscape* Mr. James Cadenhead, A.R.S.A., gives a poetic rendering of a peaceful scene, Mr. A. K. Brown, R.S.A., Mr. W. Y. Macgregor, A.R.S.A., Mr. Ewen Geddes, R.S.W., Mr. Edwin Noble, R.B.A., and Mr. Robert Eadie send notable contributions; while striking still life representations come from Mr. James Paterson, R.S.A., Mr. S. J. Peploe, A.R.S.A., and Mr. Leslie Hunter. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

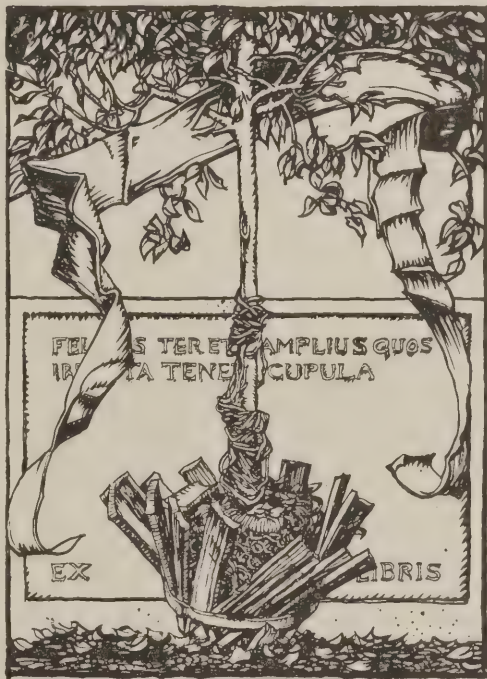
The Sculpture includes, besides some excellent work by Scottish sculptors, characteristic examples of the art of Mr.

Alfred Drury, R.A., Mr. Alfred Gilbert and Mr. Epstein. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

J. T.

REVIEWS.

Bookplates by Frank Brangwyn, R.A. Foreword by EDEN PHILLPOTTS; technical note by E. HESKETH HUBBARD. (London: Morland Press, Ltd.) Mr. Brangwyn's amazing versatility as an artist and his no less amazing craftsmanship are well shown in the seventy bookplates here gathered together and admirably presented in monochrome or in one or other agreeable combination of tints. Some are reproduced from pencil sketches of rare delicacy, but many, if not most of them, are apparently printed from wood blocks cut by the artist himself, who has designed expressly for this volume a number of initials, decorations, etc., and they reveal that "masculine forthrightness and grip" which, as Mr.



CHARLES HOLME

FROM "THE BOOKPLATES OF
FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A."
(Morland Press, Ltd.)

REVIEWS

Eden Phillpotts remarks, are the sign-manual of Mr. Brangwyn's many-sided art. And not only does the artist show, to quote again from the foreword, "what a very big thing a little plate may be," but the collection as a whole displays in an unusual degree the resourcefulness of his alert imagination in adapting his designs to the circumstances of each case. ▀

A Record of European Armour and Arms through Seven Centuries. By Sir GUY FRANCIS LAKING, Bart., etc., late Keeper of the King's Armoury. Vol. II. (London: G. Bell & Sons, Ltd.)—From an announcement prefixed to this volume it appears that at the time of the author's death, just a year ago, all five volumes of this monumental work were already in type, although only the first was actually printed. In accordance with his wish Mr. Francis Cripps Day has taken charge of the remaining four volumes and is dealing with further material entrusted to him by the author for the purpose. In this second volume the subject of the head-piece, already dealt with in part in the first volume, is continued in four chapters, the types discussed being those known as the "salade," the "chapel-de-fer" or "chappaw," the "armet," and the helm, while in succeeding chapters chain mail, the gauntlet, the shield and buckler, and the sword of various types, including swords of ceremony, are dealt with at length. All the important examples cited under each head are illustrated by excellent photographic reproductions or drawings. ▀

Old English Furniture and its Surroundings. By MACIVER PERCIVAL. (London: William Heinemann.) The feature of this volume is its multitude of illustrations, the objects represented comprising not merely furniture in the usual sense of the word, but fitments and permanent decorations and a great variety of appointments and accessories with which houses of the better-class were equipped in the periods covered by the book—that is, from the Restoration down to the Regency. It goes without saying that an exhaustive treatment of the subject would require far more than a single volume of the compass of this one, and the author has therefore, in treating of each period, discussed only the typical characteristics of its productions. ▀ ▀

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School and Fireside Crafts. By ANN MACBETH and MAY SPENCE (London: Methuen & Co.)—This eminently practical and very copiously illustrated handbook deserves a place in every school and household. The aim of the authors is "to suggest employment for mind and hand such as may without strenuous labour or expense be carried on in school or home, and such as may prove stimulating as leisure work, and to some extent pay its way as regards cost." Pottery of a simple character; basket-making, embracing mat, web, net and coil weaving; needlework, rug-making (by means of a needle or a simple loom), and cord making; decorated woodwork in relation to articles of domestic use, children's toys, etc., and finally, decorative leatherwork, are the subjects dealt with, and the technique in each case is explained with admirable clearness. ▀

Legends and Romances of Spain. By LEWIS SPENCE, F.R.A.I. Illustrated by OTWAY MCCANNELL, R.B.A. (London: G. G. Harrap & Co.)—This excellent conspectus of Spanish romantic literature as expressed in its *cantares de gesta*, its *romances* or ballads, its novels of chivalry, its Moorish romances and various other forms, including the immortal masterpiece of Cervantes will, it is hoped, have the result desired by the author of stimulating the study of them in the Castilian tongue, which except as a medium of modern commercial intercourse has so far remained largely a *lingua incognita* among Anglo-Saxons. It is worthy of note that while the domination of the Moors left abiding traces on all the plastic arts of which Spain has inherited such a rich legacy from the past, the romantic literature here described, originating mostly in the northern regions, is almost entirely free from Musulman influence. ▀ ▀ ▀ ▀ ▀

Messrs. Harrap & Co.'s publications this season also include reprints of two of the most popular modern works of fiction—*The Three Musketeers* of Dumas, presented in a new translation which corresponds more closely to the original than some of the translations current, and Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*. Both contain illustrations in colour, the first by Mr. Rowland Wheelwright and the other by the same artist and Mr. William Sewell. ▀

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"A VILLAGE PROCESSION," FROM
THE OIL PAINTING BY VALENTIN
DE ZUBIAURRE



MODERN SPANISH PAINTING:
VALENTIN AND RAMÓN DE ZU-
BIAURRE. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

TOGETHER with the names of Sorolla and Zuloaga, that of Zubiaurre is beyond all doubt among the most widely known in Spanish art to-day. Representing something eminently characteristic in Spanish painting to-day, it is also among the most notable in the renaissance that has been revealing itself in our midst for some years past—and the significance of one of the most clearly defined forms of this renaissance may be realised by even a cursory study of the work of the Zubiaurres.

Spain, in truth, never knew that absolute decline which at various periods has shown itself in the artistic schools of all other countries. Of course, its "Golden Age" has not been unbroken; but even during the second and third quarters of the past century—that is to say, the most adverse period as regards art the world has ever

known—the direct descendants of Goya gave to our painting a vigour deserving of greater recognition. There is quite a pleiad of pre-Romantic painters of incontestable worth, some of whom, as, for example, the portrait painter Esquivel (1806-1857), Perez Villaamil (1807-1854), above all, the quasi-Romantic Gutierrez de la Vega (d. 1867)—devoted to half-lights, and spiritual brother of Ricard—and the draughtsman Leonardo Alenza (1807-1845) stand in the foremost rank. ♦ ♦

A little later Eduardo Rosales (1837-1873) continued the unbroken tradition which throughout the centuries has made the Spanish school of painting, from the days of the great portraitists who were the immediate predecessors of Velasquez—Pantoja de la Cruz, Sanchez Coello and others—one of the richest in exceptional temperaments. Rosales, with his genius, anticipated the luminous discoveries of Impressionism, and his historical pictures, though academically composed, in the



"TYPES DU PAYS BASQUE"
BY VALENTIN DE ZUBIAURRE

MODERN SPANISH PAINTING



"GRANDS SEIGNEURS ET MENDIANTS"
BY VALENTIN DE ZUBIAURRE

fashion of his day, reveal in their technique a modernism which in certain respects has not been surpassed even since the discoveries of Chevreuil and Helmholtz were applied to painting. In this way Rosales was truly the bridge connecting the art of Spain as it was at the beginning of the nineteenth century with that of its end, and thanks to him it was possible for latter-day evolution to come about without the abrupt shocks that in other countries made of it a veritable revolution. ▯ ▯

And this process was worth understanding, in order to realise how the absolute balance we observe in the works of the brothers de Zubiaurre was achieved. ▯

Sorolla is all air and light. His exact application of the principles of the earlier

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Impressionism, his realism, which constrains him to paint with eye and hand just that which he sees and just as he sees it, combine to make him, altogether apart from the subjects of his pictures, a painter of no definite nationality, tied to no country and to no School. And his masses of sunshine might be falling just as well on the shores of any continent as on those of Valencia. Therefore when the foreigner classes Sorolla with the Spanish School it is solely because he remembers his place of origin—which is far from being all that is necessary to determine the matter. Zuloaga, on the other hand, is Spanish wholly and intensely, and his sources of inspiration, as all can see, spring from works as essentially Spanish as it is possible for them to be—those of el Greco

MODERN SPANISH PAINTING



"VIEILLES LOIS ET FLEUR
NOUVELLE (BISCAYE)." BY
VALENTIN DE ZUBIAURRE

and Zurbarán. Every aspect of his soil and his race he penetrates, dissects and exalts magnificently; and he shows the ineffaceable mark of that race even in his portraits of personages having nothing in common with the Castilian ideal. Between Sorolla—cosmopolitan, brilliantly superficial and endowed with an almost fantastic manual facility which necessarily limits all his subjects, whether people or landscapes to a single aspect—and Zuloaga, inquisitorially deep and keen, and endowed

with a bigness of vision which instinctively attains to the very limits of the tragic, there is ample room, and many are the artists who occupy it. None have done so with more power and personality than the Zubiaurres. Hampered ever so slightly at the start by its suggestion of Zuloaga, this personality has long since come into the full rights it enjoys to-day. ▯ ▯ ▯

The brothers Zubiaurre, in the eyes of all countries, beginning with their own, are

MODERN SPANISH PAINTING

inseparably associated, just as they are in the infirmity of deafness, which serves to make still closer the communion and intimacy between their several productions. And yet each of them has his own conception, and his own very distinct method of realising it. One may—indeed, one must—associate the pair at the outset, but to confuse them later would be to show an unpardonable carelessness. ▯ ▯

By all means let them be associated and thought of together at first, especially as regards their fervour and that devotion to their art which have combined to make them real modern Primitives, absorbed in their work just as Memling was in his. Amidst all the "scamped" productions seen in the Exhibitions of to-day—paintings as rapidly achieved as conceived—these works by the Zubiaurres show like

so many acts of faith, or prayers, or renunciations—deliberate renunciations of all the facility around them. ▯ ▯

From the time of their first beginnings, and even more with each succeeding year, this fervour has grown, consolidated and intensified, deriving continually from the joys of its isolation. At first they produced just insignificant figures, fellows of those infinitely little ones which among the old Flemings reveal a devotion to their art in all they do—however imperceptible to others—akin to that of the illuminators of missals. And, like the *fonds* of Van Eyck, or like certain particularly fervent pages in the "books of hours," the Zubiaurres' stock-in-trade consists in the interminable and patient groups or processions, which attest the ecstasy of the painter who in season and out of season prostrates himself



"POUR LES VICTIMES
DE LA MER." BY
VALENTIN DE ZUBIAURRE



"MARCHANDES DE FRUITS
À ONDARROA (BISCAYE)"
BY RAMÓN DE ZUBIAURRE

in his dream of an art without any limits. Also they painted "still-life" subjects of ineffable candour, in which, on cloths of altar-like purity—village altars, starched and bedecked with lavender—porcelains and crystals piously displayed their whiteness and transparency. And, lastly, there were the perpetual *ex-voto* of all their works: the little piles of green apples—natural escutcheon of Biscay—which, by dint of constant appearance, serve as marks of authenticity, like the butterfly of Whistler. And these bowls, these pots, and these earthenware dishes, vibrating with rusticity, with their outlines stretching in shadows blue and golden on the stiff-ironed linen; and these innumerable blades of grass and little wild flowers, these wrinkled hands and faces, these minutely painted costumes,

all wrought with such patient care, as though in thanksgiving for the universal goodness and worth of creation. And, as with the pious Primitives, we find herein a lively renewal of the Song of St. Francis, styling himself "brother" of all the elements and all creatures, and, from devotion and love, uniting himself with everything palpitating—even though it were invisibly—around him. ♦ ♦

Valentin, the elder, is the more "reasonable," the more constructive, of the brothers. Externally his Primitivism displays itself with more force than does his brother's, and he works on his faces with such minuteness that his paintings might almost be taken for masterpieces of engraving. No, the painter of the *Vierge du Chanoine*



"LES RAMEURS VAINQUEURS"
BY RAMÓN DE ZUBIAURRE

Van der Paele has done nothing better than these faces—glorified in their wrinkles and shrivellings—of *Grands Seigneurs et Mendiants*, of the *Type de Salamanque* or *L'Oncle Saturo de Ségovie*. Is this imitation? Or a desire to revive a minute style, on account of its recognised effect? Not at all! Renewal of a devotion, if you will; resumption of a spirit which, after so many centuries of synthesis and generalisation, takes delight anew in prolonged and searching analysis, in the slow realisation of the soul through the medium of all its external signs. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

And this analysis is never cold or dry.

Attempted *à froid* it would be impossible. How find the necessary patience, save in ecstasy? How choose that which must be chiefest and foremost unless the choice be first made in the depths of one's heart? There is something enveloping these faces—something in the immutability of their identical expression—which makes this clear to us; and the manner in which the humble lace-work of the altar, crudely set up for *The Victims of the Sea*, justifies what one may style the "graving" of the figures. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

And the most remarkable thing in the work of Valentin de Zubiaurre, the thing

MODERN SPANISH PAINTING

that makes him truly kin with the Primitives of other ages, is the value acquired by the colour in his buildings. ▯ ▯

Castille, with its astounding twilights, has filled Valentin de Zubiaurre with the intoxication of its flaming skies, stretching wide over the parched lands below them. The clouds, so red, so inconceivably red (and where should they be red, if not here?) and the soil implacably yellow or light brown, and the sharp greens of the women's skirts, and the cloaks of the men, with their big round hats, so obstinately sombre—all these, with the abrupt standing-out of his silhouettes against the bare, wild landscape, have served to form, little by little, surely, and for always, the palette of an artist the meditation of whose vision of things amounts to an act of faith. And even in such of his works as are not due to direct contact with Castille itself there is an exaltation which reflects the colour

of Castille, with its blood-red night-falls. Certain of Nature's magnificences have never been better expressed than by Valentin de Zubiaurre in his comparatively small picture *Crépuscule en Castille*, in which three silhouetted priestly figures stand out, like immutable symbols against an immense background of mystical clouds. Mystical, yet very real. ▯ ▯ ▯

And colour it is precisely that more than anything else gives personality to the work of each of the two brothers. While Valentin is the more Castilian, Ramón is very much the more Basque, and his paintings right from their essence are marked by the moistened mildness of their northern province. For though the sun shines in Biscay too, it is always after recent rains, its brightness veiled by a humid curtain. Biscay is the land of green and greenish tones, and Ramón



"NOCES D'OR (PROVINCE
DE SALAMANQUE)"
BY RAMÓN DE ZUBIAURRE



"MERCEDES LA GITANE"
BY RAMÓN DE ZUBIAURRE

de Zubiaurre lovingly interprets them every one, lingering over their varieties. There is the dark green of the herbage, with foliage of a green so dark as almost to be black, the glaucous green of river and sea in the background of his pictures, the pale green of the houses standing up in all their height like festal ornamented pastries. On all these various greens the black costumes of the old folk are lit up by reflex from the sky, while the bright bodices, the chaste white camisoles of the young girls assume the lines of the sea. And when the vision is no longer that of Biscay all this green turns little by little to blue, reflected in softened light on the whitened walls serving as background to the *Noces d'or*, marking, with rustic erudition, the outlines of the rough-coloured pots and plates, and lastly throwing out

the few light notes—buttons, or goffered shirt-fronts—relieving the monotony of the men's dress, and making even more dazzling the much-embroidered and bespangled costumes of the *charras* of Salamanca. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

This refers to the present time, now that Ramón, having reached his full powers of expression, no longer hesitates on the path of his ideal. Certain scenes from Holland are nothing more than incidents in the complete and even harmony of his work, just travel notes with no particular aim outside their own action. But before this, at the start, this striving after transparent colour and liquid tones—liquid, and at the same time brilliant in places—led Ramón to see things somewhat theatrically: nocturnal serenades, with some fair lady, wrapped in her lace shawl, playing with

her sparkling fan under the dark blue sky studded with stars. Then came scenes from the world of fashion, full of a rather morbid grace. There was no affectation in this, for the Zubiaurres, coming from the *haute bourgeoisie*, sons of an illustrious composer, master of the music at Court, had no difficulty in depicting the scenes they saw continually around them. Moreover, they were very simple scenes, such as young girls enjoying their *goûter*, or taking tea in the gardens, with the artist's sister Pilar—his Egeria, guide and collaborator, full of bright intelligence and untiring devotion—always and naturally taking the leading part. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

These were but the beginnings, the tentative efforts. And how remote they are from scenes such as the *Premier Fils* or the painting of these *Rameurs Vainqueurs*, which by their very simplicity assume an epic grandeur. The *Rameurs* in particular, the artist's most highly significant work, is a glorification of the strength of the race and the beauties of the earth. The almost geometrical symmetry of the oars, the attitudes, expressly and definitely *stylisées*, and the sudden cutting-off of the arm which appears in the extreme right of the picture—these things display a daring allowed only to those who are very sure of their road, and who know beforehand whither and how far the road will lead them. ♡ ♡

MARGARITA NELKEN.

EXHIBITION OF SPANISH PAINTINGS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

AS a souvenir of this important event the Editor is arranging to publish early next year a Special Number devoted to Spanish Painting from the period of El Greco down to the present day. Besides numerous full-page reproductions in monotone of works now hanging on the walls of Burlington House, the volume will contain a series of twelve plates in colour after some of the more notable exhibits. It will form a desirable record of one of the most important art exhibitions of recent years, and will be of great assistance to all students of Spanish Art. ♡ ♡

THE FLOWER SCULPTORS OF CHINA. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

THE word "sculptor" has come to mean in the western world a man who works in that exceedingly soft and pliant substance known as "modelling clay." Having completed his clay model he hands it almost invariably to an Italian workman who casts it in plaster or bronze, or sometimes makes a more or less mechanical reproduction of the work in marble. Only then—when it returns to its author—does any real sculpture begin; this generally consists in the "sculptor" removing the indiscretions of the Italian workman! ♡ ♡ ♡

Now, it is a singular fact that the sculptors of hard-stones in China are, in this country, generally regarded as merely unusually skilled lapidarists, and



MAGNOLIA IN WHITE JADE
(Collection of Mrs. George Sheringham)

THE FLOWER SCULPTORS OF CHINA

denied the title of sculptor, which in the true sense of the word they are fully entitled to ; for if any workers deserve this designation it is surely those Chinese men who worked the hardest known stones and gems into forms of imperishable beauty. ▯

The great value of the stones—Jadeite, Nephrite, Chalcedony, Rose Quartz, Rock Crystal, Agate and the like in which they worked—has perhaps been the means of diverting the attention of collectors and others from a right appreciation of these carvings to, instead, a study of the wonderful stones themselves with their intrinsic beauties. Were these sculptures to be reproduced even in modelling clay they would still remain objects for our unstinted admiration. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

It is the purpose of these notes only to dwell on the Chinese carvings of flowers and fruits in hard-stones and not to deal with the figures, vases and other objects used in ceremonies and for a thousand other purposes, which the jade workers of long past ages have bequeathed to posterity ; nor are they concerned with the large carvings of softer stone and of wood which are generally implied by "Chinese Sculpture." ▯ ▯ ▯

Flowers are perhaps more deeply under-

stood and appreciated by the Chinese than by any other nation not excepting the Japanese, whose half humorous enthusiasm is so famous ; but Korin, the great Japanese artist (well known in the West), approached his flower subjects in the same spirit as the Chinese sculptors—with a reverence akin to worship. These artists are no mere copyists reproducing petal by petal some particular bloom. Rather they seem to have sought the essence of the flower-type—which each blossom reveals in part and which the flowers of the whole tree reveal complete. Take for instance the magnolia carving shown in our first illustration ; the piece is carved from a flawless block of white Jadeite—how perfect the simplification of the sheath-like petals characteristic of the flower ! Many seasons must have passed, generations of magnolias blossomed and fallen while this nameless Chinese sculptor laboured with amazing concentration and infinite patience—shaping the jade with his ruby drill and diamond-sand and never relinquishing for a moment his original conception of a flower formed from a precious stone, which should present as a single bloom the symbol and essence of all magnolia flowers. ▯ ▯



JADE GOURD
(Victoria and Albert
Museum)



MAGNOLIA CARVED IN RED
AND WHITE CARNELIAN
(VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, (OPE BEQUEST)

PEONY CARVED IN ROSE QUARTZ
(COLLECTION OF MRS. GEORGE SHERINGHAM)

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THE FLOWER SCULPTORS OF CHINA



FLOWER PIECE IN BLUE
CHALCEDONY
(Victoria and Albert Museum,
Florence Bequest)

In these days there is much talk of jade, the bright green variety of jadeite being the favourite in popular esteem in England and France, and certainly it has a rare and beautiful colour; but among those like the Chinese, who study jade in its great variety of colours and tones, it is not considered the most beautiful. The Chinese prefer—though it sounds somewhat paradoxical—every white jade that has a colour, and is of a size large enough to give the carver an opportunity of giving form to his ideal conceptions. Certainly of the carvings that reach this country it is not the bright green specimens that are the best as sculptures; it is generally the jade of other colours than the bright green that are the finer works of art. The high prices paid for small and often very poorly carved green pieces is due to mere fashion among wealthy ladies who regard these as “mascots” and becoming personal adornments. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

The right appreciation of jades is not confined to the single sense of sight—to handle a piece of finely sculptured jade is a keen pleasure to those whose sense of touch is developed. Indeed some collector might do well to bequeath his collection of jade to the blind of St. Dunstan's instead of to one of the museums. This aspect of

artistic appreciation, however, is being disregarded more or less nowadays by our sculptors—for the surfaces of their work are often like scrap-iron, and by our painters who leave bristles in their paint!

Resonant jade gives out notes of peculiar beauty, and in China a connoisseur is accustomed to hang carved resonant stones in wooden frames, so that they can be struck like gongs or bells. ♦ ♦ ♦

There is another quality about these hard-stone carvings which is subtly beautiful. Most people have fished up from little rock-pools what appear to be pieces of green or white jade or fragments of red agate only to find that they have secured a morsel of water-worn bottle-glass or homely red brick! Objects seen in clear water have an indefinable beauty and undoubtedly the Chinese hard-stone carvings in the quality of their surface give the peculiar beauty of things seen in a rock-pool or the bed of a clear stream; in fact as though seen through water. ♦ ♦

In the Salting, Cope and other collec-



DOUBLE STEM OF BAMBOO
IN GREY GREEN JADE
(Victoria and Albert Museum,
Salting Bequest)

tions at the Victoria and Albert Museum numbers of jade and hard-stone carvings can be seen lighted and arranged with great skill and taste. Here can be studied the exquisite effect of carvings of two-coloured stones (as hard as jades) in which the skill of the Chinese sculptor is revealed at its best, for here he displays his ingenuity in utilizing the natural contrast of the colours of a stone—such as the red and white of the carnelian magnolia (here reproduced), the red and white of the famous Fishes carved in agate and many examples of flowers and fruits in parti-coloured jades and other equally precious stones—an ingenuity to which he does not seem to have sacrificed any of his inspiration.

GEORGE SHERINGHAM.

(The illustrations of objects in the Victoria and Albert Museum are from official copyright photographs supplied by the Museum for the purpose of the foregoing article.)



GOURD IN LIGHT GREEN JADE
(Victoria and Albert Museum,
Florence Bequest)

THE DRAWINGS OF HENRY EDRIDGE, A.R.A. BY FRANK GIBSON.

EDRIDGE, an artist of the Early English Water-colour School, seems to have been rather forgotten of late years, quite undeservedly, for he was not only an excellent miniature artist but also a draughtsman with the lead pencil both in portraiture and landscape, particularly the latter.

Born in 1769, he had a very successful career as a miniaturist and portrait draughtsman, though at first he had intended to be an engraver. To acquire this art he was apprenticed to William Pether, the mezzotint engraver, who was also a landscape painter. Edridge then studied for a while under Sir Joshua Reynolds, who advised him to take up miniature painting, so he gave up the graver for the lead pencil and the brush. Success as a miniaturist and portrait draughtsman apparently came to him very quickly. His work, first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1786, seems to have been welcomed there, for he was afterwards a frequent exhibitor. Sitters flocked to his studio and he became quite the fashion and drew truthful and delicate likenesses of celebrities and others. In 1803, when he drew portraits of King George the Third, Queen Charlotte, and many others of the Royal Family, he was at the height of his fame as a portraitist. He was at that time able to move from Margaret Street, where he lived, and set up a fine house, like Romney did, in Cavendish Square, where he died in 1821, quite a successful man in a worldly as well as an artistic sense.

Edridge was undoubtedly a master with the lead pencil. His portraits in this medium consist of whole or half-length figures most delicately drawn with precision and firmness on paper or cardboard. Their chief defect is that the pose of the sitters is often rather conventional. It is different, however, when the subject is one in which he was really interested. The three portrait drawings in Mr. Francis Wellesley's renowned and varied collection of portraits demonstrate the power and talent of Edridge in this

THE DRAWINGS OF HENRY EDRIDGE, A.R.A.



PORTRAIT OF HENRY GRATTAN
FROM A LEAD PENCIL DRAWING
BY HENRY EDRIDGE, A.R.A.
(Francis Wellesley Collection)

branch of art. His representation of Henry Grattan, the most splendid figure of the old Irish Parliament, displays his interest in the man. As shown in the reproduction, he is in the act of addressing the House. With his right hand on the table and with an air of earnestness, he harangues his fellow members. The face of the orator is searchingly drawn and modelled with the pencil point, the lips and cheeks being faintly touched with red chalk. This drawing has all the spontaneity of a sketch. Another of the drawings in the Wellesley collection is a portrait of Queen Charlotte, a good

example of Edridge's portrait draughtsmanship. She stands, a tall, dignified woman, beside the conventional pillar and curtain on a terrace, a woody landscape forming the background. Her figure is well posed with naturalness and ease, and is drawn and modelled throughout with the lead pencil and black chalk, slightly reinforced with water-colour in detail, as in the cloudy sky, while her veil and black dress and parts of the scarf are tinted a blackish grey. The face is treated like a miniature, yet not niggled, for it has breadth and expression. The flesh colour and light blue eyes are pure

THE DRAWINGS OF HENRY EDRIDGE, A.R.A.



"NOTRE DAME, PARIS."
LEAD PENCIL DRAWING BY
HENRY EDRIDGE, A.R.A.
(Collection of Thos. Girtin, Esq.)

water-colour, the modelling above being delicately given with black chalk. Altogether it is an unusually good example of the artist's accomplished and skilled work in this way. The portrait of Lady Malmesbury, in the Wellesley collection, is full of quiet charm and spontaneity. She looks up from her work-table, needle in hand, with an air of expectancy to some visitor, whom the dog, seated by her side on the settee, also greets, but with an unfriendly look. The whole is beautifully and simply drawn with science, yet with feeling and a pure and simple draughtsmanship which reminds one of Ingres. ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻

The British Museum has a good many of Edridge's little portraits. These are valuable historically as well as pictorially, for among them are portraits of many of his fellow artists, namely, Girtin, Thomas Hearne, Nollekens, Bartolozzi, Stothard, and others. They are mostly drawn in pencil, and the students of this branch of Edridge's art can see and study them for themselves. ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻

Most of the early English water-colourists were naturally expert enough in using the lead pencil because they employed it so much; not only by itself but as a foundation for their water-colour drawings. Amongst them no one was a greater master of the instrument than Edridge. Even Turner never surpassed him in this respect; he used it principally for rapid memoranda or slight sketches. Edridge, on the other hand, did not regard his pencil drawings as sketches for more elaborate drawings such as many artists, like Prout, for example, executed. Edridge worked more like Rembrandt in this respect. Indeed, a drawing of Abbeville, which belongs to Mr. Girtin, shows him working in Rembrandt's customary method with the pen and bistre wash. There the pen gives the structural form of the architecture with singular sensitiveness and expression, and the wash renders with subtle gradations the masses of shadow of the cathedral's towers. An example of how Edridge could pictorially express a similar

THE DRAWINGS OF HENRY EDRIDGE, A.R.A.



"THE SCHOOLS, OXFORD, FROM HERTFORD COLLEGE GATE." LEAD PENCIL
DRAWING BY HENRY EDRIDGE, A.R.A.
(Collection of Edward Marsh, Esq., C.M.G.)

architectural subject with pure pencil outline is his drawing of the *Tour de la Grosse Horloge at Evreux*, which is in the British Museum. The drawing, here reproduced, of *Notre Dame*, which also belongs to Mr. Girtin, and was no doubt executed by the artist during a visit he paid to France some four years before his death in 1821, is likewise a masterpiece in pencil work. There the richness of the architecture of the twin towers is beautifully suggested. A *View of Taunton* and *Pomeroy Church* are other drawings in Mr. Girtin's collection which point to another accomplishment which Edridge possessed, namely, his skill in drawing trees. His rendering of the yew tree in the latter drawing and his many sketches of woodlands show that he studied the character of trees carefully and had a true feeling for the beauty of their growth. Mr. Girtin

possesses a charming study of an orchard with a house beyond, in which Edridge has drawn the old trees with a pen and added washes of colour which produce a quiet and harmonious effect, the pale greens and greys of the trees contrasting agreeably with the red brick house. ▯

Edridge evidently enjoyed the study of landscape and perhaps took it up as a recreation from his portrait work. It is said that he acquired his taste for it after studying the work of Thomas Hearne, which he probably saw in the collection of his friend Dr. Munro. If he did, he chose a very good master, and his progress as a landscapist, more especially with the lead pencil, steadily continued up to the time of his death. From careful and delicate work his landscape drawings developed in vision and breadth of handling. Mr. Edward Marsh possesses a fine drawing, *The Schools, Oxford, from*



"THE MARKET PLACE, ROUEN"
LEAD PENCIL DRAWING BY
HENRY EDRIDGE, A.R.A.
(Collection of Thos. Girtin, Esq.)

the Gate of Hertford College, reproduced. Dated 1820, it well exemplifies the artist's fine feeling for atmosphere, and the effect of calm sunlight and its play on old buildings and figures is wonderfully expressed by such a simple instrument as the black lead pencil. ▯ ▯ ▯

When it is considered that Henry Edridge was a good portraitist, and that he excelled still more as a landscape draughtsman, it must be acknowledged that he was an artist of rare and varied gifts, and is worthy of more respect and reputation than he has yet received. ▯

STUDIO TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The Wallace Collection with its priceless treasures has now been reopened after a long interval, during part of which Hertford House was occupied by the Ministry of Munitions. The building was vacated by the Ministry some time ago, but the reopening was delayed in order that the process of fire-proofing the building, begun before the War, might be completed, and in addition to this work the rooms have been re-



PEN DRAWING FOR A TITLE
PAGE. BY S. M. LITTEN

decorated. Three of the galleries (XIV.-XVI.) and two armouries still remain temporarily closed, but as a set-off there are four new galleries. The hours of admission have been made uniform for the whole year—week days 10 to 5, and Sundays 2 to 5; on Tuesdays and Fridays a fee of sixpence will be charged. Guide lecturers have been appointed, and the catalogues have been brought up to date.

Mr. S. M. Litten is one of the artists who have recently given us yet another technique to add to the already long list; and once again we foresee that those learned professors who assure us that there is a right and a wrong way

to handle the pen, ignoring the fact that in the case of this implement, like that of the etching needle, the methods of use are almost infinite, will have to give place to the youthful spirit that will not be denied. The examples of his work here reproduced show us his imaginative vision, and also how admirably his technical accomplishment can express his very personal outlook. We shall look forward with interest to the future developments of his art. Mr. Litten, like many others, is working now with that enthusiasm natural to one who has, without doubt, gladly given some of his best years of youth to military service. ▯

STUDIO-TALK



PEN DRAWING
BY S. M. LITTEN

The Professional Classes War Relief Council, whose headquarters are now at 251, Brompton Road, has decided upon a scheme of re-construction in order to become a permanent body for dealing with post-war distress among professional men and women and others of the more highly educated classes. This action was cordially endorsed at a conference of representatives of professional institutions held recently under the presidency of Lord Phillimore, and a resolution was adopted urging all bodies in touch with the professional classes to recognise the Council and to avail themselves of its services when likely to be of use. ▀

A statement was made in more than one newspaper some time ago that, consequent on a change of proprietorship which had recently taken place, the Grafton Galleries would cease to be available for art exhibitions after the close of this year. We are glad to learn that this statement does not represent the

intentions of the new proprietor, and that these commodious and well-lighted rooms will continue to be available for the display of works of art. ▀ ▀ ▀

Rarely, if ever, have these galleries contained such a large assemblage of exhibits as they did in October, when the work of students of the John Hassall Correspondence Art School occupied every inch of wall space. Drawings and paintings of every imaginable kind were displayed, and some really clever work could be seen amongst them; but the chief interest of the exhibition was the collection of poster designs, many of which compelled attention by their qualities of colour and arrangement. ▀ ▀ ▀

All the Royal Societies which hold exhibitions in the last quarter of the year have been or are carrying out their customary fixtures at the usual places—the Old Water-Colour Society in Pall Mall East, the British Artists in Suffolk Street, the Institute of Oil Painters at the Prince's Gallery, and the Portrait Painters and Miniature Painters at the Grafton—and



PEN DRAWING
BY S. M. LITTEN

STUDIO-TALK

Mall, in January. Mr. Frank Brangwyn, R.A., is the president of this Society.

We illustrate on this page two of the designs which won prizes in the *Daily Mail* Village Signs Competition. The first prize was no less than one thousand pounds, a huge sum certainly for a design of this kind and one which might well make many a Royal Academician envious of the winner. The competition was the outcome of an observation made by H.R.H. the Duke of York in the course of his speech at the annual banquet of the Royal Academy in May last, when he suggested a revival of "that neglected branch of art which in olden times provided signs and emblems for the decoration of our villages," and to judge by the large number of good designs which figured in the exhibition at Messrs. Selfridge's, organised by the promoters, it was a great success. Sir Aston Webb, P.R.A., and Mr. Brangwyn, R.A., in their award, spoke with admiration of the

FULL SIZE DETAIL

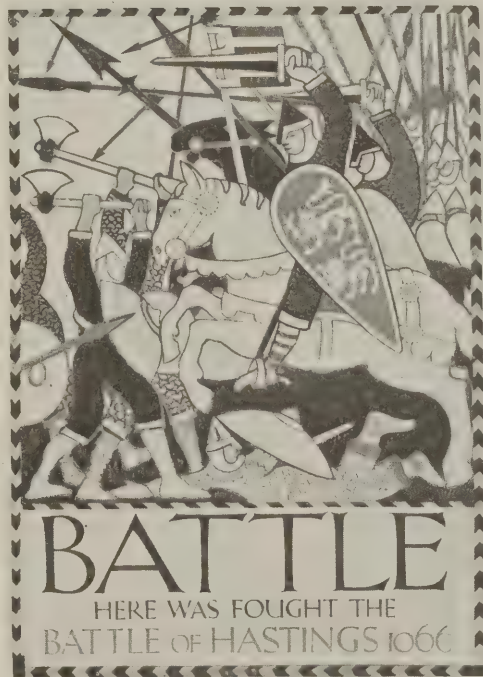
SAME DEVICE BOTH SIDES



DESIGN AWARDED FIRST PRIZE
IN "DAILY MAIL" VILLAGE
SIGNS COMPETITION. BY
PERCY G. MATTHEWS

while there is little of a novel character to be recorded in their respective displays it is gratifying to find the standards associated with these bodies well maintained—and in the case of the British Artists even exceeded. The newly formed Society of Wood Engravers to which we briefly referred last month has just been holding its first exhibition at the Chenil Gallery, Chelsea, and we hope to say more about this group on another occasion. The members of the group follow exclusively the traditional European technique, whether they cut with a knife on the plank, or engrave with a burin on the end of the boxwood block, and their methods, distinguished from those of the Far East, which also have a considerable vogue in this country, by the fact that prints are obtained by means of the printing press, admit of greater scope from the point of view of book production as well as for decorative purposes.

The first exhibition of the Society of Graphic Art, likewise a new formation but embracing all the various forms of black-and-white art, is to take place at the R.B.A. Galleries in Suffolk Street, Pall



DESIGN AWARDED THIRD PRIZE
IN "DAILY MAIL" VILLAGE
SIGNS COMPETITION
BY DOROTHY HUTTON

STUDIO-TALK

great amount of beautiful work submitted, "showing much care, thought and invention, combined with excellent colour and craftsmanship." ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

What one would like to see is a real and concerted effort to impart a more cheerful aspect to our large towns. A writer in *The Times* not long ago called attention to the external painting of houses in the West End then in progress as usual after the end of the London season, and noted how rarely any attempt was made to depart from a more or less conventional range of colours. The colours most in favour are those which are commonly described as "neutral"—that is, neither one thing nor the other, and only occasionally are they relieved by a lively patch of bright colour—red, green or blue on the front door or elsewhere. No doubt London smoke has had much to do with the choice of tints for the outsides of houses in the Metropolis but London is now by no means the smoky town it was thirty years ago, when really "black fogs" turned day into night in November, and it would be all the better if a little less timidity were shown in the external decoration of houses. Mr. Kemp Prossor's experiments in internal decoration might well be emulated externally, for any movement which is productive of cheerfulness is a matter of social importance. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

The Dorien Leigh Gallery, located until recently in Bruton Street, has now been transferred to South Kensington (Millais House, Cromwell Place), where an interesting Christmas exhibition of dolls and silhouettes is being held. We reproduce one of the dolls made of coloured paper, which are very attractive as decorations, and also (p. 193) two extraordinarily fine silhouettes cut out of paper by Miss Zamboni. It is difficult to imagine that scissors or any other cutting implement could produce such delicate work as that which we find in these two examples. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

The two needlework panels which we reproduce in colours have been selected from a number of interesting examples of direct designing with the needle by pupils of Milton Mount College, near Crawley. Miss Cockburn, their instructor, tells us that this work grew out of design

lessons given to the lowest forms, children from 10 to 13 in age—lessons intended to arouse their interest in the broad principles of design as they can be seen in nature. Their attention was called to the beautiful pattern made by woods and forests, with the upright lines of tree trunks often repeated with variations, to the billowing rhythmic masses of foliage above, and to the short growth or long flat lines on the ground giving a base for it all. They were asked to paint a flower border direct with the brush, bringing in any animal or creature which might be found there, and using any colours they liked, concerned only to fill the space completely and to paint so delicately and accurately that each flower should be recognized, while keeping in mind Nature's fine laws of design. The zest and enthusiasm with which they entered into the subject



PAPER DOLL. FROM AN EXHIBITION OF DOLLS AND SILHOUETTES AT THE DORIAN LEIGH GALLERY SOUTH KENSINGTON



"SUMMER." NEEDLEWORK PANEL
DESIGNED DIRECT AND WORKED
IN SILK BY KATHLEEN H. MAGGS,
AGED 16, PUPIL OF MILTON MOUNT
COLLEGE



CUSHION COVER CENTRE DESIGNED
DIRECT AND WORKED IN WOOL BY
ISABEL M. GALE, AGED 11, PUPIL OF
MILTON MOUNT COLLEGE

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suggested that they might carry this further by designing direct with the needle and thus tackling the technical difficulties of the craft as they arose in the effort to express in suitable stitches the subtleties and differences of the forms visualized. Each child was given a strip of holland and a plait of coloured cottons of various shades. The work was done mostly in odd leisure moments, and in a few weeks some beautiful pieces of work were finished, the best of them being quite astonishing. The next year a rather more difficult subject was chosen—wild flowers so arranged as to fill an upright oblong suitable for the cover for a book on wild flowers. By this time the bigger girls had become interested in the work and at the present time throughout the school there are girls of all ages who enter with keenness upon the task of illustrating direct with the needle such subjects as the Seasons, a cottage garden, a bank of wild flowers, etc., birds or animals often being brought into the designs. Some are now working out in this way designs illustrating the stories of the Round Table, or fairy stories. This work is a striking example of what can be done by childhood with its direct vision and unhesitating expression of it, where many older people would fail through confusion of purpose and timidity in execution. ♦ ♦ ♦

At the gallery of the British Institute of Industrial Art in Knightsbridge last month an exhibition of exceptional interest was opened under the ægis of the Save the Children Fund. Exhibits were shown from Serbia, Czecho-Slovakia and other stricken lands whose children this fund is helping; but the *pièce de resistance* was a collection of drawings and designs by children of Professor Čížek's classes at the Vienna School of Arts and Crafts. Many wonderful examples were shown, illustrating exceptional æsthetic and creative ability on the part of children whose ages range from ten to fourteen. Concerning these Mr. John Cournos, who recently visited Vienna on behalf of the Fund, writes as follows:— ♦ ♦ ♦

"The really astonishing thing about these drawings is their high average merit which, in a large collection like

this, makes it difficult to point to the work of this or that child as the work of a prodigy. The sense of sophistication in the matter of technique cannot be explained except as a measure of Viennese old culture, ingrained in the race through ages of æsthetic practice. Not that this sophistication is unaccompanied by imaginative qualities essentially child-like. Professor Čížek himself points out the interesting fact, not unknown to artists and keen experts on child education, that children of ten, that is beginners, are almost invariably more original in imagination and stronger, if you like, in their art productions than when they get older; the common rule is that such work decreases in strength and imagination in proportion as it becomes technically perfect. Professor Čížek's genius as an art instructor consists in his realisation of the value of these youthful qualities,



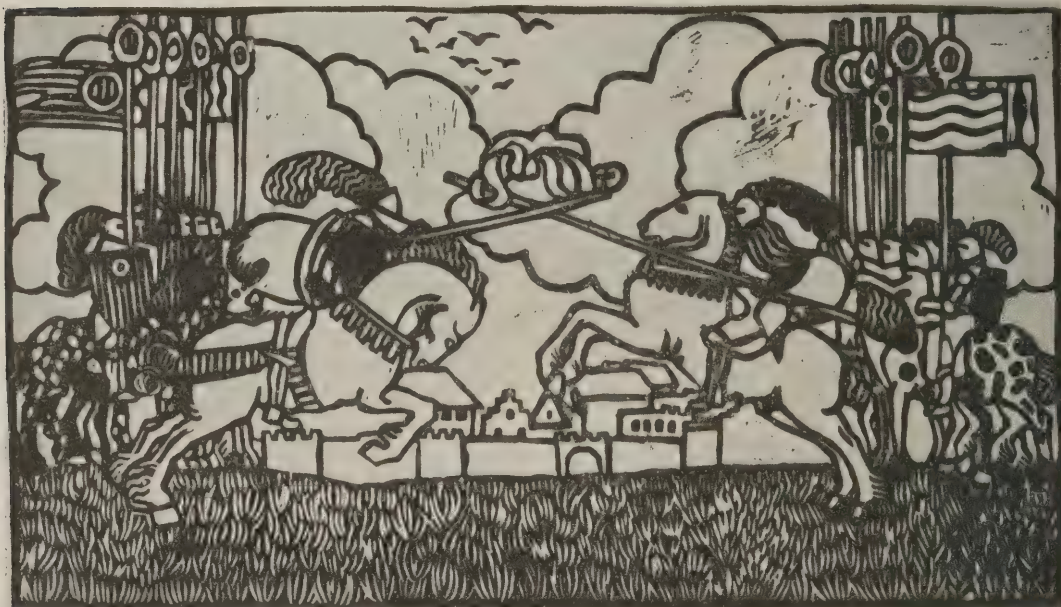
WOOD ENGRAVING BY GERTRAUD
BRAUSEWETTER, AGED 13, PUPIL
OF PROF. ČÍZEK, VIENNA ARTS
AND CRAFTS SCHOOL
(Exhibited at British Inst. of Industrial Art in aid of "Save the Children" Fund)

STUDIO-TALK



FROM LINOLEUM ENGRAVINGS BY
MARGARET HANUS (LEFT), AGED
14, AND ELLY STOI, (RIGHT)
AGED 13, PUPILS OF PROF. ČIŽEK
VIENNA ARTS AND CRAFTS SCHOOL

which he does his best to encourage by fostering self-reliance in his pupils and by not holding up a formula of his own for them to follow. He teaches observation, rather than art, since art, strictly speaking, cannot be taught, but can be



FROM A LINOLEUM ENGRAVING
BY WALTER BARWIG, AGED, 14
PUPIL OF PROFESSOR ČIŽEK
VIENNA ARTS AND CRAFTS SCHOOL
(Exhibited at British Institute of In-
dustrial Art in aid of "Save the
Children" Fund)



CUT-PAPER SILHOUETTES
BY MISS ZAMBONI
(Dorien Leigh Gallery, South Kensington)



PENDANT AND PERFUME
FLASKS IN IVORY AND
GOLD. BY CLEMENT MÈRE

drawn out of each individual child ; made to flourish in much the same way as a flower, starting from a seed that is properly taken care of, breaks through the earth and bursts into bloom. And the talent of one child as compared with that of another is, in its seed, as different as the rose is from the violet, the carnation from the poppy. If the inevitable question is asked as to why so little of this multiple talent develops into genius, the answer as inevitably must come that we have to deal here not with individual but national genius ; to be more precise, national taste, a common love of beautiful things. Only in this way can it be ex-

plained why in spite of lamentable food conditions the Vienna Opéra continues to flourish ; the Municipal Theatre to present plays by Goethe, Grillparzer and Shakespeare ; the popular cafés to render excellent music for patrons who are content to listen while sipping a wretched milkless fluid wrongly called 'coffee.' "

PARIS. — Among French decorative artists of the present day, M. Clément Mère is perhaps the only one whose creations bear the mark of a sensibility at once so original, so personal and so exquisitely refined as to place beyond the range of comparison with any other. His



IVORY PLAQUETTE FOR THE PANEL
OF A JEWEL CASE. BY CLÉMENT MÈRE

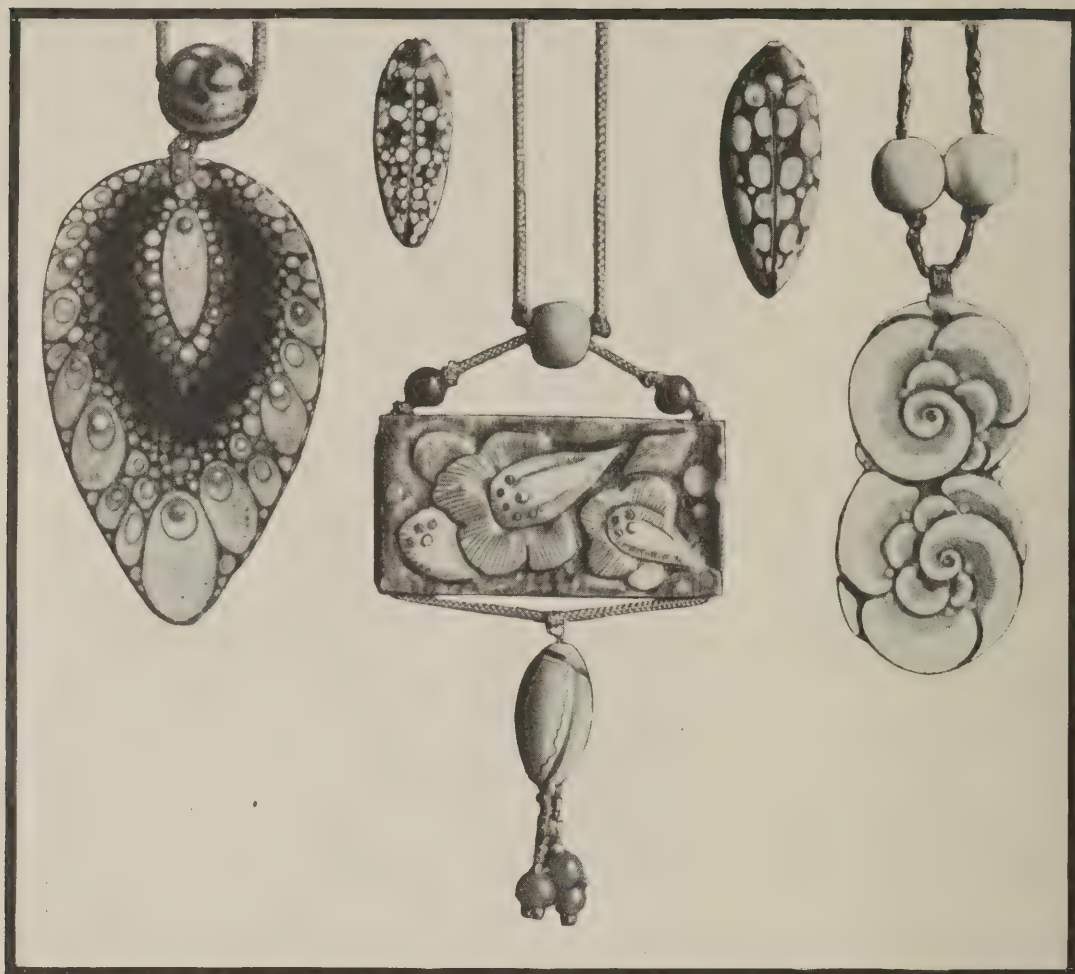
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BROOCH AND PENDANTS IN IVORY
AND GOLD. BY CLEMENT MÈRE

imagination is as brilliant as it is fertile, and his inventive resources are inexhaustible. He possesses an abundant fantasy and an equally ample sense of colour. How is one to describe his works—what idea of their remarkable diversity can be communicated by words? These boxes, these bonbonnières, these umbrella handles, these buttons, brooches, bracelets and pendants, these little perfume flasks, these fans and card cases, these bags and reticules, and these little jewel cases—one knows very well no doubt of what they are made (for M. Mère has too much respect for the materials he

employs to subject them to transformations which are incompatible with their intrinsic possibilities), and one can see clearly enough that they are made of ivory, of wood, of leather, of silk, but what is truly astonishing is the kind of effect which he succeeds in extracting from these substances; they are veritable artistic triumphs which he achieves, surpassing in a singular manner, alike by their technical perfection and by their novelty, their charm and their exquisiteness the most accomplished work of a similar nature. Thus, with a small piece of wood or ivory, or a rectangular fragment of leather or silk,



PENDANTS AND BROOCHES IN
IVORY. BY CLEMENT MÈRE

M. Mère contrives to create a precious *biblot* which gives real delight to both eye and mind. And this is because the artist is endowed with an infinitely delicate and rare sensitiveness and with a power of suggestion which is quite exceptional. ▀

M. Mère's aim is indeed not to reproduce reality—the reality, for example, of a butterfly, a fruit, a flower or an insect; he suggests it in the same way as a poet who by making use of a few well-chosen words, or a new or unforeseen combination of verbal tones, composes new and moving harmonies. M. Mère is a symbolist in the best sense of the term. ▀ ▀ ▀

What, moreover, and above all gives a

particular value to the works of M. Mère is the magnificence, the sumptuousness, the refinement of the colours with which they are embellished. His palette is infinitely rich and varied, infinitely subtle and precious, and one cannot help feeling that he must experience a profound joy in playing with it just as a violinist does with his instrument. And let me further remark that his productions always have the appearance of being as it were improvised, and yet they are carried out with an extraordinary precision and regard for minute details. What I mean is that notwithstanding the exercise of a perfect craftsmanship he never loses his freshness

of inspiration, his emotional spontaneity—that the bloom of his sensations shows no sign whatever of fading while he is at work distilling the perfume from it. M. Mère is indeed in all respects an exquisite, subtle, profound and very original artist. G. M.

NEW YORK.—Mrs. Lum's work has twice been reviewed in *THE STUDIO*, and readers will remember the way in which this gifted American gravitated naturally to Japan where she mastered the technique of her medium under local instructors from the cutting of blocks to the "pulling" of prints. Finally she outstripped her masters and evolved an art of her own—no servile imitation but a refflorescence blooming upon a well-nigh withered stock. Her sure and rhythmic lines, her elimination of all unnecessary details, her pure colour and poetical charm of treatment have elicited the highest praise from Japanese critics

who hail her as a western revivor of the glories of Hiroshige and Hokusai, and it is noteworthy that at the Tokyo Exhibition of 1911 the only colour prints shown were those of Mrs. Lum. ♡ ♡ ♡

There have been other foreign artists who have done good work along similar lines, but hers possesses a subjective element which raises it to a plane of pre-eminence. Not that she despises little every-day scenes—far from it—for she seizes upon familiar subjects and endows them with a strange and haunting beauty. The forces of nature make themselves felt. The wind really blows, trees bend, and one can almost hear them groan—the rain lashes or the sun shines upon wet and glistening streets. But perhaps she is most happy in her interpretation of those beautiful Chinese legends, which adapted by the Japanese, have been made known to the Anglo-Saxon reader through the jewelled prose of Lafcadio Hearn.



"THE PIPER." BY
BERTHA LUM
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"THE LAND OF THE BLUE
BIRD." BY BERTHA LUM



"THE SPIRIT OF THE SEA."
BY BERTHA LUM.

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Especially successful is the one in which Tana-Bata, the Weaving Goddess, is seen passing over the Milky Way by means of a bridge of birds—a swaying figure in the purple night, her scarf caught up rhythmically by the breeze, the yellow light of her lantern reflected in the swirling water below. In *The Blue Bird* and *The Piper*, of which reproductions are here given, we find that though the general treatment suggests the Orient, the children and fairies are undoubtedly of the Occident. Hand in hand with them and with *The Spirit of the Sea*, who gazes wistfully at the bubble of foam fallen from the curling sprite-haunted wave, we may enter a magic world to which Mrs. Lum possesses a key. C. E.

One of the most gifted interior decorators in America, Mrs. Ruby Ross Goodnow, is mainly responsible for the creation of "Belmaison," a house of beauty, built as an integral part of the Wanamaker Stores in New York. "Belmaison" is in no sense a model house, but a house of ideas and inspiration. No two of its twelve rooms are alike. Each expresses a distinct thought and purpose. A charmingly refreshing room is the nursery. This room is built like a circus tent, with a striped yellow and white canvas ceiling, upheld by a blue and red striped pole. The floor is green carpet with a large red circle inset, which gives the children a definite circle around which they may dance the Maypole dance or play their games. The four corners of the room are fitted with the gayest of cupboards built with glass doors, and made to hold books and toys and dolls. The walls are decorated with bright panels (painted by Mr. Paul Thevenaz), representing the wonders of the world. One of them, most vividly drawn, shows a bold seafaring man in the centre contemplating their splendour; everything is there—the pagodas of China, the skyscrapers of New York, darkest Africa, and the Eskimo with his sled dogs. Another panel, equally gay, shows the hunter and his guide and around them the animals of the forest. The third panel represents a charming lady, surrounded by her flowers, and a fourth (reproduced) shows birds of various species with gay coloured plumage. There are seven panels in all; each gay and amusing. H.

REVIEWS.

A Catalogue of Etchings by Augustus John, 1901-1914. By CAMPBELL DODGSON. (London: Charles Chenil & Co., Ltd.) It is given to very few artists to attain celebrity so early in life as Mr. Augustus John. Born in 1879, he was by 1901, as Mr. Dodgson remarks in his introduction to this catalogue, "already an artist of considerable achievement, as well as of the highest promise," and there are few who would deny that that promise has been amply fulfilled in the intervening nineteen years. The secret of his success has, of course, been that wonderful talent for draughtsmanship which was manifested when he was a student at the Slade School



DECORATIVE PANEL FOR THE
NURSERY OF "BELMAISON"
(WANAMAKER STORE, NEW YORK)
PAINTED BY PAUL THEVENAZ

REVIEWS

and is abundantly exemplified in the long series of etchings reproduced in this catalogue. This series, comprising 134 plates, includes every etching by the artist of which a proof is known to exist, considerably more than half of these were etched prior to 1906; while the latest essay is the artist's portrait of himself which, executed quite recently, appears as a half-tone frontispiece to the catalogue and is here reproduced by courtesy of the publishers. The lack of certainty as to dates has dictated an other than chronological classification, and so without much turning over of pages it is not easy to study the artist's progress as an etcher, but the grouping according to subject has advantages of its own. Mr. Dodgson's judgment on the work as a whole is marked by candour and entire impartiality. After discussing some of the leading traits which distinguish these etchings and criticising unfavourably certain of them, especially those composed of groups of figures, he concludes that it is "by the vivid insight, and skill of hand as well as eye, with which he records some being that he has actually seen, be it a pony grazing on Dartmoor, or a *Romani Chai* with arms akimbo, a country girl, a village idiot, a dramatist, a sculptor, a model posed for the nude, a girl whose eyes have bewitched him for a moment, or a woman whom he has loved," that the art of Augustus John will live. ♠ ♠ ♠

On Making and Collecting Etchings. Written by members of the Print Society and edited by E. HESKETH HUBBARD, A.R.W.A. (London: Morland Press; Ringwood: the Print Society.)—The aim of Mr. Hubbard and his collaborators has been to produce a book that shall be of real practical value to students of the art of etching and also to collectors, and this aim is amply fulfilled in the volume before us. The various papers contributed by Mr. E. W. Charlton, Mr. Percy Smith, Miss Stella Langdale, Mr. Hugh Paton and Mr. Reginald Green on the processes of etching, dry point, aquatint, soft ground, mezzotint, etc., are admirably clear and cannot but prove very helpful to beginners, and especially to those who have to gain experience without the aid of an instructor. The value of etchings

from a decorative point of view is ably discussed by Mr. Leslie Ward, and Mr. Hubbard, besides giving some useful hints on collecting and storing prints, has compiled an excellent analytic bibliography of publications in English. The illustrations include a proof etching by Mr. Henderson and a glass paper proof by Mr. Paton, and numerous clearly drawn diagrams of tools and implements are added. The volume as a whole is an admirable example of high-class book production. ♠ ♠ ♠ ♠ ♠

The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Illustrated by RONALD BALFOUR. (London: Constable & Co.).—Most of the numerous illustrations to this attractive edition of the *Rubaiyat* as rendered by Fitzgerald are pen drawings of the type which made Beardsley famous and attracted many disciples in many countries. But while they reveal a generic kinship with this master's bewitching draughtsmanship, Mr. Balfour's black-and-white drawings have qualities of their own for which full



"ROMANI CHAI" (FIRST STATE)
ETCHING BY AUGUSTUS JOHN
(From Mr. Campbell Dodgson's
"Catalogue of Etchings by Augustus John," Chenil & Co.)



A. F. John

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST
(1920). BY AUGUSTUS JOHN
(From Mr. Campbell Dodgson's "Catalogue of
Etchings by Augustus John," Chenil & Co.)

REVIEWS



DOUBLE-PAGE ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR RACKHAM TO "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY" (WM. HEINEMANN)

credit should be given, and he is particularly happy in imparting vivacity to them with a well-placed touch or two of colour. His feeling for colour is particularly evident in the six illustrations executed wholly in colour. The text is printed on stout paper of a light brown tint, and the same paper serves as mounts for the illustrations.

Bengal Fairy Tales. By F. B. BRADLEY-BIRT. Illustrated by ABANINDRANATH TAGORE. (John Lane.)—*The Sleeping Beauty.* Re-told by C. S. EVANS, and illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM. (Heinemann.)—*Irish Fairy Tales.* By JAMES STEPHENS. Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM. (Macmillan.)—*Hansel and Grethel and Other Tales* and *Snowdrop and Other Tales.* By the Brothers GRIMM. Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM. (Constable & Co.)—*Polish Fairy Tales.* Translated by MAUDE ASHURST BIGGS. Illustrated by CECILE WALTON. (John Lane.)—With the exception of two—the selections from Grimm's Tales which are reprints from the rather unwieldy complete edition with Mr. Rackham's illustrations previously published—all these books are new this season and they are all very attractively illustrated. The really ideal illustrator of this kind of literature is, of course, the artist who is himself a product

of the land which has given birth to it, and from this point of view the book illustrated by Mr. Tagore is of special interest. Mr. Rackham's drawings in "The Sleeping Beauty" are of the silhouette type which he has latterly adopted with such good results, and in some a little colour is introduced with pleasing effect, while in the Irish book his drawings are of much the same character as his earlier work. Though some of the stories as told by Mr. Stephens appear to be more in the nature of historic legends rather than fairy tales, the collection provides good reading in which humour of a subtle kind abounds. The Polish stories are selected from Glinski's collection published in 1863, and the vivacious illustrations by Cecile Walton show a conscientious striving to interpret these unfamiliar themes.

The Miniature Collector by Dr. G. C. Williamson is a recent addition to the "Collectors' Series," edited by Mr. H. W. LEWER, F.S.A., and published by Herbert Jenkins, Ltd., and is replete with information about all the leading and many of the minor painters of portrait miniatures. The volume is abundantly illustrated and an appendix gives for the first time a complete list of the many hundreds of persons who sat to William Wood (1768-1809).

Arch *The*
INTERNATIONAL
STUDIO

Reg. at U.S. Pat Off

*(Courtesy, the MacMillan Co.)*

RAVEN (POE)

MANET

Entered as second-class matter March 1, 1897 at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879

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NEW YORK

February in the Galleries

NEW YORK CITY

ARLINGTON GALLERIES,

274 Madison Avenue.

Madame Amiard Oberteuffer (—Feb. 12th).

Cullen Yates (Feb. 15th-March 5th).

BABCOCK, E. C.,

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Seventeenth and Eighteenth Century Spanish Paintings, including Velasquez, El Greco, Goya, Ribera, Zurbaran, etc.

GIMPEL & WILDENSTEIN,

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Drypoints and Pastels by Paul Hellen.

HANFSTAENGE, E. F.,

153 West 57th Street.

Munich and Vienna Etchings: Schmutzer, Orlik, Stuck and Kasimir.

HARLOW, ARTHUR H.,

712 Fifth Avenue.

Paintings and Drawings by Paul Dougherty.

KENNEDY & COMPANY,

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Etchings by Beurdeley.

KEPPEL, FREDERICK & CO.,

4 East 39th Street.

Lithographs by Whistler.

KRAUSCHAAR GALLERIES,

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Paintings by George Luks.

MACBETH GALLERIES,

450 Fifth Avenue.

Feb. 8th-28th.

Paintings by Emil Carlsen.

Sculpture by Abastenia St. Leger Eberle.

MILCH GALLERIES,

108 West 57th Street.

Paintings by Daniel Garber, W. L. Lathrop, Joseph

T. Pierson, Robert Spencer (—Feb. 12th).

Paintings by Guy Wiggins (Feb. 12th-26th).

SCHWARTZ GALLERIES,

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PORTRAIT OF A LADY OF
THE DE PALAVICINO FAMILY.
FROM THE PAINTING BY JUAN
PANTOJA DE LA CRUZ.
(COLLECTION OF ARTHUR JAMES, ESQ.)

THE STUDIO

SPANISH PAINTINGS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE

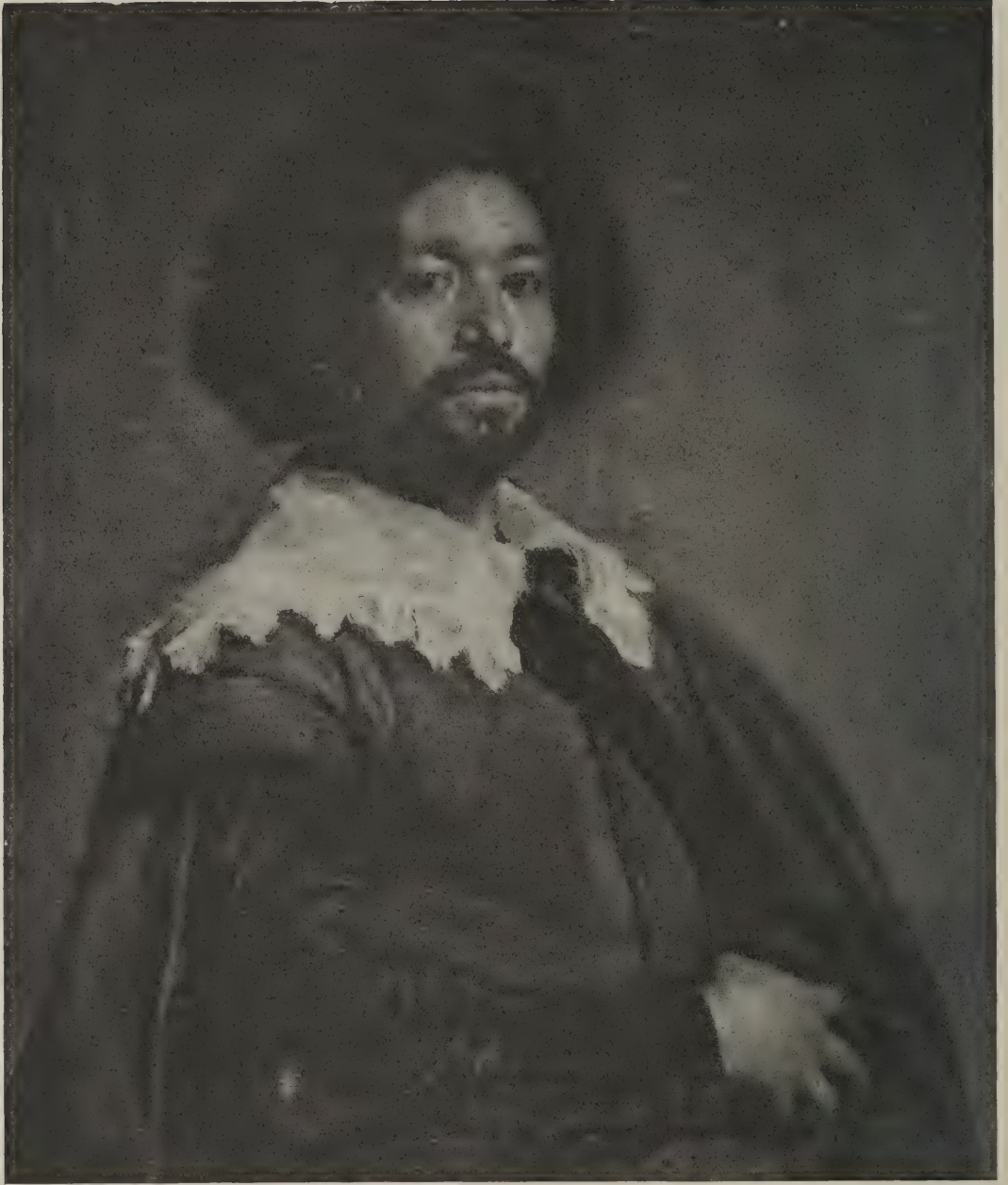
THE preliminary announcements relative to this exhibition aroused expectations which have not been realised. The impression was given that the treasures of the Prado Museum and other important institutions in Spain would be drawn upon, and that we should see on the walls of the Royal Academy's galleries some at least of those masterpieces of the art of painting which hitherto it has been the privilege of only a comparatively small number in Great Britain to see and study directly. But if the non-fulfilment of these hopes has naturally caused disappointment, still the exhibition as a whole may assuredly be reckoned as an event of first-rate importance, and though it is still necessary to visit Madrid, Toledo

and other Spanish cities to see the greatest achievements of Velázquez, El Greco, Murillo, Ribera, Goya and other famous masters of the Spanish School, the serious student has every reason to be grateful for such facilities as are provided by the collection for studying at first hand the development of this great school from its beginning to the present day.

Among the great old masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries who are represented in this exhibition, the group of ten works of Domenico Theotocopuli, now universally known as El Greco, has undoubtedly excited paramount interest, partly because he is not so well known as the great founder of the naturalistic school in Spain, Diego Velázquez, represented here by an equal number of works (though the authenticity of two of them has been challenged), but



"A PEST HOUSE." BY FRANCISCO DE GOYA Y LUCIENTES
(Marquis de la Romana, Madrid)



"JUAN DE PAREJA, PAINTER"
BY DON DIEGO VELÁZQUEZ
(Earl of Radnor's Collection)

SPANISH PAINTINGS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE



"A GIRL WITH A MIRROR"
BY JOSE RIBERA
(Sir Herbert Cook, Bart.)

more particularly because of the representative character of the group, containing as it does some of his best portraits and one complex composition which ranks among his most important efforts of this character—*The Glory of Philip II.*, lent by the King of Spain from the Escorial. From his own days down to the present time an extraordinary diversity of opinion has existed among critics in regard to El Greco's merits as a painter. A summary of these opinions is given by Cossio in his exhaustive study of the artist published in 1908.* Noting with satisfaction that

*"El Greco," por Manuel B. Cossio, Madrid, 1908. In the second volume of this work nearly 200 paintings of El Greco are reproduced.

England has led the way in penetrating the character of El Greco and the importance of his work, he cites a passage written by Sir J. C. Robinson in 1868, which is well worth quoting here :

"At all times and in all countries the works of this master will appeal to the artist and true connoisseur with an imperative voice, while it is perhaps equally certain they will always remain 'caviare to the multitude.' In the dim twilight of Spanish churches and convents there are still scores of weird-looking canvasses of El Greco which the uninitiated observer passes over with wonder and bewilderment, the grim angular figures and draperies and the flickering unrest of all the details affecting him almost as would a harsh tumult of discordant sounds. But to the possessor of real art appreciation, a closer examination of even these unpromising specimens reveals passages of admirable harmony which he will dwell upon as on sweet music heard

SPANISH PAINTINGS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE



"THE LATIN QUARTER"
BY NICOLÁS RAURICH

fitfully amidst the howling of a tempest. Il Greco's style is altogether peculiar and indescribable."

Of the ten works assigned to Velázquez, five have been brought from Spain for the exhibition, while the others belong to English collections, and three of them have been exhibited before in London; while as to two, there are, as mentioned above, some doubts as to their authenticity. Though hardly so representative as the El Greco group, the selection contains a superb example of the master's painting, the portrait of *Juan de Pareja, Painter*, belonging to the Earl of Radnor, and a scarcely inferior work, the portrait of *An Unknown Gentleman*, from the Duke

of Wellington's collection, as well as the painter's portrait of himself lent by the Fine Art Museum, Valencia, and said to be the most poetical of the portraits which Velázquez painted of himself. Among his other paintings *The Cook* (Mr. Otto Beit's collection), an early work, painted when he was a youth of nineteen, is of great interest as a study of still life. There does not appear to be any reference to this particular work in Beruete's treatise published in English in 1906, but it is evidently one of several paintings of a somewhat similar character executed while Velázquez was studying under his future father-in-law, Francisco Pacheco,



"A BASQUE COUNTRYMAN"
BY IGNACIO ZULOAGA

SPANISH PAINTINGS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE



"TWO MASKS." BY
CLAUDIO CASTELUCHO

who, to judge from a passage in his "Art of Painting," set great store by exercises of this kind. The exhibition contains one example of Pacheco's own paintings. ▀

Of painters other than El Greco whose careers preceded either wholly or mainly that of Velázquez, all those of any note are represented by one or more examples. The self-portrait of Pedro Berruguete, a Castilian primitive who died in 1504, is worthy of the best traditions of the Spanish School. By Luis de Morales, "the divine," there are two panels of *The Fifth Dolour*, the larger of the two being remarkable for the tragically realistic painting of the dead Christ's face. Of the work of Sánchez Coello (d. 1588) there are eight examples, all portraits, and one of them is of special interest as having possibly suggested the painting of *Las Meninas* by Velázquez. Coello's pupil

and successor as Court Painter, Juan Pantoja de la Cruz, is represented by three exceedingly interesting portraits, one of which, the *Portrait of a Lady of the De Palavicino Family*, is here reproduced in colour. His full length Philip II. (lent by the King of Spain) is a very striking presentment of that monarch, in whose sad features the shadow of approaching death is seen, and it provides a strong contrast with Coello's Prado half-length portrait, painted also in the King's declining years. ▀ ▀

Ribera and Zurbarán are the chief contemporaries of Velázquez. By the first there are three works, one of which, *A Girl with a Mirror*, is reproduced on p. 5. The Prado collection contains somewhere about sixty paintings of this artist, nearly all of them portraits of apostles and saints. He was greatly influenced by Caravaggio,



"THE CAMELLIA"
BY JULIO MOISES

SPANISH PAINTINGS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE



"THE BOWER." BY
SANTIAGO RUSIÑOL

and all the latter part of his life was spent in Italy. Zurbarán is more fully represented, and in some respects the most interesting example is an early work, *The Virgin as a young girl doing needlework*. A large Crucifixion, by Alonso Cano, a fellow pupil of Velázquez in Pacheco's studio, bears a certain resemblance to a similar painting by the greater master in the Prado. Del Mazo, assistant and son-in-law of Velázquez, is not seen to great advantage in the two works assigned to him. Murillo, pre-eminent among painters of the generation that grew up under the influence of Velázquez and famous for his many paintings of *Immaculadas*, of which one example, from Lord Lansdowne's collection, is in the exhibition, was also a great painter of landscape, animals and still life, as well as portraits, but the seven works at Burlington House give only a faint hint of this diversity. ▀

10

Numerically it is to Goya that has fallen the lion's share in this display, one gallery having been set apart for a group of some twenty-four paintings by him, all of which with one exception (a portrait lent by Mr. Otto Beit) have been sent from Spain. This group may, in fact, be justly regarded as the *clou* of the exhibition, for though Goya is well known to many connoisseurs here by his wonderful etchings, as a painter he has hitherto been almost a total stranger. A worthy descendant of the great masters who preceded him by two centuries, he is here seen in the rôle of painter of portraits, of landscapes, and open-air scenes, and especially of those grimly realistic subject pictures in which his true genius expressed itself with so much energy. ▀ ▀ ▀

It is by no means a homogeneous collection of work that confronts the visitor in the galleries set apart for the



"PIETY AND ALMS." FROM
THE PAINTING BY JOSÉ
M. RODRIGUEZ ACOSTA.

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painters of to-day and their immediate predecessors. The number of them is well over a hundred, and the only notable omission is Anglada. Among this assemblage the small Basque or Biscayan group, with Zuloaga at its head, and including among others the brothers Zubiaurre, whose work was discussed at length in our last issue, presents the most marked differentiation from the general body. The Barcelona contingent, much more numerous, is well represented, and among these Santiago Rusiñol is conspicuous with a series of those delightful garden paintings on which for years past he has concentrated his very personal gifts. As to the rest, all that can be said in a brief summary like this is that while no very pronounced national traits are conspicuous—except in so far as subjects are concerned—there is to be discerned a susceptibility to the charms of colour which though often accompanied by a deficient sense of form is productive of an atmosphere of animation and vivacity.

THE SOCIETY OF GRAPHIC ART. BY MALCOLM C. SALAMAN.

THE time was ripe for the formation of a society of the exponents of the graphic arts, since recent years have seen public appreciation and encouragement of free expression through all the mediums steadily on the increase. But though graphic artists are many in the land, their opportunities for getting into actual touch with the public that loves pictorial art are limited. The "black and white men" may establish a popular familiarity through reproductive appearances week after week in the illustrated press, or they may adapt their illustrative imaginations to the embellishment of books; but true artistic intimacy is usually blocked by the harmless necessary half-tone. If they be etchers or engravers, membership of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers will open its annual exhibitions to their works, the recent admission of the woodcut counting to the Society for artistic righteousness; though

SOME FORTHCOMING PUBLICATIONS OF "THE STUDIO"

THE sixteenth annual issue of "THE STUDIO Year-Book of Decorative Art" is now in the hands of the printers, and will, it is expected, be ready for publication early in March.

The series of portfolios containing reproductions in colour of pictures by distinguished living painters, of which three numbers have already appeared with selections from the water-colours of Mr. D. Y. Cameron, R.A., Mr. W. Russell Flint, and Mr. C. J. Holmes, will be continued with numbers containing reproductions of paintings or drawings by Mr. Arnesby Brown, R.A., Mr. Harold Knight and Mrs. Knight, Mr. P. A. de Laszlo and Mr. L. Campbell Taylor respectively.

The Editor also hopes to deal in a Special Number on Spanish Painting much more fully with the important display at Burlington House briefly noticed in this month's issue, but at the time of going to press the arrangements in regard to this had not been completed, and a definite announcement must therefore be postponed.



DESIGN FOR A WAR RECORD
BY H. GRANVILLE FELL



"THE HOUSE" (AS THE ARBITRARY FRAMEWORK, THE MATERIAL AND INTELLECTUAL BOUNDARY WITHIN WHICH MAN THINKS, INVENTS AND EXISTS). BY JAMES GUTHRIE

the newly-founded Society of Wood-Engravers offers naturally wider scope and a more generous independence to the spreading revival of this oldest of all forms of engraving, while to those who seek expression through lithography the Senefelder Club may afford its limited welcome. But if they claim as artists the right to express themselves through any graphic medium that the particular pictorial motive of their artistic mood seems to demand, the chances of appeal to the public, for any but the favoured members of the Society of Twelve, are decidedly restricted. The Royal Academy remains

as niggardly as ever in its award of space to expression in black and white prints and drawings; nor are the opportunities offered by the New English Art Club or the International Society of Painters, Sculptors and Engravers sufficient; while the alternative of the "one man show" is too risky and expensive for the majority.

The new Society of Graphic Art purports to change all this, its formation being, to quote its official pronouncement, "for the purpose of holding periodical exhibitions of all the various forms of black and white art in a comprehensive and dignified manner. Its aim will be to

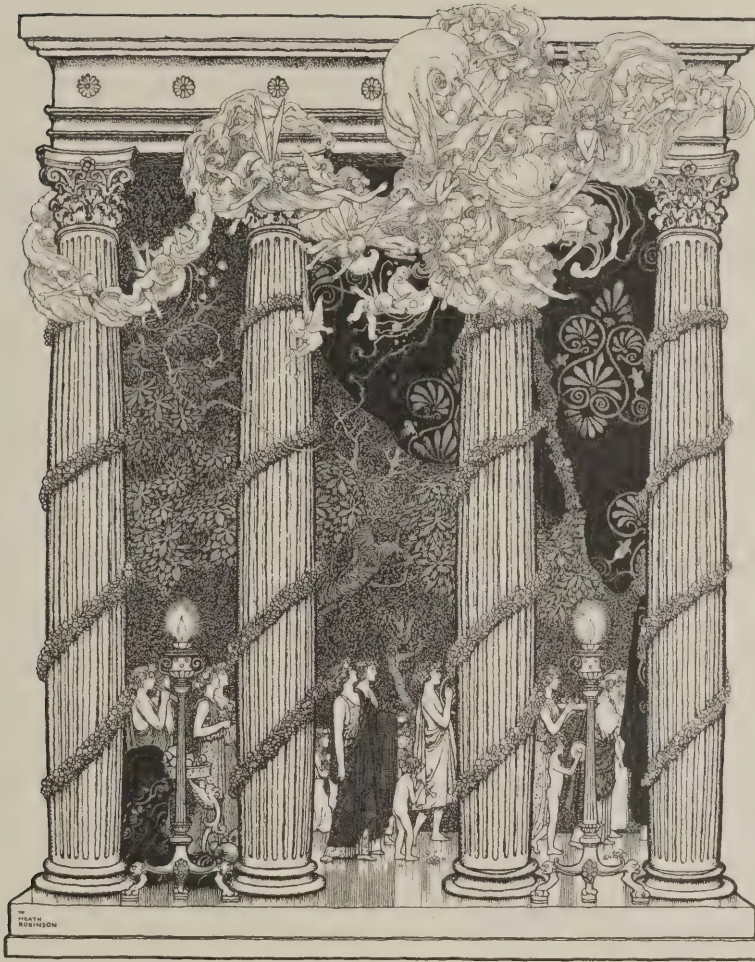
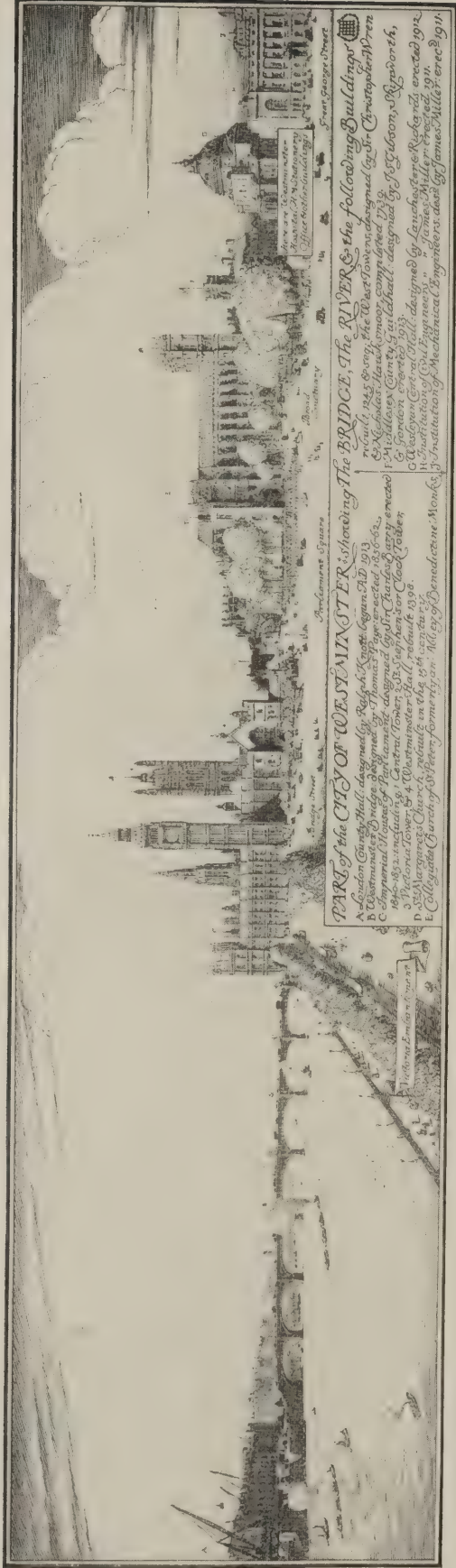


ILLUSTRATION TO "A MID-SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"
BY W. HEATH ROBINSON
(By courtesy of Messrs. Constable & Co.)

further the interests of British and Colonial artists who produce, in monochrome, examples of sound draughtsmanship in pencil, pen-and-ink, chalk, charcoal, water or oil colour, monotype, silver-point, dry-point, and in the various methods of engraving on metal, wood, stone, etc. The scope and scale of the scheme is purposely large, as it is desired to form, for the first time in this country"—I am still quoting the Society's own proclamation—"a powerful and thoroughly comprehensive body representing what has truly been described as the most potent and varied side of British art." The

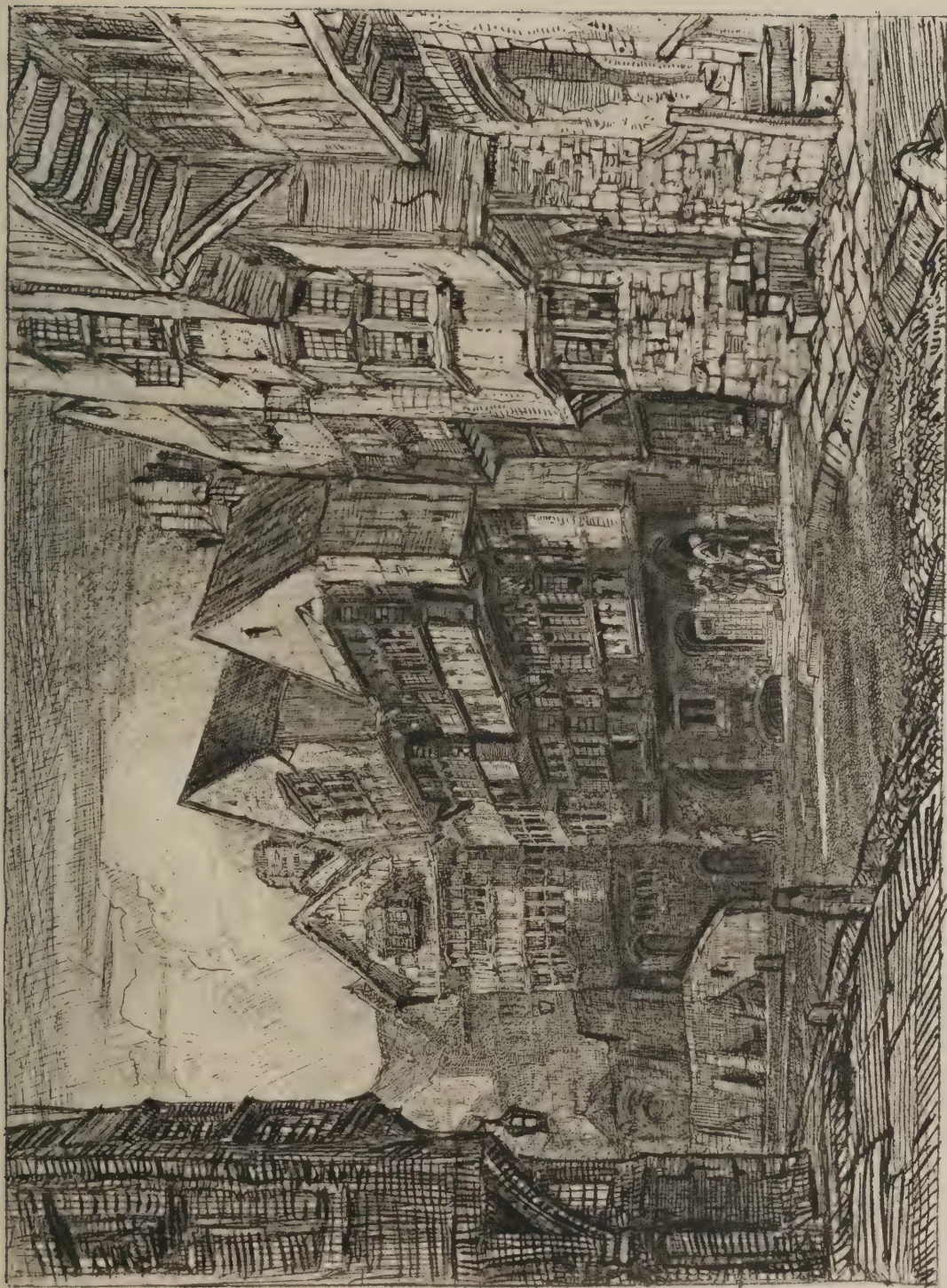
scheme originated with Mr. Frank L. Emanuel, himself an artist whose sound accomplishment in draughtsmanship, at home with many mediums, is happiest with pencil, and best seen in pictorial interpretations of architecture. For years he had had in mind the formation of such a society for the benefit of black-and-white draughtsmen, but only now when the artists have pleasant proof that there are collectors ready to buy good modern drawings and original etchings, aquatints, mezzotints, woodcuts and lithographs, has the scheme seemed to come within the range of practical politics. Mr. Emanuel's



PART of the CITY OF WESTMINSTER, showing The BRIDGE, The RIVER & the following Buildings

A London County Hall, designed by Ralph Knott, begun 1913.
 B Westminster Bridge, designed by Thomas Phipps, erected 1826-62.
 C Imperial War Museum, designed by Sir Charles Barry, erected 1917.
 D St. Margaret's Church, built 1163-1177.
 E St. Margaret's Church, built 1163-1177.
 F St. Margaret's Church, built 1163-1177.
 G St. Margaret's Church, built 1163-1177.
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 X St. Margaret's Church, built 1163-1177.
 Y St. Margaret's Church, built 1163-1177.
 Z St. Margaret's Church, built 1163-1177.

"WESTMINSTER." PEN DRAWING BY EDMUND HORT NEW



"OLD LONDON." A STUDY.
BY F. L. GRIGGS, R.E.

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UNIVERSITY OF
TORONTO



"A.D. 1918." DRAWING
BY HAROLD NELSON

enthusiasm, supported by the sympathetic encouragement of Mr. Frank Brangwyn, and helped by his own personal popularity, imbued a group of graphic artists with the feeling that they and their fellows really needed such an association. They met one evening at Mr. Emanuel's house to discuss the idea, and a Provisional Committee to promote the scheme was the result. To all intents and purposes the Society of Graphic Art was born there and then, for the response of the graphic artists invited to membership was practically general. And now it starts its career as a very numerous, if

not entirely representative, body, starts auspiciously under the presidency of an artist of world-wide fame. It is, indeed, no small asset for a society that intends to exhibit its members' works abroad as well as at home to have at its head an artist of Mr. Brangwyn's stature and fame, whose various accomplishments on wood, copper and stone, as well as with the materials of the decorative painter, has won recognition from all artistic Europe. That Mr. Emanuel should be vice-president is only right and proper, considering that without his enthusiasm and energy the Society would never have

THE SOCIETY OF GRAPHIC ART



"THE FUGITIVES." BY
D. W. HAWKSLEY, R.I.

come into being. But the list of honorary members, I must confess, gives me pause. There are seventeen of them, and every one is a member of the Royal Academy, albeit there are graphic artists of fine and vital talent and wide repute outside the academic fold. Among these honorary members are, of course, artists of unquestioned power and distinction, and certainly it is well that they should all belong to a representative British Society of Graphic Art; but why should they not associate themselves with it as active exhibiting members, thus helping to further its aims? Their individual merits would add to the prestige and influence of the

Society far more than can their exclusively academical honorary membership. It is reasonable that this official compliment should be offered to the Presidents of the Royal Academy, the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers, and the other artistic royal societies; but, even accepting the wholly academic character of the honorary members, one looks in vain among the two hundred and twenty-four original members, including as these do artists of high degree in their various modes of graphic utterance, for any of those artists who have identified themselves with the so-called "advanced" movements, artists, as a matter of fact,



PENCIL DRAWING
BY FRED PEGRAM

seeking with sincerity individual expression through new adventures in vision and unacademic ways of graphic art. One is constrained to wonder, therefore, whether the promoters of the society have sufficiently kept in view the broadly representative character and the catholic artistic spirit that should claim for this numerous body a place of real and vital importance in the world of art. For here is a unique opportunity to co-ordinate diverse artistic ideals, to stimulate the independence of their utterances, and, by offering them equal means of publicity, to help to keep the graphic arts ever alive.

In the hope, therefore, that this will be the spirit and principle of the Society's activities, *THE STUDIO* offers a cordial welcome to this latest addition to the many associations in which British artists find community of interests, believing that if the encouragement of artistic vitality in sincere individual expression through any medium or honestly expressive formula be its primary aim, whether the motive be realistic illustration or abstract design, the Society's exhibitions may be of real service. By the time these words appear in print the first of these exhibitions will be on view in the galleries of the Royal Society of British Artists. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The Goupil Gallery Salon was instituted by the proprietors of that gallery in the year 1906, and thereafter took its place among the chief events of the autumn season. The annual sequence remained uninterrupted until the fateful year 1914, and a resumption was not made till a year after the Armistice. If the exhibition of 1919 could not, for obvious reasons, compare with those of pre-war years, the tenth of the series, which was held during the last two months of the past year, may be said to have definitely re-established the prestige of this salon and to have provided a sure augury of its continuance in years to come. What gives to this exhibition its peculiar and distinctive character is the discriminating eclecticism which governs the selection of artists invited to contribute to it. Thus among those who were represented in the recent display—numbering more than a hundred and fifty in all—one found along with the names of artists belonging to one or other society or group, such as the three Royal Academies, the New English Art Club, the Institute, the British Artists, the



"THE NOMADS." OIL PAINTING
BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM
(Goupil Gallery Salon, 1920)



"THE BROKEN JUG"
OIL PAINTING BY
WILLIAM NICHOLSON
(Goupil Gallery Salon, 1920)



"STREET MARKET." WATER-COLOUR BY MABEL LAYNG
(Goupil Gallery Salon, 1920)

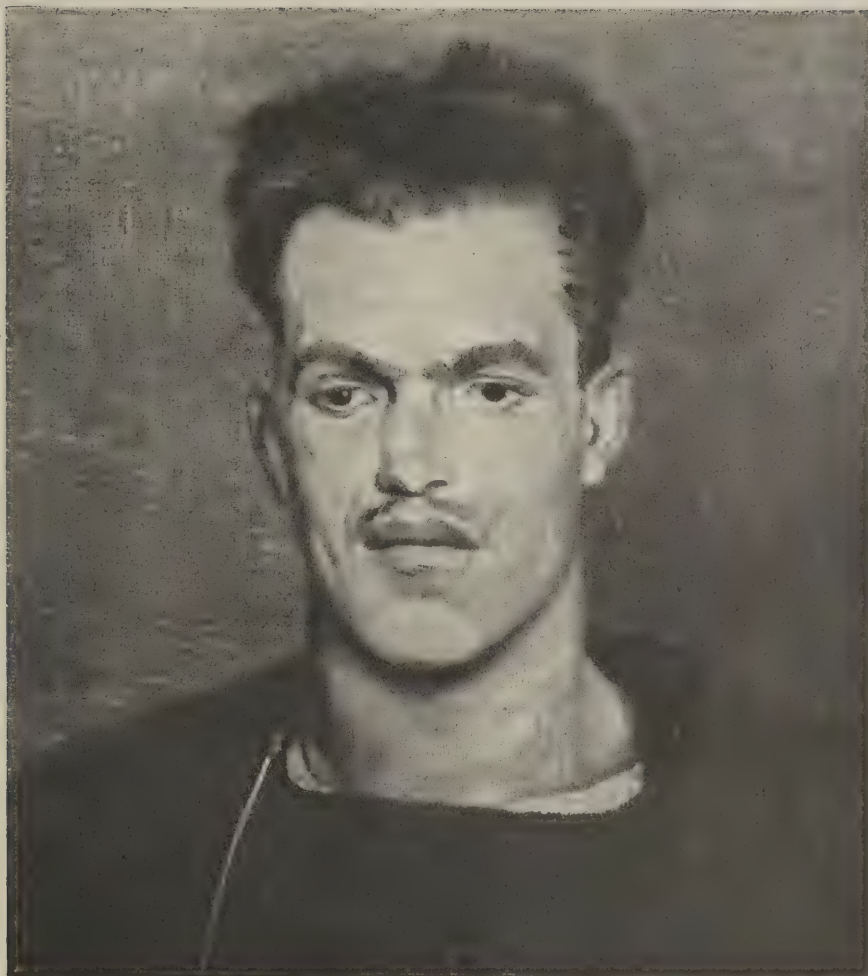
London Group, and so forth, not a few who hold aloof from all organised bodies and prefer to pursue an entirely independent path. In its general complexion the Goupil Salon approximates, perhaps, more nearly to the International Society's exhibitions, and that was particularly the case with the Salon of 1920, in which

several well-known French artists were represented—including Maurice Denis, Lucien Simon, Forain, Henri Matisse, Paul Signac, Félix Vallotton, and Albert Lebourg. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Among the 380 odd works in the recent exhibition a feature of special interest was a group of still-life paintings by Mr.



DECORATION FOR FIREPLACE
BY ARNRID B. JOHNSTON
(Goupil Gallery Salon, 1920)



"ALI BEN AMOR BEN
M'RAD, NO. 2." OIL
PAINTING BY GLYN
PHILPOT, A.R.A.
(Goupil Gallery Salon, 1920)



"VENETIAN HOUSES." WATER-COLOUR BY C. MARESCO PEARCE
(Goupil Gallery Salon, 1920)

William Nicholson, of one of which a reproduction is here given. An accomplished painter of human portraiture, as his *Pamela* in this exhibition proved, this artist is in the realm of *nature morte* without a compeer, and the five paintings of this description which he contributed at this exhibition—*The Silver Casket*, *The Broken Jug*, *The Striped Shawl*, *Rose Lustre*, and *The Magenta Feather*—rank among his best achievements. Three marine paintings by Mr. Wilson Steer, all admirable as studies of atmospheric effects, were among the chief features of interest on this occasion. The sole ex-

ample of Mr. Augustus John's painting was a *Motif pour Décoration*, but elsewhere in the exhibition his genius as a draughtsman was evinced in a dozen characteristic studies of various types of humanity, nude and otherwise. Mr. Glyn Philpot's virile art was likewise exemplified by a single painting—the vigorously characterized head of *Ali ben Amor ben M'rad No. 2*, reproduced among our illustrations. The number of paintings and drawings of interiors in this exhibition may be taken as an indication that this class of subject is attracting increased attention among artists.



"FASHION AT THE CALEDONIAN MARKET." WATER-COLOUR
BY H. DAVIS RICHTER
(Goupil Gallery Salon, 1920)

Besides Mr. Patrick Adam, R.S.A., who specialises almost exclusively in this kind of theme, Mr. W. B. Ranken, Mr. de Glehn, Mr. Davis Richter, Mr. David Neave and Mr. Frank Carter contributed interesting essays in the portrayal of rooms—more than one of them being rooms associated with prominent personages. Among paintings of a predominantly decorative character Mr. George Sheringham's vivacious *Nomads*, reproduced on page 22, was specially attractive. Of flower and still-life studies, apart from Mr. Nicholson's, there was a good sprinkling, adding greatly to the variety of the display. Mr. Davis Richter was among those represented in this direction, and besides an essay in interior painting—*The Lady Katherine Somerset's Dining Room*—his contribution to the show included also a capital study of modern London life—*Fashion at the Caledonian Market*, and an equally good drawing of that relic of old London, *Fountain Court, Temple*. ■ ■ ■

The works mentioned above are, however, but a few among the many items

of interest in the Goupil Gallery Salon of 1920, and while reluctantly passing over many things which helped to make the show a success, it must suffice if we mention in addition Mr. Howard Somerville's portrait study, *Joyce*, Mr. W. J. Leech's *The Lady of Kensington Gardens*, Miss Thea Proctor's *The Shawl* and two fan compositions, *The Lagoon* and *L'Oiseau d'Or*, two west country landscapes by Mr. Ginner, Mr. Walter Bayes's *The Good Humoured Lady*, M. Lebourg's riverside scenes from Paris and Rouen, Miss Mabel Layng's *Street Market* (reproduced), Mr. Maresco Pearce's *Venetian Houses* (also reproduced), and Miss Ruth Hollingsworth's still-life painting *Blue China*. A small group of sculpture included six works in stone by Mr. Eric Gill, and two reliefs by Mr. Arnrid Johnston, whose *Decoration for a Fireplace* is shown among our illustrations.

Mr. Charles Shannon, A.R.A., who at a General Assembly of the Royal Academy held a few weeks ago was promoted to full membership of that body, has throughout his career been a staunch upholder

STUDIO-TALK



PAIR OF HAND WROUGHT
BRASS ALTAR CANDLE-
STICKS SET WITH OPALS
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED
BY ALEX. J. SMITH

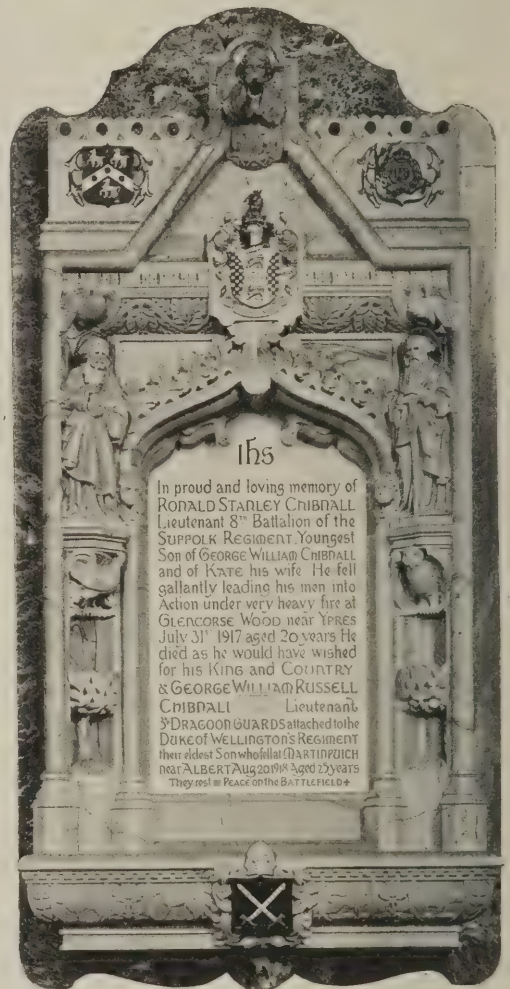
of the graphic arts. Trained at the School of Wood Engraving, Lambeth, he made a name for himself in that branch of art quite early, and all along he has been an ardent devotee of lithography.

The Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours was for the greater part of last year without a President to fill the place occupied by Mr. Alfred Parsons, R.A. for six years until his death last January. In the interval Mr. H. Hughes-Stanton, R.A., its Vice-President, has acted as the official head of the Society, and now at a recent assembly of the members he has been elected President.

We include among our illustrations this month a well modelled study of old age in relief by Mr. F. W. Sargent, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy of 1919, and three works of a memorial character. The pair of brass altar candlesticks by Mr. Alex. J. Smith was presented by Mr. J. C. Eastburn of Bradford to a local church as a memorial to his wife. Mr. Maurice Adams's memorial, erected in St. Paul's, Hammersmith, fittingly commemorates the heroic death of Lieut.

Ronald Stanley Chibnall and his brother, who fell on the battlefield in France. Mr. Reid Dick's design was, we believe, one of those sent in for the Zeebrugge Memorial and gained distinction in that competition.

One of the few celebrated law suits in which artists have taken a prominent part was recalled by the death in November of Mr. Richard Belt, a sculptor who, during the late seventies and early eighties, had gained a prominent position in the art world as the author of portrait busts and statues of leading personages. Publicly



WAR MEMORIAL IN ST. PAUL'S
CHURCH, HAMMERSMITH.
DESIGNED BY MAURICE B.
ADAMS, F.R.I.B.A., EXECUTED BY
MESSRS. FARMER AND BRINDLEY



"KATARINA." RELIEF IN MARBLE.
BY F. W. SARGANT

UNIVERSITY

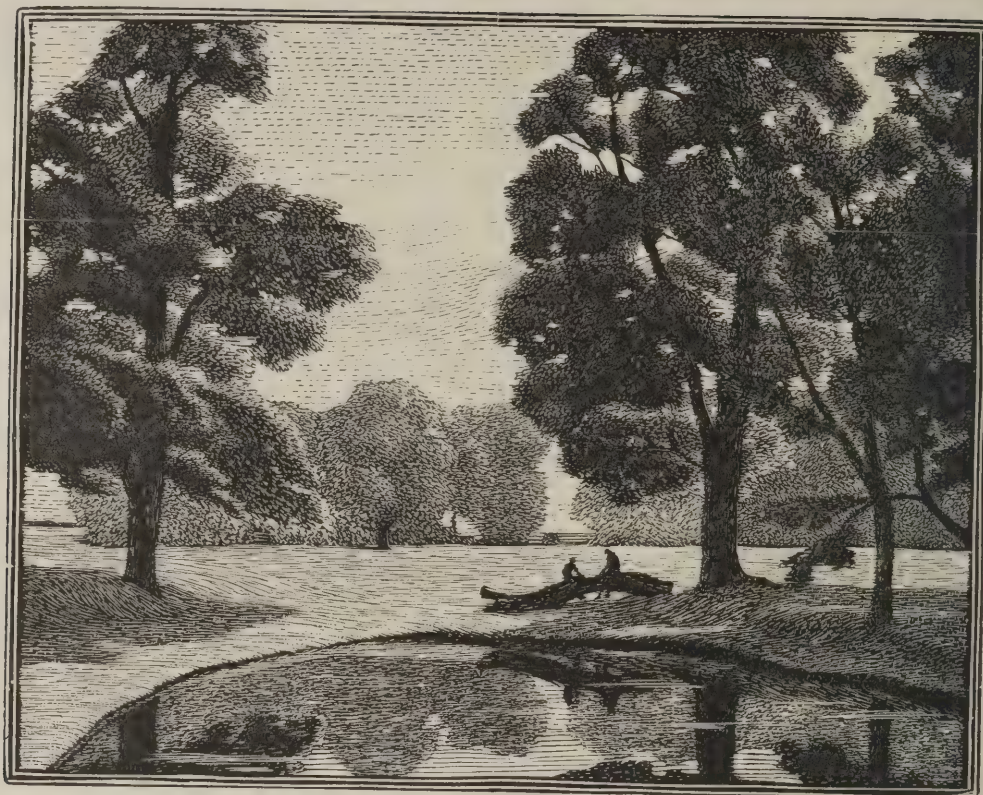


DESIGN FOR A WAR MEMORIAL
BY W. REID DICK, R.B.S.

accused by Mr. Charles Lawes (afterwards Sir Charles Lawes-Wittewronge) of earning a reputation by false pretences—it was alleged that the work which he passed off as his own was in reality executed by persons employed by him, and that instead of being a creative artist he was nothing more than a “statue jobber”—he brought an action for libel in 1882, and the trial before Baron

Hudleston was the great sensation of the day. Mr. Belt successfully vindicated his *bona-fides* and was awarded £5,000 damages. In the long interval since this case was tried Mr. Belt's name has rarely been heard of, but during the war it became prominent once more when he exhibited a bust in clay of the late Earl Kitchener. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Mr. Herbert Draper, who also passed



FROM A WOOD-CUT BY
GWENDOLEN RAVERAT

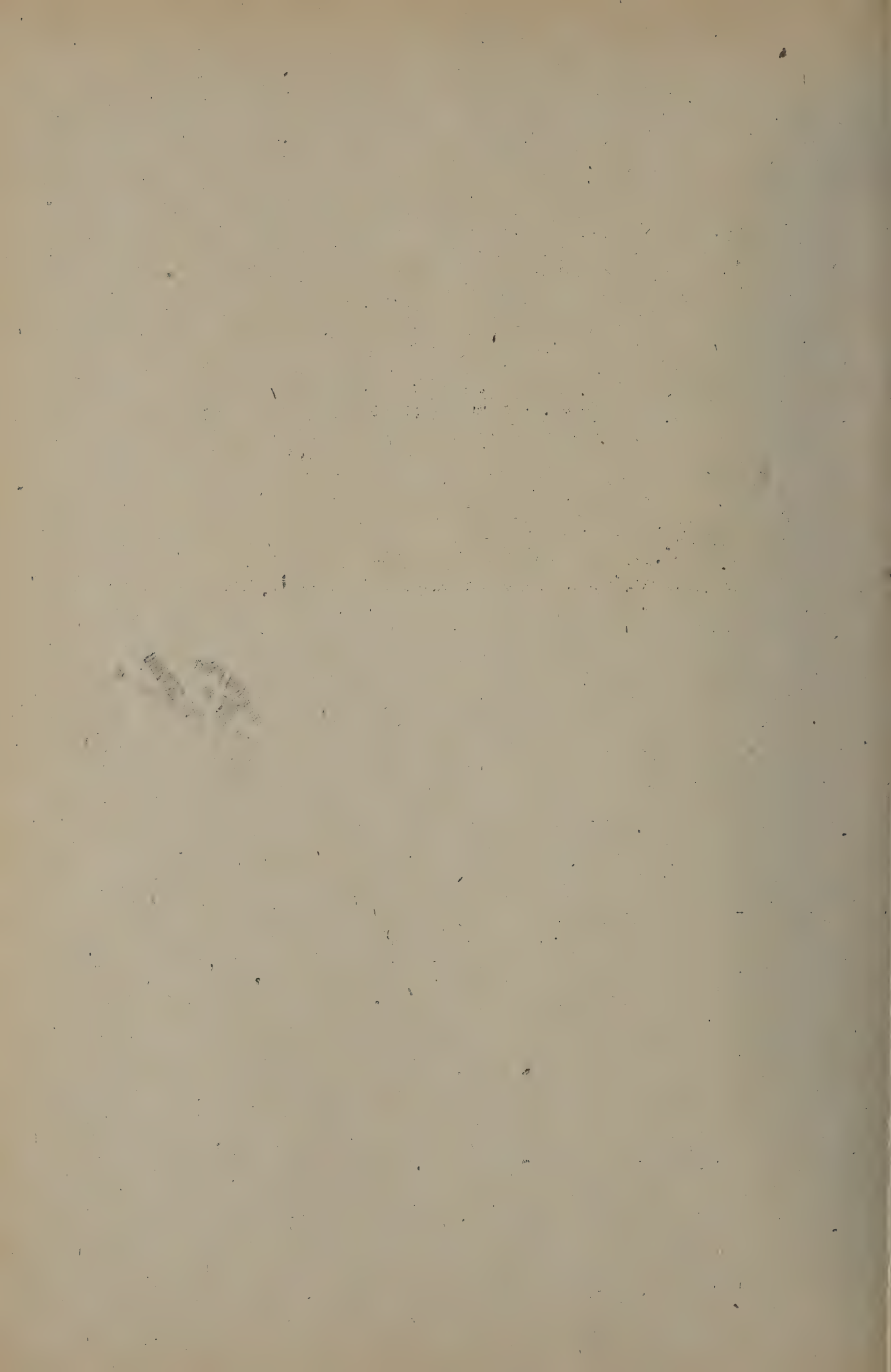
away in the autumn of 1920, was, like Mr. Belt, a student in the Royal Academy Schools, in which he won the Gold Medal and Travelling Studentship in 1889. As a painter of subject pictures and, in later years more especially, of portraits, his work has been a recurring feature of the Royal Academy Exhibitions for thirty years. He excelled as a draughtsman, and the numerous studies which we have reproduced from time to time in these pages—mostly executed in preparation for subject paintings—have been warmly appreciated by those who value good drawing. He is represented at the Tate Gallery by the *Lament for Icarus*, purchased by the Chantrey Trustees in 1898.

We referred briefly in our last issue to the fact that the newly formed Society of Wood Engravers was holding its first annual exhibition in December at the Chenil Gallery, Chelsea, and it is now our pleasant duty to report that the ex-

hibition was a gratifying success. As already mentioned, the Society consists of ten members—Messrs. Gordon Craig, E. M. O'R. Dickey, Robert Gibbings, Eric Gill, Philip Hagreen, Sydney Lee, John Nash, Lucien Pissarro, Noel Rooke, and Mrs. Gwendolen Raverat, all of whom, together with seven non-members in sympathy with the aims of the Society and pursuing the same methods as the members, were represented in the show, and the quality of the work there exhibited is the best augury for the future of this co-operative venture. Their methods were also briefly alluded to in our previous note; they follow the traditional European technique, cutting with a knife on the wood plankwise or engraving with a burin on the end of a block of hard wood like box. The woodcuts so largely used for illustrating books and periodicals before the introduction of half-tone metal "blocks" (also often called "cuts" by printers)



"FROM THE
WALLS OF
THELEME"
WOODCUT
BY PHILIP
HAGREEN





FROM A WOOD-CUT BY
GWENDOLEN RAVERAT

were almost invariably produced by professional wood-engravers who were not responsible for the drawings they reproduced as nearly as possible in facsimile, but the woodcuts or engravings produced by the members of this new group and others who practise the art as a medium of original expression are the work of the individual artist from beginning to end. ▯

We were pleased to see that a considerable number of the prints displayed on the walls of Messrs. Chenil's Gallery were labelled as having been acquired by the Contemporary Art Society, presumably for presentation to public collections, and if this example is generously followed as it ought to be, by individual collectors, there is every reason to anticipate that the woodcut as a work of art will flourish again in a way worthy of that illustrious past which Mr. Campbell Dodgson recalls in his introduction to the catalogue of this first exhibition of the new Society. Mr. Dodgson points out that the collecting public mostly consists of persons who frame prints and hang them on their walls, and says that it is for the modern wood-engraver to convince the public that a woodcut looks as well on a wall as an etching, if not better. His hope that the exhibition would prove the suitability of the woodcut for this purpose has been amply fulfilled. With a few exceptions all the woodcuts shown were printed in

black on white or nearly white paper, and the decorative effect of the rich contrasts they presented was very striking. But even with a single block the range of variation is very wide, as regards both ink and paper, while with two or more blocks the possibilities are practically unlimited. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

At the sale early last month of an extensive collection of prints and drawings forming presumably the stock of Mr. Richard Gutekunst, art dealer, which Messrs. Garland-Smith & Co. put up to auction by order of the Public Trustee, some high prices were realised for work by modern etchers such as Whistler, Anders Zorn, D. Y. Cameron, Muirhead Bone and James McBey. A signed proof of Whistler's *The Palaces* fetched 315 guineas, the highest sum bid for an etching at this sale, and not far behind was Mr. Cameron's *Ben Ledi*, which brought 310 guineas. Zorn's record at this sale was 270 guineas for a signed proof of his portrait of Renan, while 240 guineas was bid for his *Maja*. For Mr. Muirhead Bone's *Ayr Prison* Messrs. Colnaghi & Co. paid 180 guineas, and Messrs. Connell & Son gave 72 guineas for Mr. McBey's *The Pool* and 66 guineas for the same artist's *Lion Brewery*. A large number of Rembrandts were put up, and the highest sum realised was 280 guineas for a signed proof of *The Three Crosses*. ▯



"BASQUE LANDSCAPE"
BY LEON KROLL

NEW YORK.—Mr. Leon Kroll is an American artist whose work shows a sincere reverence for Goya and Cézanne, combined with fresh and personal characteristics. If he had to be labelled, one might class him with the best of the Post-Impressionists, although some among them have a keener sense of design as a thing in itself than he has. He is at the same time original, and by no means a plagiarist. His art is natural and unforced and free. It falls into two groups, portraiture and landscape, with an occasional adventure into the nude. On occasions there is a sign that he has not overlooked the best in Hals, but he is of our own day. All his portraits are very fine in feeling. *Orstein at the piano*, for instance, which has lately been acquired by the Art Institute of Chicago, has a quality of emotion hard to describe, but evident

to any one who has watched a serious and sensitive composer at work. Another notable portrait records a typical Russian of the Bolshevik intellectual type—a man of mystery and of unpractical ideals. He has painted his best landscapes in Spain, which seems to suit Kroll's personality better than America; his treatment of trees is one of the most striking characteristics of his compositions, in which he seems to a certain extent to carry on what Cézanne, Van Gogh and Eugene Laermanns began. The emotion gathered by the sense of sight stirs him most, though his colour and line show his musical nature as well. Of his portraits of American cities, one which he calls *Building New York* has already been reproduced in this magazine, while another striking example is the picture of the *North River Front, Chicago*. A. M. D.



"NORTH RIVER FRONT
CHICAGO." BY LEON KROLL



"THE BLIND GIRL"
BY LEON KROLL



ENGRAVED GLASS BOWL
BY EDWARD HALD
(Orrefors Factory)

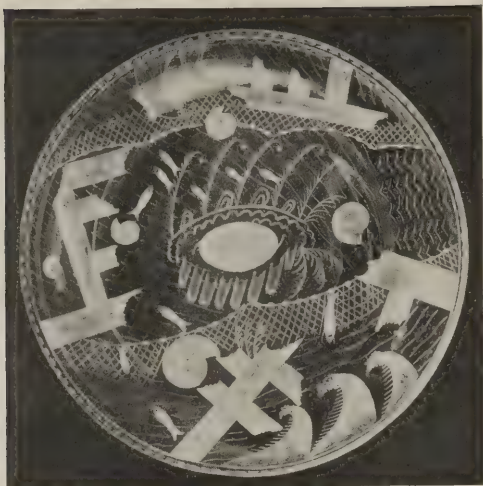
STOCKHOLM.—The recent visit to London of Mr. Erik Wettergren, Director of the National Museum, Stockholm, makes it opportune to touch upon some of the new developments that have lately taken place in the production of new designs and technical treatment in artistic table, ornamental and useful glass articles, both rich cut crystal and engraved glass. Like the old German peasant art glass, much of the new work is distinguished by the vigour of its decorative forms, as well as the excellence of lineal patterning in the engraved examples, which is well brought out in the engraved glass decanter, designed by Mr. Simon Gate, illustrated on p. 40. But there is this difference, that the work of the modern Swedish handicraftsmen has none of the crudity of finish that characterised some of the peasant industrial art produced in Northern Europe early in the eighteenth century. Whilst the grotesque figures are still noticeable, as, for example, in Mr. Gate's engraved glass bowl, as well as in the engraved plate by Mr. Edward Hald, the whole conception of balance and arrangement is new, which gives to this class of work an interest quite outside of Sweden. Then, again, in the engraved glass plate

designed by Mr. Hald, it will be noticed that he has, whilst endeavouring to modulate his forms to the technical limitations of the engraver's art and the more difficult task of the nature of the glass itself, produced an entirely original conception. To some it will appeal as Cubist in feeling, inspired by Ibsen, but Mr. Hald has in naming his decorative scheme *The Broken Bridge*, done more than give it a name; he has embodied the idea in the design, depicting symbolically a ship, with the movement of the water by means of the delicate waved lines, and its living things. ■ ■ ■

When it is remembered that the glass



ENGRAVED GLASS PRIZE
CUP. BY SIMON GATE
(Orrefors Factory)



"THE BROKEN BRIDGE." ENGRAVED
GLASS PLATE BY EDWARD HALD
(Orrefors Factory)



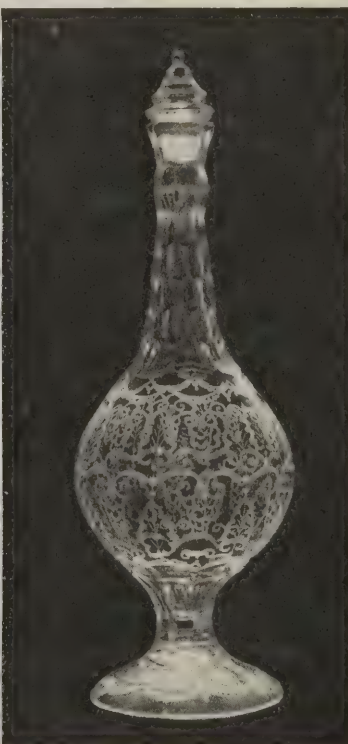
ENGRAVED GLASS PLATE
BY EDWARD HALD
(Orrefors Factory)

works from which the articles illustrated here have emanated, namely, the Orrefors Factory, was but a few years ago making

only window glass and soda-water bottles, it will be seen that the revolution that has taken place is as great as that now taking



ENGRAVED GLASS CUP
BY EDWARD HALD
(Orrefors Factory)



ENGRAVED GLASS DECANTER
BY EDWARD HALD
(Orrefors Factory)



ENGRAVED GLASS DECANTER.
BY SIMON GATE
(Orrefors Factory)



ENGRAVED GLASS BOWL
BY SIMON GATE
(Orrefors Factory)

place in the English glass industry. But Sweden's revolution is of an entirely upward and artistic character; whilst in England some of the factories producing artistic table-glass in the past, have now begun to make glass bottles and tumblers by mass production! In Sweden the change is due to the new movement begun by the Swedish Handicraft Society, now 75 years old. Like your own Design and Industries Association, in Sweden the "Förmedlingsbyrå" (Bureau of Mediation) has successfully secured co-operation between the manufacturer and the designer, especially in the ceramic industrial arts. The results in beauty of form are observable in the built-up baluster treatment of stem in the engraved glass bowl designed by Mr. Hald, one of the most promising of the Swedish craftsmen, as well as in Mr. Gate's glass cup, both illustrated, even if the engraved capitals, though in keeping with the classical treatment of the Graces, are too pronounced in a medium so transparent and delicate for decorative effects as glass. In technique one of the most interesting departures of the Orrefors Works is in their making of grail-glass. First a lump of glass, formed of one layer upon the other of different coloured glass, receives an etched design, which is then

heated and blown into the desired shape. Many of the examples of domed feet and baluster stem treatments are exceptionally good, and also the neat engraved leaf *motifs* on small articles. Of the interesting developments in cut glass, it will be necessary to write on some other occasion.
A. F.

REVIEWS.

Modern Movements in Painting. By CHARLES MARRIOTT. (London: Chapman and Hall, Ltd.). It is a little difficult, in reading Mr. Marriott's discussion of modern movements in painting, to escape the impression that he is himself not quite sure about the meaning of these movements or the direction in which they are tending. Perhaps this was to be expected. It is too soon to attempt a serious analysis of the present-day restlessness in art or to decide whether it is merely a symptom of decadence and a sign of the impending destruction of all that is sane and stable in pictorial expression, or whether it is a real reconstruction from which will come greater principles and finer traditions than were known in the past. Mr. Marriott seems

REVIEWS

to be rather in the position of a soldier who cannot say whether the battle in which he is engaged will end in victory or defeat, because all he can see of it is the turmoil and confusion immediately around him. But what he can see he discusses thoughtfully and with reasonably dispassionate judgment, and for that reason his book will be valuable for reference in years to come, when the agitations of to-day have become a matter of history. In many ways the best things in the book are the criticisms of prominent modern artists—criticisms which can be frankly commended for their shrewdness of insight and their judicial fairness of statement. Here Mr. Marriott is admirably sure of his ground, and says what he has to say with the sincerest conviction. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

The Eighteenth Century in London. By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR, M.A., F.R.Hist. Soc. (London: B. T. Batsford, Ltd.)—Few among the modern writers on London of the past are so well primed with knowledge of the subject as Mr. Beresford Chancellor, and his latest contribution, accompanied as it is by a very large number of excellent and well-chosen illustrations, the majority of them reproductions of contemporary prints and drawings, makes a strong appeal to the many who find in London's history an interesting field of study. Largely concerned with various aspects of the social life of the period, his sketch takes in also the topographical features of the Metropolis at that date, especially in the West End, and special reference is made to churches and other public edifices erected as well as to some of the more important residential buildings, while to complete the picture there is a brief but interesting account of the artistic developments which distinguished the eighteenth century. ♪

An Embroidery Book. By ANNE KNOX ARTHUR. (London: A. & C. Black.) Like several other excellent handbooks of the crafts issued in recent years, this one emanates from the teaching staff of the Glasgow School of Art, where the craft of the needleworker especially is zealously cultivated and encouraged. Some charming examples of the craft are shown in the numerous coloured and other

illustrations, most of them being articles of daily use, and the large number of clearly drawn diagrams and clear and concise explanations of a hundred and one methods of using the needle and other implements will be appreciated by those who consult the book. ♪ ♪ ♪

Nollekens and his Times. By JOHN THOMAS SMITH. New edition edited and annotated by WILFRED WHITTEN. 2 vols. (London: John Lane.)—This reprint is from the second edition of Smith's book, published in 1829, and includes a series of memoirs of contemporary artists from the time of Roubiliac, Hogarth and Reynolds to that of Fuseli, Flaxman and Blake, which formed a sort of appendix to the biography of Nollekens. Smith—known as "Rainy Day" Smith and "Antiquity" Smith—was a topographical draughtsman of some note and became Keeper of Prints at the British Museum. He had previously been a pupil of Nollekens and continued an intimate friend of the sculptor till his death in 1823. His disappointment at not sharing as he had expected in the huge fortune which Nollekens had amassed appears to have prompted the publication of this biography, described by Mr. Gosse "as the most candid biography in the English language," but crammed as it is with gossip and tittle-tattle, it is generally accepted as a truthful narrative. Apart, however, from the purely biographical details in connection with the chief figure and many other notable people of the period, the book is of great interest for its information about the topography of London west of the City, and Mr. Whitten's numerous notes enable the reader to identify many places and buildings which in the course of a century have changed or disappeared. Both volumes are lavishly illustrated. ♪ ♪

Every year since 1903 Mr. WILLIAM MONK, R.E., has issued a *Calendarium Londineuse* comprising on a convenient sized sheet an original etching by him of a London subject with a calendar of the year in simple classic type. This year the subject of the etching is London Bridge viewed from the Southwark side. The Calendar for 1920 bore an etching of the Cenotaph in Whitehall. ♪ ♪

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The INTERNATIONAL • STUDIO •

VOL. LXXII, No. 284

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NOVEMBER, 1920

A RT—A NATIONAL ASSET BY HANNA TACHAU

THE aftermath of war has helped to emphasize a long recognized need for art production and art stimulation in this country. No longer is it merely a far cry for keener æsthetic appreciation or a plea for the finer artistic conceptions, but we have now come to realize that much of the nation's progress will depend upon the development of the industrial arts for commercial purposes, which is but the utilization of æsthetic ideas expressed in the most practical form.

The American purchaser in the past went, as a matter of course, to Europe and the Far East in search of original designs and for hand-made stuffs, laces, carvings, embroideries—indeed, all those delightful things bearing the individual and distinctive stamp of the artist, while here in America no concerted attempt was made to create other than machine-made products. We, as a nation, had not yet attained the discriminating taste that demands the patient fruits of artistic endeavour. We had been all these years too immersed in the gigantic task of conquering, and then building up a huge continent that required all the splendid resourcefulness and energy of its people. But now that all this concentrated effort has terminated in an amazing accumulation of material success, we must occupy ourselves ever increasingly with the question of national development. One of our great opportunities lies in fostering the art life of the country and in awakening a love and understanding of the beautiful. The commer-

cial supremacy of the United States has largely been due to the disposal of a huge bulk of raw materials. While our natural resources are vast, they are not limitless, and if we would make the best of the advantages and opportunities afforded by our great productivity, we must, through industrial art training, raise our commerce from a quantity to a quality basis.

Skill that is able to fashion a finished product adds a high per cent. to the value of the raw substance, for a trained artisan or craftsman needing but a few dollars' worth of supplies, is able to create objects worth hundreds of times the value of the material in the raw. And so we must seek within our own gates, crowded with so vast a mixture of races, for those craftsmen who are to furnish our own artistic development. Every kind of talent can be found here which is only awaiting the golden opportunity to reveal itself.

The Art Alliance of America in one of its recent exhibitions displayed the handicraft of many foreigners who are now making their home in America. No field was left untouched and much interest was aroused by revealing the particular characteristics embodied in the work of many different nationalities. The exhibition was arranged to emphasize nationality but without any thought to sequence or geographical significance. One merely felt that the bond that held them together was a certain sympathy of expression, a fearless portrayal of colour that seemed especially suited to fit their own particular designs. From the subtle, persuasive notes of China and Japan, one was carried to the dominating colour and naïve patterns of Czecho-

Art--A National Asset

Slovakia. The rather barbaric splendour of Russian gold embroideries, hammered brasses and decorated woods had their place beside the tasteful, finely woven tapestries and needle-point of France.

Italy, India and Armenia betrayed their partiality for dainty laces, carved woods and beautifully worked linens, and not far away, one was charmed by the restrained, intricate patterns of Persian textiles and pottery.

All this interesting array was produced by craftsmen of real ability who typify the forces and ideals of which their art is the visible expression. They came here with hope and ardour all aflame, only to find themselves forced to seek their livelihood in uncongenial channels far removed from those fields which were to bring them inspiration and success. They could find no market for their wares and did not know how to convert their knowledge into a commercial value. Among them are men and women of middle age; others are long past the years when they can compete with the active struggle of a younger generation, but they are only too willing and anxious to pursue the beautiful craft for which they were trained in their own land.

Here then lies a great opportunity to receive and encourage the home art industries throughout the country, and a splendid chance for our own development. The skill of these workmen acquired abroad would inevitably be affected by a new environment and would soon assume an air distinctly American, without losing its own beauty and originality in the transition. Indirectly, it would also be a great force in the Americanization of the foreign population, a piece of reconstruction work worthy of support, for in giving to us that which it would perhaps take years to get unaided, they, in turn, would all unconsciously receive much from us, and so the benefit derived from the exchange of ideas would be mutual.

But this foreign element is but a relatively small number that is needed to help towards shaping our art standards and towards building up our industries. We must provide the means for educating our own American-born craftsmen who are the hope of the future. The talent for invention is undoubtedly here,

but it must be fostered and encouraged so that there will be developed here in this country a creative type of work that will become characteristically American.

The war brought a realization of our inadequacy to meet the question of supply in many different directions when production was curtailed abroad. We were not ready to meet the emergency. The prospect of keen trade rivalries in industrial design is certain and we must compete in developing new foreign markets. The ranks of European designers have been sadly depleted, and there is small prospect of any immigration, nor is it practical to introduce foreign designs in new markets.

We see clearly then that new ideas and original designs which have real artistic merit can only be developed by careful and thorough training and that there must be awakened in art students a sincere enthusiasm and love for the work itself. Not until something of the happy spirit of the Renaissance can be reclaimed, will there be a true art revival. In those days, the artist was willing to begin as an apprentice acquiring his craft step by step, gaining technical knowledge by learning to apply its principles. He became a workman—actually performing the work himself and thus gained definite skill which enabled him ultimately—if his talent was great enough—to reach the high goal of a creative artist.

On the other hand, the future must hold for those men and women who are to devote themselves to beautifying life and to enhancing the charm of the every-day things of utility—a definite prospect for steady employment, a good livelihood and an appreciative public who is capable of recognizing and demanding work of a high standard.

The recognition of the far-reaching influence of art, and the immediate need to provide adequate training may start with individuals, but they must fire public opinion until it becomes a civic problem, spreading to that of the state, and becoming in time a national movement. It is America's opportunity now, to open wide her doors to art and artists, so that all may enter, for art is no longer an exclusive property, but is the equal heritage of both the rich and the humble.

Hart House, University of Toronto



HART HOUSE

HART HOUSE, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO. BY GUY C. EGLINGTON.

I had heard of Hart House. It was a gift of Mr. Vincent Massey of the Massey-Harris Company to the University of Toronto; a recreation building, combining athletics with study. I determined to see it. So when business matters, combined with some little pleasure, took me to Niagara I considered that the fates were auspicious and lengthened an already long week-end.

I expected great things. My friends in New York had called Hart House the most beautiful building in modern times. The British Chamber of Commerce, members of which I met at Niagara, had lunched there daily and were equally enthusiastic. I began to grow sceptical. If everyone praised it. . . .

Toronto in itself is not beautiful. Bloor has an meagre appearance, but round the

University one forgets all that. There is an air of age and composure infinitely restful after the noise of New York. The streets turn corners. I passed several oldish buildings set in a park, and then—before me lay Hart House.

I was surprised. I had expected something much more obviously ornate, with towers, pinnacles and gargoyles, and here was this long plain building with four straight chimney-stacks and a snub-nose. Yet I was not disappointed. This had a dignity of its own, this was no mere harking back to past models. I liked the balance between the Sunday solemnity of the great Hall on the right and the week-day vigour of the main building. The little arcade which joins them pleased me with its scholastic air. I was prepared to enjoy myself.

When I go to Hart House again I shall not make the mistake of entering by the

Hart House, University of Toronto



QUADRANGLE

HART HOUSE

door at the left end of the picture, but shall go on right off the picture, past the Snub-nose and enter the West. Then I shall see right through into the quadrangle and get an immediate impression of the whole building.

I wish that the camera could give a tenth of the beauty of the quadrangle, but the camera is colour-blind. It gives merely the shell, our imagination must supply the rest. Imagine that dead picture come to life, the stones drinking the



WEST DOORWAY

sunlight, the windows tossing it to and fro and the shadows deepening it to purple. Then walk round and see the play of the lines, the touch of severity on the North wall that houses the athletes, the mediaeval grace of the East wall with its Gothic windows, and the friendly lines of the South wall, broken to reflect the spirit of the activities which it harbours. On this side of the building are the Y. M. C. A. rooms, and below them, behind the four gothic

Hart House, University of Toronto



LOWER GALLERY

HART HOUSE

windows on the ground floor, the tiny chapel.

Passing the Chapel windows the ideal tour takes us up the steps S. E. of the quadrangle through the door into a lobby. We then turn sharply left twice to find ourselves looking down the beautiful lower gallery. How long we stay there will depend on our taste. I am inclined to think that the best people stay there forever and are carried away on stretchers, protesting. Certainly, if there are such things as privileges in a democratic uni-



STONE STAIR

versity, to promenade in this gallery should be one reserved for the cultured few. There should be a stiff examination on appreciation of beauty, before the privilege is granted. But since we are of the cultured few and since we cannot stay forever, let us only take one long look at the beautiful stone stair and pass into the great hall on our right.

Over the page is the view which meets the eye. There is little to be said, it seems at first sight.



GREAT HALL

HART HOUSE

Hart House, University of Toronto

A Baronial Hall, with rafted roof, a dais for their Lordships and benches for the commoners (aristocratic benches in democratic Canada!) The first thing that attracts attention is the stone stairway in the right hand corner. It stands out. Beautiful as it is in itself, it seems hardly to harmonize with the comparative austerity of the Hall. I imagine the architect to have argued thus: "I need a stairway here. If I put it outside, it will spoil the perspective of the Lower Gallery, besides using valuable space in the Faculty Union Dining Room above. Let us therefore make a virtue of necessity." So there it stands, and it is very beautiful. But to me it is too elaborate for its setting. If boldness is the watchword, why not be bolder still? I have been picturing a plain wooden loft stair with platform at top. . . .

Still, time is a great magician. The white stone will yellow with age and sink back into the wall. Meanwhile there is a perfect essay in design.

With this one exception, the great Hall is a fine example of Temptation resisted. When I think of the severely practical problems which faced the architect, the knowledge that at every step he must restrain himself, so that the perfect balance between scholasticism and athleticism might be held. I can imagine the relief with which he started to work on this, his show-piece. I can imagine the temptations which beset him. Here he might let himself go. Then I look at his work and marvel at his restraint.

Passing up the spiral stairway we now come to the Faculty Union Dining Room which is directly above the Lower Gallery. Here cuts become scarce. Short of devoting the whole number to Hart House I cannot hope to do more than give pictures of the most striking features in the building, choosing such as lend themselves to an imaginary reconstruction of the whole.

The Faculty Union Dining Room runs parallel with the great Hall. Its windows on the one side are those high Gothic windows that we noticed in the south wall of the quadrangle; on the other side it gives on to the great Hall (one of the windows is just visible in the illustration opposite).

With two such prospects the room could not help having charm. A single row of tables runs down the centre. The roof is rounded, but so cut away over the windows that it has the appearance of being vaulted. With the exception of the lighting, which is from pendants hung from the angle made in the ceiling by the window recesses, there is no vestige of decoration in the room. It is a fitting companion to the Lower Gallery.

From the Faculty Union Dining Room we pass into the Faculty Common Room and here the first recognizably modern note strikes us. The Faculty like upholstered chairs. The fireplace in this room is one of the most elaborate in the building, being of carved stone. It is one of the delights of the Hart House that no design is absolutely duplicated, though an idea runs through the whole. Every detail is a delight in itself and was designed with an eye to the particular needs of its situation. Thus no two fireplaces are exactly the same. In the Reading Room severity is the note, in the Billiard Room a certain heavy comfort, while that in the Music Room is wide and delicately constructed. The fireplace in the Faculty Common Room is perhaps the most successful of all, for it combines grace and lightness, while retaining a certain air of pleasant dignity appropriate, I hope, to its frequenters.

We are now directly above the small arcade which, as we noticed in the first picture, joins the Dignified Hall to the rest of the building, and pass now along the corridor to the Lecture Room which extends along the front of the building between the two main doors. An interesting comparison might be made between the Lecture Room and the Music Room, which occupies similar position on the West Hall above the door through which we entered on page LXXXIX. The two rooms have the same size and shape, almost the only difference being that the Lecture Room has one, the Music Room two bays. Yet in character they are quite dissimilar. The Lecture Room is formal and severe. A good room for studying the exact sciences, one would say. The Music Room on the other hand has an old-world charm.

Hart House, University of Toronto



LECTURE ROOM

HART HOUSE

One might call it a Mozart Room.

The architect has achieved this distinction by very simple means. A lower roof, a gentler curve in the line of his rafters, windows in group of three as against the twos and fours of the Lecture Room were all he needed.

Returning to our point of vantage in the Quad, we have now to convince ourselves that we have seen only one half of Hart House, that behind that stern wall on the left lie gymnasium, boxing, fencing and wrestling rooms, that in the corner, a few yards only from the great Hall, is a swimming pool. It seems incredible, yet as we pass into the long arched brick passage way we experience no shock. The transition is excellent. Here are no Gothic windows, no carved stone cornices and arching rafted roof, but brick and steel structure and a maze of hanging ropes, rings and trapezes. Above and around goes a running track.

To enter the swimming pool is again to change worlds. Here a cloistral design is employed, the rounded white plaster roof

being supported by white pillars beyond which runs on three sides a gallery. It is a pity that Hart House is reserved for men. Such a pool should mirror beauty.

The theatre, which lies beneath the Quad, I am reserving for a further article, which Mr. Roy Mitchell, the director, will write. Our last impression shall be of the chapel, the most delicate pearl of the building. Wonderfully simple in design, almost the only piece of decoration is the carved oak screen under which we pass as we enter. The roof is rounded, the curve being broken by the window recesses. Back of the altar is plain oak panelling. No candles burn on the altar. As the secretary told me, all religions are represented in a great university, and since they cannot be combined, one must grasp at essentials. The Chapel is a shrine to an intimate God.

And so we leave Hart House, the perfect product of the modern Gothic mind. For Gothic is not a mode but a spirit, the spirit of balance. Toronto has every reason to be proud of its architect.



SOUTH WALL

HART HOUSE



HOSPITAL AT ARLES

WATER-COLOUR

Vincent Van Gogh



OLD SHOES

VINCENT VAN GOGH.

BY WALTER PACH.

By degrees, America is coming to know the great men of the modern period. At the International Exhibition of 1913 all of them were represented and, whether the public liked them or not, it at least found out that things had been happening in Europe of which it had been left in ignorance. Since then numerous group exhibitions have been held, beside such important one-man showings as those of Matisse in 1915, Cézanne in 1916 and 1917, Redon, Derain and Picasso at various times and Gauguin in the small but choice collection of works we saw earlier this year. Now we have a collection of paintings, drawings, water-colours and lithographs by van Gogh, at the Montross Gallery; and so, aside from Seurat whose marvelous art is but little known here, we have rounded out fairly well the circle of great men who have been the initiators of the art of to-day. The pity is that we have

no gallery ready to build up a permanent collection of this work, which our public and artists need more than any other. It takes repeated viewings of so eptomized an art as van Gogh's to arrive at a judgment of its value and even when such a judgment has been reached—tentatively, for about men of his stature one can never say the final word—we shall all want a number of visits to the pictures for pure enjoyment, and to fix them in our memory.

Van Gogh is one whose art is so responsive to the inner and outer events of his career that if we trace the main currents of his mental life, we shall have gone far toward accounting for his extraordinary production. In the last analysis, the value of his art is that which his personality gives to it. For despite the influence of his predecessors and his contemporaries, van Gogh was himself from the beginning to the end, and so it is for himself that we want to study him to-day.

The first characteristic to note in him is his power of concentration. Once his swift

Vincent Van Gogh

mind has fixed on an idea, he works at it with a passionate intensity until he has not only exhausted the knowledge which others can give him on the subject, but until he has completely defined his own thought about it. And though he engaged in many activities during his lifetime, it must not be imagined that the fierce intellectual experience he had of each one was forgotten or remained isolated in his mind. Thus, as a boy, he made eager researches in natural history. Twenty years later we find him painting studies—astoundingly close, despite their free technique—of plants, butterflies and birds. The early impressions had left their ineffaceable trace.

Van Gogh's symbol might well be the flame—consuming what it feeds on to give it back in terms of force and light. His letters, of which four volumes have been published, are themselves luminous, one of the great documents we possess on the mentality and the mission of the artist. And always they are van Gogh's letters—it is *his* idea of life and art that is there. Emile Bernard, to whom many of the letters are addressed and who did so much to make known the talent of his friend, chooses a line of Vincent's to represent the man in his approach to his writing and his painting. "Is it not rather the intensity of the thought than the calm of the touch that we seek?" Yes, truly; but what we shall come to see, as we follow out this art to its final expressions is that the intensity of the thought brings him not indeed to calm of touch, but to that equilibrium of the elements of his picture which we call mastery.

At the moments when his relations with external circumstances were most complicated by sufferings of body and mind, his thoughts on art were constantly clarifying and deepening. See the pictures painted at Auvers in the last months of his life. They show him in the most complete control of the science of colour which the Nineteenth Century had developed, and to which he had added. One thinks of the other great Dutchman of modern times, also an adoptive member of the French school, also a

pioneer, a forerunner in modern art. I quote from an article that appeared in *THE STUDIO* twelve years ago: "Jongkind was mad; Jongkind, in his art so deliberate, so precise, lost his reason the moment he quit-
ted his easel. 'But,' says M. de Fourcaud, who visited him frequently about this period, 'directly he began to speak about his art his lucidity returned intact.' " In van Gogh's case the madness—if it is indeed to be called that—was not a settled thing, but one of sudden accesses of nervous derangement in which he only followed out to an exaggerated extreme the pitiless logic of his mental struggle.

His powerful bent toward religion first shows itself in his boyhood, it claims him entirely for a time in his young manhood, and in the last years of his career we find him still studying and expounding passages in his Bible. Nothing seems stranger, nothing, however, is more natural, than those letters in which his touching and deep explanations of the words of Christ are followed by the rough slang of the Paris studios in which he discusses art theories and the Bohemian disorder in which he and his companions lived. He did not give up his religious vocation when he turned exclusively to painting. He only expressed his convictions, as one of his biographers has said, in a fuller and more apt medium. It is not simply the marvelous colour that makes a van Gogh still-life precious, it is the profound mind of a man alive to the religious idea of the world he finds in the great thinkers and artists of his time, and so he was as well prepared to express his idea when painting a flower, a book or a chair as when his subject was a man, a woman or a theme from the Bible. "Speaking of Christ at Gethsemane," he writes to Emile Bernard, "I am painting the olive-trees myself." The allusion shows his attitude of mind while at work. From his letters we also learn that the "Sower" of a number of his pictures is also a symbol for Christ. "He had always drawn and modelled," as we learn from an early Dutch admirer of his; he had seen much of pic-

Vincent Van Gogh



CORN SHEAVES

tures, had thought deeply about them. So he was ready for his real work when he reached his decision to produce pictures that should embody his idea of life. This was at the age of about twenty-six years. And here we may pause for a brief history of his career.

Vincent van Gogh was born in 1853, the son of a clergyman, at Groot Zundert in Brabant, Holland. After receiving a good education he entered the employ of a firm of art-dealers. His work took him to the Hague, to Brussels, Paris and London for various lengths of time, until in London he finally realized his incapacity for commercial pursuits. Various other occupations engaged him in the following years, until, in what Théodore Duret calls a "veritable crisis of mysticism", he entered upon theological studies (1877-78). He went as a lay-preacher to the Belgian Black Country, devoting himself as much to the physical as to the spiritual needs of the miners. A serious collapse of his health resulted from his self-forgetful exertions, and his father had to bring him back to Holland. There, from 1881 to 1885 he makes drawings and paintings which constitute the work of his Dutch period. For a time he studies with Anton Mauve, who had married his cousin; he spent a few months at the art academy

of Antwerp; in reality he was self-taught.

In March 1886, (we must begin to reckon his life by months from now on, and they show more effect than years in the lives of most men) he goes to Paris. His younger brother Theodore was there, having taken Vincent's former position in the picture business. As much of an idealist as the painter, Theodore was to be the support of his brother until the latter's death. It was only through severe self-denial that the young employee could save enough to supply the painter's needs. He did it gladly, through affection and through confidence in the quality of Vincent's work. The painter, on the other hand, had none of that kind of self-esteem which has let some artists accept every sacrifice as their due, and it was perhaps most of all the constant turning over in his mind of the burden he was to his brother that made him put an end to his life.

In 1886 Theodore's firm was handling the work of the Impressionists, then just beginning to find buyers, and so Vincent had the best opportunity to absorb the enormous lesson of Monet, Sisley and Pissarro. Probably the last named master taught him most of all, for the extremely fine division of the tones that Pissarro was practising just at this time brought him nearest to

Vincent Van Gogh



SOWER

Seurat and Signac, the artists of van Gogh's own generation who were to give the last great expression to the Impressionist theory. Apparently he knew the latter men personally; he was certainly intimate with Toulouse-Lautrec and then came the friendship with Gauguin—that strange association of two natures as different as could be imagined, but attracted each by the genius of the other. Van Gogh never met Cézanne but his letters tell his admiration for the art which made him “involuntarily” think of that master when he is before the landscape of the South of France. He thinks of him, he learns from him, but there is not even a superficial resemblance between the work of the two men. Neither can we trace an influence from Gauguin, who came to live with him at Arles for some months of his first year (1888) in the Midi. Impressionism, a principle, could be absorbed by him, an abstract idea of art—like

the Japanese aesthetic—could affect him, but not a personality; for while remaining humble, even toward younger men, his mind was so bent on delivering its own message that we can find scarcely a trace in his painting of another individuality acting upon his own. He had gone from Paris to Arles to see more of the clear French sunlight that had enchanted him after leaving the mists of his own country. In the Midi, overwork, the fierce, truceless activity of his brain which must needs hurl itself at every sort of problem and theory in the few hours when he was not painting or drawing, that terrific concentration which we have remarked before in van Gogh brought on an attack of cerebral trouble, and his brother had him remove to Saint-Rémy, nearby, where he had better living-conditions and care. A year passed there, incredibly rich in results, and then in the spring of 1890

Vincent Van Gogh



SOWER (WITH SUN)

he goes back to Paris, and then to Auvers-sur-Oise, not far away. A few months more of painting remain to him, the vertiginous rapidity of development which has been going on in his art since his arrival in France will continue to the end—which comes by his own hand, on July 29, 1890.

In the thirty years that have passed since then, everyone interested in the evolution of the latter-day schools, has learned what technical matters engaged van Gogh in his education. Quite obviously, the first thing to impress us is his ascent from the pitchy, almost monochromatic painting of his early days to the full blaze of colour with which he ends. The medium of his progression is the division of tones, the exciting or restraining of colours by juxtaposing related hues. Then we note that as the colour assumes the burden of expressing form which had before been left to the modelling by

black and white, his drawing becomes freer to follow the exact nuances of character and the growing beauty of his design. To this special combination of decorative design and colour, through which van Gogh found his expression, the name of Post-Impressionism has been given. Gauguin is the other great initiator of the movement, which has as one characteristic, a willingness to sacrifice what seems to its protagonists minor aspects of the appearance of nature in order to present their thought without the alloy of matters which have not interested them.

But long ago Goya said that sacrifices are a part of every art. Where then is the difference here? It is, I think, in the fact that with this generation, the passing over of realistic qualities previously thought indispensable is the result of conscious decision. At the moment when he was pushing the Impressionist theory of painting



OLD MAN NEAR THE FIRE

LITHOGRAPH

Vincent Van Gogh



YOUNG GIRL

light to the farthest reach it can attain (in representing the sun itself for example), van Gogh was arriving at the classical ideal of colour as a thing deriving its beauty from inner laws of its own. What makes the magic of the "Hospital at Arles" is not the fact that the substance and space and light are rendered by differences of hue, whereas at the moment when he painted "Old Shoes" he had no other resource than the gradation from black to white; it is that in the later canvas the colours sing to each other in harmony; and it is with the high ethereal harmony of notes to which the unique candor, the lifetime of effort compressed into a few years have given a purity and an intensity unsurpassed in the history of painting. The essential change in his art is perhaps even better seen if we oppose a pair

of works like the early "Old Man" and the "Young Girl" of his last years; on the one hand there is observation of the accidents of appearances—powerful as the mind is that registers its notation; in the later work notation has been enriched by synthesis; the look of nature has been seized indeed and with far fuller means of recording it, but beyond this, there is the control of the means that makes each part work with all the rest of the canvass to produce those over-tones which, for lack of a term less vague, we call beauty. If conviction has at first been lacking in the visitor to the exhibition, surely it must seize upon him as he turns to such a drawing as the "Village of Saintes-Maries". I have spoken of van Gogh's mastery, of the equilibrium of his art, and before works like this one it seems that the words must come spontaneously to

Vincent Van Gogh

the lips of every beholder. Where is there a stroke too many? Where is there a stroke too few? Where does the tone or the compensation of line falter and allow the spectator to wander from the unity, to find a flaw in the radiance? There is none. The laws of colour have become so innate with the artist that we feel their unshakable support when his reed pen touches the paper with black lines as surely as when his brush floods canvas with the most brilliant pigment.

And the contrast suggested in the last lines is perhaps of value, for it brings us back to the differences between the later and the earlier works. Place van Gogh for a moment beside other artists and straightway the differences among his works disappear, and we see only the great man to whom they all belong. The "Painter's House at Arles" is a prodigious thing, "The Plow" is a masterpiece whose greatness will be unsuspected by many even, who have seen hundreds of van Gogh's pictures; the "Postman" startles us with his "Socratic

visage" as the painter called it, the colours in the background are like the great miracles of the old enamellers, the line has the vitality of van Gogh's symbol—the fire; and this man of fire, this painter of old kettles and old shoes transports us to the realms of Fra Angelico as he gives us the celestial polyphony of the blues and yellows in the pure image of the "Young Girl".

And then one turns to the great drawing of the Church at Nuenen, a work of the earliest period, and one would be happy if that alone could always be here for us to see. It is as perfect in spirit, as much an emanation from the mind we have been trying to know as any of the later works. Indeed in its gentle glow, it holds us with a mysterious spell it could scarcely have exercised had we seen it when it was first produced. Then—if we had beheld it with open eyes—it would have seemed such a perfection as might be the consummate end of a career,—now we know that, in all its beauty, it is only a pause, a gathering of forces for a mightier surge into the light.



THE VILLAGE OF SAINTES-MARIES

The Armour Gardens at Melody's Farm



THE ARMOUR GARDENS AT MELODY'S FARM BY DELIA AUSTRIAN

A NEW note has come into western landscape gardening that places much of American landscape gardening in a class by itself. Several of our best landscape gardeners have essayed to make use of both formal and informal gardening on the same estate, and with unusual effects.

Their work stands out in sharp contrast with that of the early gardeners which was either so formal as to appear heavy, or so informal as to seem ridiculous in its results.

Even in this more recent work in landscape gardening, the Armour estate at Libertyville, a few miles from Chicago, is unique. Both Mr. and Mrs. Armour are fond of things rural, suggesting an American note in design. They were determined that this should not be lost sight of on Melody's Farm. As one approaches this large estate the eye is greeted by

swaying fields of grain and gently flowing streams.

But since this home is almost a replica of Villa Gamberaia it has been necessary to keep to the formal gardening about the house. As one nears this lovely Italian villa the swaying grain is lost sight of in the velvety grass about the house. On the parterre Italian landscape gardening of a formal type predominates. The front garden is ornamented with antique vases brought from Villa Longhe. These huge vases are simple in their contour and decoration, but they are imposing because of their size. On the parterre is a white summer-house, supported by heavy pillars and left open to the sky. The floor is of black and white marble. In the center of this summer rest-house is a black marble table supported by fanciful creatures fashioned of white marble.

This table is used to support a bronze figure of a wrestler about to lunge forward with arms outstretched.

The Armour Gardens at Melody's Farm



Close by is a marble fountain that plays into an artificial lake. The border of the small lake is ornamented with tubs of hardy flowering plants, foremost of these are the baskets and tubs of pink and red geraniums.

The small lake is edged with cone-shaped evergreens. The basins filled with water are separated by a smooth carpet of velvety grass, edged with tall grasses. These basins are treated more formally by marble coping, and tall carved marble basins. The formal idea is kept and yet the monotony broken by box hedges worked into conventional designs. Dark in the background are maples and oaks.

Close to the house are antique marble tubs beautifully carved and filled with tall evergreen. The front of the building has an abundance of green to give warmth to the white tone of the house. This consists of heavy growing ivy, and a low hedge running the length of the house.

A delightful walk, bordered by a low hedge on both sides, leads to the summer-house,

which is a copy of the Pope's summer-house at Rome. On the way up one passes a small but exquisite garden of roses of many varieties. The delicate pink and red rambler roses are grown on stands and arranged into umbrella shapes. The approach to this villa is kept clear to show the exquisite architecture of this beautifully designed summer home. The low hedge borders the wide walk, and a few firebushes and tall cypress grow near the house. In the center is a marble fountain, ornamented on either side with marble tubs filled with hardy plants. The orchard with its appletrees and peartrees forms a brilliant sight on the other side of the wall.

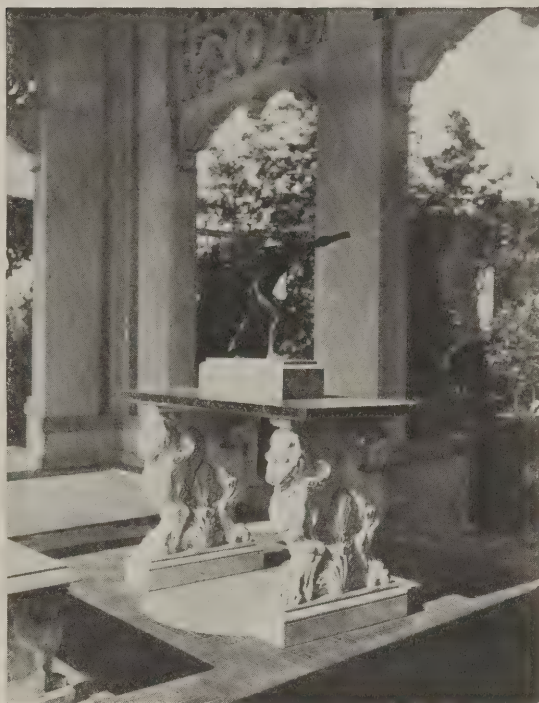
It is right at this point that the best methods of English and Italian gardening are used and blended with faultless skill.

The rose garden with its Dorothy Perkins, the William Egan, and the Débutante roses clustered into arches and umbrellas is, in the main, late Italian. But part of this same garden is English, as is seen in the stone vases

The Armour Gardens at Melody's Farm

in which grow hardy plants.

Surrounding the gardener's cottage is a picking garden of flowers and a large truck garden. The screen service has a rich border of greyish arundinarias and eulalia. In the vegetable garden grows everything in season, from marrow squash to the finest hot house grapes. This is where Mr. Armour spends his leisure moments, for he is fond of nature and loves to while away pleasant hours working with his flowers in the picking gar-



den or in the truck garden.

But even in this informal part the Italian note in landscape design is maintained, for hidden among the trees and heavy grown ivy is an antique stone bench, ornamented with an antique marble dolphin that spurts water into the basin below.

Beyond is the stone bridge, under which flows a winding, swift-flowing stream, which carries the visitor to the farm and woodland, acres of which are kept growing in their rural beauty.





THE DEPARTURE FOR SCHOOL
AND THE RETURN

RED AND WHITE

The Romance of Old Chintzes



OASIS

RED, BLUE AND PURPLE
AGAINST TAN

THE ROMANCE OF OLD CHINTZES BY MARY HARROD NORTHEND

(Continued from May number.)

THE early hand-blocked designs were crude in a measure, indistinct or blurry and were used principally for hangings and curtains, the textiles being of a coarse rough finish. During the last quarter of the eighteenth century important strides were made toward better finished, finer materials and more delicately executed and artistic designs.

The invention of the spinning machine by the Englishman, Sir Richard Arkwright, made available home produced calicoes of the fineness of the imported Indian cottons at much lower cost.

Then the cylinder printing and the discoveries of new dyes giving a more extensive range of colours of full rich tones opened up a much broader market for the wares of the calico printer. The heyday of prosperity came

with the closing years of the eighteenth century and lasted through the first quarter of the nineteenth. At this time the vogue for printed cottons ranged all the way from palace draperies to cottage bed quilts and from the peasant woman's petticoat to Milady's garden-party frock.

As De Foe, in his "Tour," wrote of the century earlier English vogue, they "crept into our houses, our closets, and bed chambers: curtains, cushions, chairs and at last beds themselves were nothing but calicoes." And in this, the early part of the twentieth century, we might easily subscribe to Defoe's delightful exaggeration.

A fitting close to the chapter on the history of the French development of the printed textiles is perhaps a list of some of the more important pieces extant. From Jouy there came first "The Fables of La Fontaine," after designs of J. B. Oudry. "The Village Festival" and "The Doves," "The Occupations of the Manufacture," "The Balloon Ascension," in

The Romance of Old Chintzes

1783, and "The Federation" in 1790, are among the earlier productions. Among the later designs taken from historical and literary subjects, "The Four Quarters of the World," "The Farm," "Paul and Virginia," are best known.

The English fabricators copied largely from the French designs so that it is difficult to say precisely from the design itself of which origin a piece is derived. The texture is a better test because the French in their early efforts used the imported materials which were finer, and when they began to manufacture their own textiles they used an admixture of linen with the cotton. The French specimens are more rare as the period of production was shorter than in England, nor was it ever so commercially developed.

Of the companioning illustrations and those reproduced in the former article, five are obviously French designs but only one—the camels—answers the expert test of actual French origination. It is of the Egyptian period in design, but judged by the colourings employed it is of a somewhat later period, actually. The richly caparisoned animals stand by the well on the oasis while the driver fills his water bottles in preparation for the next lap of the journey.

Appearances indicate that the camels, too, have filled their water bottles, and are impatient to be on the way. The floral surround is in rich reds, blues, and purples, and creates the floating island effect generally employed in scenic designs. The faintly outlined pyramid gives a suggestion of perspective astonishingly real, and showing that the designer was truly an artist.

The next probable French piece is the family quarrel and reconciliation in the customary four-panel sectors with the captions in French.

In the soft purple and white tones of the original lies a charm which rests the eye, while the depictions arouse the imagination. There is in these four detached scenes a whole story to be unravelled—if one cares for picture puzzles—and the interpretation is entirely open to the student.

The panel, reproduced in the first article, depicting scenes from the historic romance of Jeanne d'Arc, also in purple and white, seems

to answer most of the tests of French origin.

The fragment shows only two complete scenes, but the fourth is more than suggested by the kindled pyre and part of the white-robed figure. There is no apparent clue to the third; and to the enthusiast what more potent lure than the missing link—somewhere he feels he will find that other fragment with which to complete this pictorial tale.

What was France's loss, occasioned by the prohibitory laws affecting weavers and printers, proved to be England's gain. With the advent of William of Orange and Mary to the English throne, the French and Dutch refugees swarmed into the country bringing with them a craftsmanship superior to any there existing at the time.

A goodly number were printers and silk weavers and they settled down around London and quietly established themselves in their respective trades, the silk weavers at Spitalfields and the calico printers at Richmond, Bow and Old Ford. The competition of the imported Oriental "chints" was an incentive which soon caused the very close imitation and eventually the anglicizing of even the name "chint" into chints, or chintz. Up to the end of the seventeenth century the printed stuffs were dear in price—an old diary of 1690 records thusly, "Gave thirty-three pounds (\$165) for one parcel of Atlass, etc. I gave to dear wife," and "thirty-eight pounds (\$190) for one India quilt for bed." In 1631 the East India Company was allowed by Royal Proclamation to import amongst other things printed "callicoos" under which heading were included several kinds of Indian cottons, and these were used for the most part in the better class of work. The home woven materials of this early period of hand printing were like coarse canvas, and were doubtless either destroyed by subsequent owners or covered up by a newer material; in some cases old horsehair-covered walnut chairs, apparently Victorian, have been found to reveal underneath the horsehair, successive coverings. It is in this way that most of the very few surviving fragments of the earlier crude type have been preserved.

It was not until the last quarter of the eighteenth century that home produced fabrics were generally used. But the new and im-

The Romance of Old Chintzes



QUARREL AND RECONCILIATION

PURPLE AND WHITE

proved processes of printing in the mid-century, brought the printed cottons into such high favour that the silk-weavers, feeling the effect upon their market, were forced to protest. This they did with increasing vigour and venom. A very amusing effort on the part of the silk weavers to defame the callico printers is worth quoting.

THE SPITTLEFIELD BALLADS, OR THE

WEAVERS' COMPLAINT AGAINST THE CALICO MADAMS

Our trade is so bad
That the weavers run mad
Through the want of both work and provisions,
That some hungry poor rogues
Feed on grains like our hogs,
They're reduced to such wretched conditions.
Then well may they tayre
What our lady's now wear
And as foes to our country upbraid 'em,
Till none shall be thought
A more scandalous slut
Than a tawdry callico Madam.
When our trade was in wealth
Our women had health,
We silks, rich embroideries and satins,
Fine stuffs and good crapes
For each ord'nary trapes
That is destin'd to hobble in pattins;
For the wife of a Prince

Illegible

And a butterfly gown for a gay dame,
Thin painted old sheets

For each trull in the streets
To appear like a callico Madam.

In the last stanza the poet waxeth wroth at the male friends of the fair wearers of chintzes—

It's no matter at all
If the Prince of Iniquity had 'em,
Or that each for a bride
Should be cursedly tied
To some damn'd Callico Madam!

This ill-feeling vented itself in riots and street demonstrations—trade-unions were ever the life of the English labour classes. Weavers of silks and woollens marched to Westminster in a body—a popular present-day recreation—and asked for a ban on the production of chintzes; and they tore the gowns from the backs of women on the return route. Eventually Parliament temporized, and actually passed an act forbidding “printed cottons” to be bought or sold after first imposing heavy taxes. But the taxes were evaded and foreign stuffs smuggled in, and in a short time the Act had to be repealed, and again the trade flourished apace.

The golden age of chintz printing by hand-work was the decade or more enveloping the year 1760—or by comparison, corresponding with the Chippendale epoch in furniture—it is in fact the Chippendale influence which makes the printers' product of this period the



FARMING
SCENE

BROWN
AND YELLOW

The Romance of Old Chintzes



PASTORAL

PURPLE AND WHITE

elite of all time. The change from the Queen Anne design of intertwining spirals and delicately balanced floral combinations is marked in the introduction of the Chinese atmosphere so prevalent in all art of that time. The exotic bird patterns are the finest of all, but the flowers and foliage, the vases and porcelains depicted are all similarly Oriental. Pinks, blues and greens and more brilliant orange and reds are the predominating colours. This parallelism of furniture and textile art is borne out by the transition from the Chippendale through the Gothic or architectural school—the Spode plates bear the same quaint mixture of ruined churches and rococo floral ornamentation—to the Hepplewhite and Sheraton periods. These latter designs are distinguished by vertical stripes within lace-like ribands with the elimination of architectural detail and reversion to flowers as subject material. The cornflower and carnation, prunus flowers and palm trees are suggestions of the Chinese influence, while roses and bachelor's buttons mark the weaning away from the East to the more English taste in art. It may almost be said that this departure from the old lines, due to the cheapening of the market and commercialism in general, put the seal on chintz printing as an art. Real craftsmanship has been defined as the work "of one individual or a small group of workers who are so closely associated in the bonds of craftsmanship that the work may bear the impress of a definite personality."

While block-printing all but died out, there was left the spark which William Morris and his fellow-workers in England blew into quickened life, and slowly but surely the revived art has returned into its own in England and America.

The canons governing this craft differ radically from those of other decorative textile works. The weaver of silks and woollens is confined to solid patterns which will appear in his transverse threads; but the printer of cloths is like a painter of pictures—he is fancy free and can stamp on his cotton the most delicately intricate and colourful subjects. This will be demonstrated by scrutinizing the varied illustrations. In the farmyard panel, which is in tones of old yellow and brown with buff background, every inch is crowded with the details of everyday life in rural England, and a positive conglomeration of vegetation violates all nature's laws,—three different branches of trees apparently spring from a "hydra"-plant behind the load of hay. Then compare the fragile delicacy with which another workman has elaborated the same subject—the grace of the figures, the perspective of the river and bridge, and the house with its infinite detail equal the charm of an old etching. The animals have life, the figures are animate, and the little scene stands out in clear relief, the lavender-purple ink on the age-yellow white background suiting the subject to perfection.

The Romance of Old Chintzes



THE CROWNING
OF SHAKESPEARE

RED AND
WHITE

The crowning of Shakespeare with a wreath of stars is a more symbolic and perhaps less artistic effort of the early nineteenth century. It is executed in red on white. The medallion insets are portrayals of famous actors and actresses who have created immortal interpretations of Shakespearian characters.

In soft brown and white is the fine portraiture, reproduced in the May article, of King Charles II and Henrietta, his Queen, in riding attire with their roan and white steeds champing at the bit and pawing with impatient hoof at the door. What relationship there is in dimension between the grand Royalties and the tiny dogs on the carpeted ground leaves the writer guessing. It may have been necessary even then to create impressions of grandeur by false comparison—at any rate the distant equipage and mountain view bear out the theory that the artist knew whereof he painted and quite probably he was rewarded for his loyalty in perversion. The upper portion presents the other side of the picture.

King Charles I is hiding in the thick branches of the tree while Cromwell and his men with bloodhounds are tricked off the trail to the apparent amusement of the smiling monarch.

The technically exquisite rendering of the English family scenes in the double-panelled picture is an adaptation from Morland's painting—the departure from home of the eldest offspring and his subsequent return home from school, events which count in the life of an English family. The colour scheme is red and white, indicating an early period.

The choice tit-bit of the lot is the Chinese Chippendale in rose-red and white. The fine shading of the scene and expressive pose of the figures is art par excellence. The beautiful pheasant poised gracefully on the slender curving branch of an exotic flowering vine is lacking his head—the fragment has been so denuded—but the effect of the whole is the embodiment of grace and typifies the best in the art of the printer of chintzes in the Chippendale period—the Golden Age of Art.



CHINESE CHIPPENDALE

RED AND WHITE

Three Editorial Bows

T H R E E E D I T O R I A L B O W S

BOWING is much the most difficult thing in the world. It is almost a lost art. People do not bow nowadays. They nod, or just contract the eyebrows. But in an age of nods and winks and minor impertinences, I, the Editor, must still bow.

First, I bow to the past. For eight years the late Mr. W. H. de B. Nelson was Editor of this paper. They were not easy years. The war came and it grew increasingly difficult to keep the clear flame of art burning. Standards changed. The whole world of 1914 crumbled and there was little to help the critic to distinguish false from true among the welter of new formlessnesses which raised their heads from the chaos. With rising prices space had to be curtailed and economies affected. Then, as the tide began to turn, Mr. Nelson died.

It was not my privilege to know Mr. Nelson well, and I have preferred to allow others to offer the homage that is his due. But I should be doing ill if I did not record the expressions of sorrow it has been my hourly duty to receive.

I bow then to the past. It is my hope that nothing of value may be lost.

I bow to the present. Even in a country dedicated to progress men are afraid of change. The new man is regarded with suspicion. Editorship especially is such a personal matter that to the friends of a past regime it seems hardly conceivable that change will not mean loss. To such as doubt, this number is dedicated, with the reminder that to co-operation two parties are necessary.

I bow to the future. The lowest bow of all.

It is perhaps inevitable, since no two men have precisely similar ideas, that change of Editorship should bring with it change of policy.

In the present case the tendency will be towards a broadening of our conception of Art. The custom has always been rather to restrict the term Art to the Fine Arts,

and regard it as a luxury for the few. The American Business Man of the past scoffed at Art as an affectation. Upper Fifth Avenue is his legacy to the Nation. Now things are changing for the better. There is a growing realization that the field of Art is not restricted to the pictures and sculptures of the rich, but embraces every activity of mankind.

There is a growing demand in America for hand-made products, but a great dearth of craftsmen. Formerly these came from abroad, but now the high wages paid to unskilled labour discourage the young man from undertaking the long and arduous training necessary. This means a great loss to American Industry, for the quality of the machine-made product depends more closely than is usually imagined on the quality of the craftsmen, as witness the long period in the last century when craftsmanship was dead.

With this idea in mind, I am planning a series of articles on Industrial Art, which, taking architecture as the prime factor, will build out of this the ideal twentieth century home.

For the rest, good resolutions by the score might be mentioned, but of these more when they are put into action.

One thing only. There are many men doing good work, who yet offer little scope to the interpreter. For such men these Editorial pages are designed. Here outstanding work will be discussed, and such discussion coming fresh upon achievement will be of value to the artist, giving him both encouragement and publicity. Criticism, too, will be unsparing, though friendly. In these columns exhibitions also will be noticed, and significant work reproduced.

Enough of resolutions. It is not the form that counts, it is the spirit which gives the form life. So that this magazine is kept a live magazine, with eyes to pry out where art is being achieved and a tongue to give it voice, little else matters. Above all don't let us be too serious. For every hit we shall probably miss a dozen times. It is the hits that count, luckily. Art is stronger than we and chooses her own apostles.

Book Reviews



BOOK REVIEW.

JAPANESE COLOUR PRINTS. By Basil Stewart, (Dodd, Mead & Company).

THE writer of art books, like the opera composer, works in a dual form. Himself both artist in paints and artist in words, he must hold a delicate balance between the two. It is thus no serious condemnation to say that "Japanese Colour Prints" is not the book on Japanese Colour Prints for which we are all looking.

The most successful chapters are those on "How Colour Prints are produced," "Actor Prints," "Japanese Plays," "Figure Subjects; Courtesans and Geisha." It is interesting to note that in Japan as in Eur-

ope acting was regarded for centuries as an immoral profession, so that actors were treated as outcasts, and artists who associated with them ran the risk of like treatment. However, playgoing must have been an essential to the people, for, as many plays took as long as twelve hours to perform, they must have spent the day there. It is curious that this passion for playgoing, and the high place which posture took as against diction, did not influence artists to paint the human body as God made it. It is on these points that Mr. Stewart is least helpful. However we are grateful for the account of the Drama of "The Chushingara," on which John Masefield based his play, "The Faithful." The book is lavishly illustrated.



Exhibited at the Gallery on the Moors, Gloucester

NAIAD-DRYAD

A. H. ATKINS

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WHISTLER'S ETCHINGS AT
THE MARYLAND INSTITUTE.
BY FITZROY CARRINGTON.

WHEN a telegram from the Editor of the INTERNATIONAL STUDIO was handed to me, asking for an article on the "newly-discovered Whistlers," at a couple of days' notice, I must admit that I was somewhat taken aback. "Newly-discovered Whistlers?" Where? Could there be any new and hitherto undescribed plates? An interchange of telegrams soon cleared up the mystery, and the notes which accompany these illustrations are the result.

I was sure that all I had to do was to refer to "The Life of James McNeill Whistler," by my dear and valued friends, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell, and I should at once "find out all about it." Strangely enough, Mr. Lucas is barely mentioned in their entertaining Biography. "There were times, however, when everyone failed, even Mr. Lucas, George Whistler's friend, who was living in Paris and often came to his rescue," (page 59); this in Whistler's student days in the Latin Quarter (1855-1858). Then (page 200), M. Duret borrows from Mr. Lucas a photograph which Whistler had given him of the unfinished portrait of *Irving as Philip II*; and a third, but significant, note (page 140): "Whistler's name was hardly known in America, and M. Duret writes that, probably, Mr. George Lucas spoke of Whistler to Mr. Avery, the Art Commissioner for the United States at the Exhibition (French International Exhibition, 1867). The result was that a number of his etchings

and four pictures were hung: *The White Girl, Wapping or On the Thames, Old Battersca Bridge, Twilight on the Ocean*, the title then of the Graham Robertson *Valparaiso*"—And that is all!

There are eighty-two subjects, in one hundred and twelve impressions (including duplicates and various "States"), and fifteen lithographs—two being duplicates. One would expect to find the "French Set" complete, but there are six plates only: *Liverdun, La Réta-meuse, Little Arthur, La Vieille aux Loques, Fumette, The Kitchen*, together with the etched Title dedicated *A Mon Vieille Ami, Seymour Haden*, showing Whistler, seated, making a drawing, for which Ernest Delannoy, putting on Whistler's big hat, sat. Perhaps Mr. Lucas gave away the six other subjects. One misses *Annie (Haden)*—"wonderful little Annie" of *At the Piano* and *The Music Room*—a record of Whistler's visits to his brother-in-law, Seymour Haden; *Street at Saverne* and *The Unsafe Tenement*, both etched on that most wonderful adventure of all, in his student days, the journey to Alsace in company with Ernest Delannoy; and *La Mère Gérard*, of whom Whistler would tell such delightful stories. But we have *Fumette*—"Eloise, a little modiste, who knew Musset by heart and would recite his verses to Whistler, and who one day in a rage, tore up, not his etchings, as Mr. Wedmore says, but the Gavarni-like drawings." Mr. Luke Ionides writes: "She sat to him (Whistler) several times, with her curly hair down her back. She had a good voice, and I often thought she had suggested Trilby to Du Maurier." *The Kitchen* (Wedmore's

Whistler's Etchings at the Maryland Institute



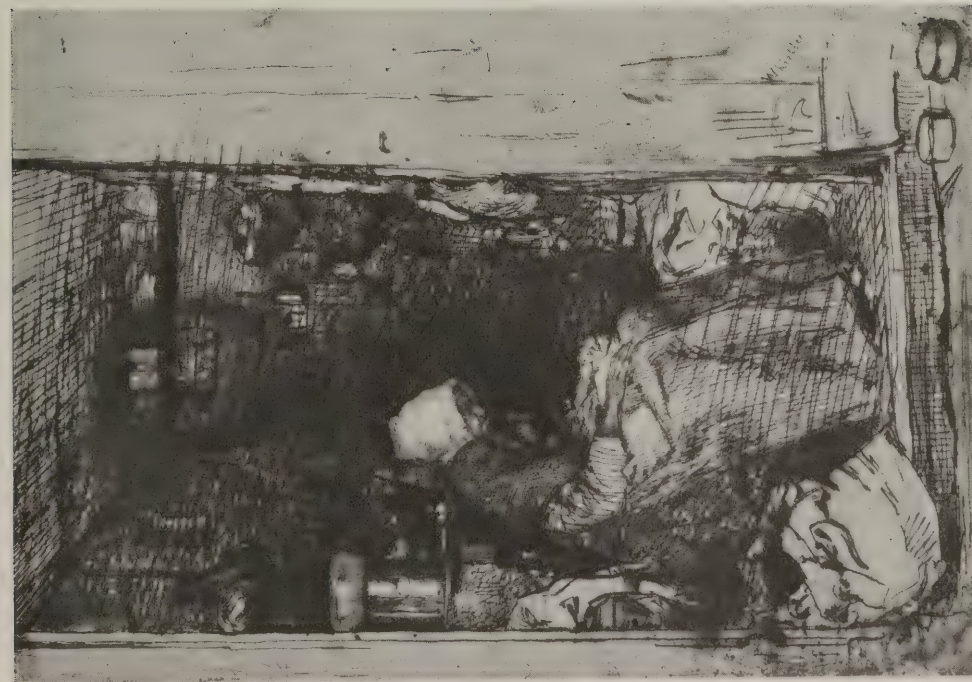
PORTRAIT OF WHISTLER

P. A. RAJON

First State), and *La Vieille aux Loques* are there, both fine; and *La Rétameuse* is in the excessively rare First State—"one or two proofs only"—so rare that it could not be reproduced for the Kennedy-Grolier Club Catalogue. To about this same period belong the other plates not less interesting: *The Rag Gatherers*, *A Little Boy* (Seymour Haden, Jr.), First State, "two or three only"—signed with Whistler's butterfly and his name; *Soupe à Trois Sous*, done at midnight in a low tavern, which was raided by gendarmes while he was at work; *Bibi Valentin*, *Bibi Lalouette*—one of his loveliest portraits of children. "His draughtsmanship is never truer," writes Royal Cortissoz, "never more bewitching, than when it follows with a kind of tender sympathy the lines of some small figure, furbelowed or ragged. Hans Andersen himself

was no more at home with the spirit of childhood than was Whistler"—which may be news to some persons who see in Whistler's art mainly "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies!"

"The Thames Set"—"Sixteen etchings of scenes on the Thames, and other subjects," to give it full title—lacks one plate only, *Westminster Bridge*, of being complete. Any comment on this series of masterpieces is, at this late day, a needless impertinence. Had Whistler etched nothing else these plates would assure his place among the Immortals. It is interesting, therefore, to note that Mr. Lucas was, from the very beginning, well aware of their rare quality. On *Limehouse* is a note, in Mr. Lucas' autograph: "Proof exposed in Paris Salon by Whistler"; *Eagle Wharf* is signed by Whistler with his name and butterfly, and "To George Lucas" is added. *The*



LA VIEILLE AUX LOQUES

J. MC N. WHISTLER



FUMETTE

J. MC N. WHISTLER



ROTHERHITHE

J. McN. WHISTLER.

Whistler's Etchings at the Maryland Institute



EAGLE WHARF

J. MC N. WHISTLER

Pool (between First and Second States, seemingly; with a full sky) is also signed by Whistler, and is the impression shown at the Salon. There is a second impression, of the same subject, with changes in the sky. *The Limeburner*, signed with Whistler's name and butterfly, is noted "To George Lucas"; *Rotherhithe* (Second State) is marked, in Mr. Lucas' handwriting, "Proof exposed by Whistler in Paris Salon. No. 2756," and there is a fine impression of the same plate in the Third State. But to record them all would occupy too much space. *The Miser*—a rare plate at any time—is in a state seemingly undescribed, before the signature (between IV and V?) but otherwise finished. *A Child on a Couch* No. 2 (W. 112. K. 125 M. 122) in the Second State, is signed with the butterfly and Whistler's name, J. A. McN. Whistler. Then there is *Amsterdam, etched from the Tolhuis* (1863), signed with the butterfly, marked "To George Lucas," done when "Whistler was in Amsterdam with Legros, looking at the Rembrandts with pleasure, at the Van der Helsts with disappointment . . . no doubt hunting for old paper, and adding to his collection of blue and white porcelain, when the news came

that he had been awarded a gold medal for his Thames plates at an exhibition at the Hague." A noble, wild, sky; a splendid plate, full of dash and fire and freedom—a delight always. And so, through various other subjects, to *The Large Pool*, signed with the butterfly, marked "To George Lucas," and *Adam and Eve Tavern, Old Chelsea*, which, more than any other plate of the period, marks the transition from his earlier method into the freer, more elliptic, more suggestive style of the Venetian plates.

Whether Mr. Lucas ever had a set of *Venice; a Series of Twelve Etchings*, I do not know. Most probably. It is not, alas, in his collection at the Maryland Institute. The "Twenty-six Etchings" is there—complete—together with nine additional impressions showing variations in "states." It was to accompany this set (issued in 1886; 22 Venetian subjects, etched in 1880, the remaining five, of English subjects, etched a little later. Thirty sets only. Fifty Guineas the set), that Whistler put forth his *Propositions*, now a Whistler Classic.

Yes, I *must* say it sometime, and this is an excellent opportunity! A "Classic," but one

Whistler's Etchings at the Maryland Institute



RIVA NO. II.

J. MC N. WHISTLER

of the most irritating of Whistler's performances. He damns the "Remarque" and for that we thank him—but, commencing with the Venice plates, he gives us in its stead a most diabolical substitute—the tab upon which he draws his butterfly. It is always in the way, always a distraction, always a mistake, so far as I can see, after thirty years and more of "cussing" it!

It is related of Whistler that when asked by an injudicious, though enthusiastic, admirer which of his etchings he considered the best, replied ALL. We will confine ourselves, therefore, mainly to recording, rather than commenting upon these plates. All are signed with the butterfly—and the set is complete, as stated above. Those who know the subtlety, the beauty, the infinite variety and personal quality of Whistler's printing will realize that only by seeing the individual proof can its full beauty be judged. No one, except Whistler himself, in some of the Amsterdam plates and the choicest of the Belgian series, has ever surpassed them. *San Biagio* is in the First State, of nine states. *Turkeys*, also is in

the First State—so rare that it is not reproduced in Kennedy-Grolier Club Catalogue. *Bead-Stringers* in the Fourth State, of eight; *Long Lagoon* is represented by two fine impressions of the First State—one of them very early, before the plate was cleaned. *Nocturne: Palaces* is quite beautiful; it seems to be a Sixth State, or variant thereof. *The Bridge*, an unsurpassed masterpiece, is in two impressions; the Second State, signed with Whistler's name and butterfly, marked "To George A. Lucas," and in the Eighth State. "The most perfect etching of the sort ever made," writes Joseph Pennell, "not a line could be dispensed with—not a line too many. A canal near San Giacomo in the very heart of Venice." There are two impressions of *Upright Venice* in the Second State, one of them early before the plate was cleaned. *The Balcony*, sixth of the eleven States, and *The Garden*, both of them noteworthy for their entrancing freedom and inexhaustible suggestiveness. *The Rialto* (Second State) and that most elusive *Nocturne: Furnace*, somewhere around the Fourth State—my very hasty notes may be at



NOCTURNE:
PALACES

J. McN.
WHISTLER

Whistler's Etchings at the Maryland Institute



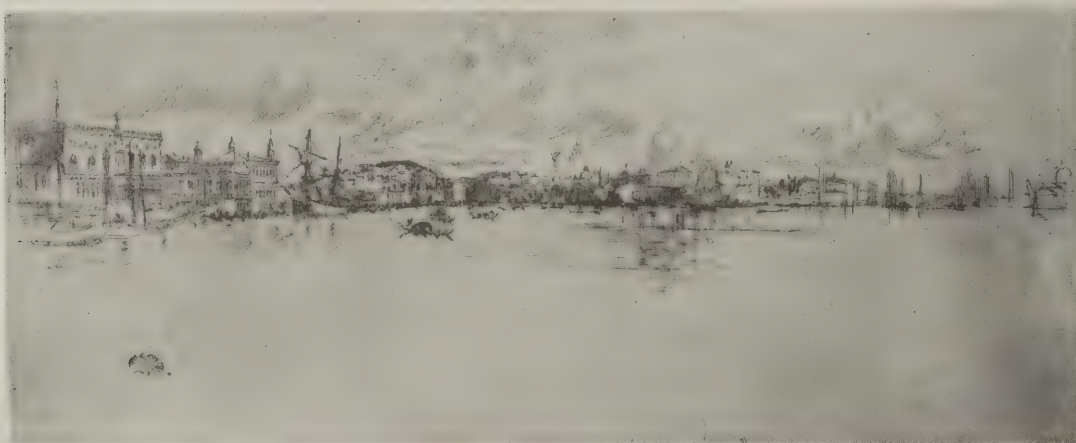
AMSTERDAM FROM THE TOLHUIS

J. MC N. WHISTLER

fault here—*La Salute: Dawn*, in two impressions, and *Lagoon: Noon* brings the "Twenty-six Etchings" to an end.

The Editor, in his letter, referred to a Whistler "find" in Baltimore; I cannot claim to have "found" anything. The George A. Lucas collection has been at the Maryland Institute for years. In addition to the Whistlers it contains about fourteen thousand prints, for the most part the work of mid-nineteenth century French etchers and lithographers, and

is, probably, with the exception of the S. P. Avery Collection, in the New York Public Library, the most comprehensive group of prints, covering that period, in America. It is, at once, an honour and a very keen pleasure to be Honorary Curator of such a collection, and if, in due course, I can make its treasures better known and to a wider public, I shall be happy. Hitherto, Baltimore has, modestly, refrained from telling of her possessions. As a visitor, I have no such scruples!



LONG VENICE

J. MC N. WHISTLER

Stained Glass in Japan: Sanchi Ogawa



GLASS MOSAIC

SANCHI OGAWA

STAINED GLASS IN JAPAN: SANCHI OGAWA BY EDITH BROWER

"This is the priesthood of art, not to bestow upon the universe a new aspect, but upon the beholder a new enthusiasm."

Anonymous.

In earlier days, when the European or American went to Japan, or the Japanese travelled westward, to find out about a new art, it was in either case like going to Mars. But gradually, from observing each other sympathetically, the East and the West began to learn of each other. And whether the influence of European standards has helped or hindered the Japanese artists, undoubtedly Europe has an enormous artistic debt to pay to the Land of the Rising Sun.

In no art do we find so perfect a fusion of form and spirit. This is because for ages the

racial striving has been towards a realization of the "Impersonal-Universal," the inevitable final outcome of which would be—just what we find it to be in the art of the Japanese: An astonishing sense of Right Valuations, an absolute genius for "leaving out." For the æsthetic value of suggestion has by none been so magnificently illustrated as by this exuberant yet highly restrained people. The European artists' tendency to detail—"space composition" with them generally meaning the crowding of every least corner of paper, panel or canvas—could be safe only in the hands of the very greatest—an Albrecht Dürer for example. To counterbalance such a tendency there was needed the influence of a people who could carry synthesis to the extreme, yet retain both clarity and grace. And thus have we come together, with much gained on both sides.

In the middle of the last century opened the



STAIR WINDOW

SANCHI OGAWA

Stained Glass in Japan: Sanchi Ogawa

modern period for Japan—a genuine Renaissance period. The spiritual life of the nation at the accession of the late emperor was thrilling with energy and aspiration. How this new birth would have worked its way out if the national solitude of ages had remained unbroken, we shall never know, for it had been at this time already broken in upon by a strange and unrelated people—a large-nosed people, aggressive though not war-like, bringing with them an altogether exotic atmosphere whose single element was spelled: Progress. And Progress for this race meant things undreamed-of by the Japanese.

The visit of John Lafarge must have come as a very great event in the art history of Nippon. Undoubtedly he brought back more than he left behind him; and yet his name is at this day one for the Eastern *cognoscenti* to juggle with.

It cannot have been many years before Lafarge's sojourn there that Sanchi Ogawa was born, for the latter may still be called a young man. As an infant he looked out unknowingly into the very thick of the mighty conflict between "the two dragons"—Asiatic Ideals and European Science. Out of the conflict emerged for Japan a brand-new ideal, and it came furnished with a motto put into English by Okakura thus: "Life true to Self"—the key-note, he calls it, of the modern movement, which, while striving towards an ever deeper realization of the ancient soul of beauty, also seeks after a loving knowledge of the highest in Western art creations. Self, here, is capitalized by Okakura himself, and points to the larger consciousness whose fullness arrives only after it has touched sympathetically many other selves and been responsively touched by them.

Ogawa, who as a pupil in the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts, Tokio, had come under the immediate influence of Okakura, must have felt this great fresh longing for the larger consciousness very strongly, for, after being graduated in 1896 from the Academy, where he studied water-colour painting in the Japanese style, and after teaching drawing in a Normal school in Kobè for a few years, he set forth in 1900 for the United States. He writes of himself: "I started my life in

America just as an adventurer because I had money scarcely enough to support my life only a few months, except travelling expenses from Yokohama to Chicago." Nevertheless he entered at once the Art Institute of Chicago, gaining his necessary living and tuition in ways undivulged, though easily guessed by anyone acquainted with the splendid mettle—made up of fortitude, "leg-over-leg" energy, first-class intelligence and utter lack of false pride—which enables so many of his friendless and penniless countrymen to keep at least the tops of their heads above water while working towards some high object. In the annals of commonplace valour—the more admirable because without glitter—nothing rings more cheerily than certain tales of Japanese immigrants that will never get written out.

Ogawa took a year in the Chicago Art School, attending the full course. At the end of this twelvemonth he was appointed to an important position under the Japanese government in the department of Agriculture and Commerce. As "official experimenter"—to use his own term—his duties consisted in observing the trade conditions of various industries, also their productions, and reporting thereon periodically to the government at home. For three years he held this post, meanwhile continuing his full art studies as during the previous year, taking but three afternoons a week the second year, and the evening classes alone the third. The entire course was in decorative design. A certain evening during his last year in Chicago, 1904, suddenly stands out as a very important—perhaps the most important—in Ogawa's life. His teacher assigned him a quite new task; to go to the Tiffany room in the Marshall Field Establishment and study the stained glass there in preparation for making a sketch for a window. He may have seen stained-glass before this; if so, none had ever attracted his attention strongly. What he now saw came as a flash of revelation—revelment of the possibilities of such an art when expressed in Japanese imagery, and of his own fitness to express it. This latter feeling was probably sub-conscious, since Ogawa is the very abstract of his race's modesty. But the incontinence with which he plunged headlong into the pursuit of his fresh

Stained Glass in Japan: Sanchi Ogawa



DOOR PANEL

SANCHI OGAWA

ideal shows how powerful must have been his self-faith. "My ambition became," he says, "to learn this sort of work at any cost." Something over a decade before, one of the students sent over to Europe by the government had brought back from Germany a knowledge of stained-glass manufacture. But the Japanese people were not ready for stained-glass, it being, Ogawa says, "out of their taste" at that time. With the change in social conditions consequent upon the Russo-Japanese war, Western architecture began to have vogue. Then was Unosawa remembered by the architects and interior decorators as the only man in the country who understood the—to them—new art, but too late for him, alas! He died shortly after. Ogawa natu-

rally bethought him of the clear field at home for such an artist as he intended to make of himself. Seven years and a half did he spend going about the United States, beginning with the St. Louis Fair, whose fine display of glass strengthened the already sprouting wings of his ambition; wherever he travelled, visiting every church or public building accessible, seeking worthy examples of illuminated windows. These he copied in water-colour with the closest care and with marvellous skill. It was in Cincinnati a year later, that he first realized his dream, getting a position as apprentice in the Artistic Glass Painting Company. The following year sees him in Dayton, Ohio, glazing, cementing, cutting, making sketches in the art-works there, in short,

Stained Glass in Japan: Sanchi Ogawa



DOOR PANEL

SANCHI OGAWA

learning the beautiful trade from the bottom up. Then, in 1907, more apprenticeship in Columbus, Ohio, in Pittsburgh, and last, in New York City. This covers the next two years, including a few months in Philadelphia. His work is very varied in all these places. At times we find him doing the lowest apprentice jobs in small shops, where, at least, he can pick up readiness of hand and all manner of practical ideas; again—as in the Gorham Manufacturing Company in New York—he does high-class cutting, colour-selection or glass-painting. Back to Pittsburgh he flies in 1909 and 1910, to practice glass-painting; returning to the Van Gerichten Art Glass Works in Columbus to do glazing and cutting “just for a living.” Last of all, he has drifted again

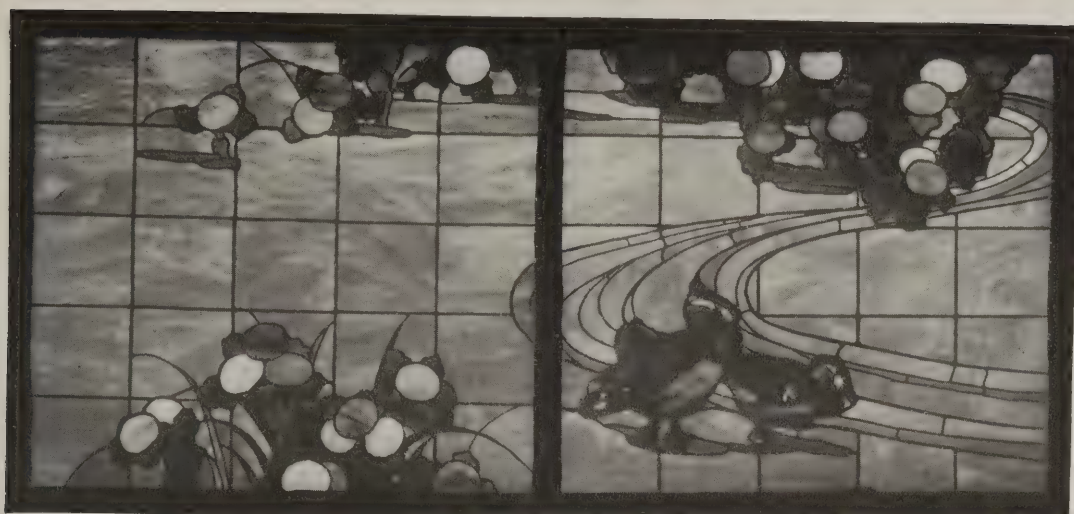
to St. Louis, where for eight months he is “practicing generally.” Presumably, the seven years and more have satisfied him; for he had vowed not to return home until he had learned all there was to learn if it took him a decade; and now, on the 14th of October, 1911, he sails for Yokohama, carrying in his portfolio copies and original sketches, and in himself undisclosed treasures of technical knowledge and skill and inspiration. This portfolio of his is worth preservation. Ogawa has a very clever touch with water-colour, using it in his copies of windows so as to reproduce the effect of the gorgeous hues, translucency and iridescence of the glass. His own original attempts at design made in this country are wholly individual; the few in which he frankly



PANEL

SANCHI OGAWA

Stained Glass in Japan: Sanchi Ogawa



PANEL

SANCHI OGAWA

imitated he has so suffused with racial and personal traits as to remind one of Coppée's lovely paradox: "Qui pourrais-je imiter pour être original?" In one of these latter instances he confessed to having "thought of Rudisuhle." But without thought he has left the mark of Ogawa.

It is difficult for us of the West, to whom stained-glass has been always a familiar form of art, to appreciate the quality of the "new enthusiasm" aroused by a first acquaintance with it in the mind of this æsthetically sensitive and already highly trained Oriental. To attempt to introduce it into his own country would appear to have been somewhat of a risk. Its first introduction there was not, as before intimated, a success. And yet, unfamiliar and exotic—the ancient sort at least—the art of stained-glass has certain affinities, even on its most idiosyncratic side, with the native, unmodified art-works of Japan. Burne-Jones, writing of it, said: "It is a very limited art, and its limitations are its strength and compel simplicity; but one needs to forget that there are such things as pictures in considering a coloured window, whose excellency is more that of architecture to which it may be faithfully subservient."

"Its limitations are its strength and compel simplicity"—might not this have been written of the work of Hokkei, Hashimoto, Gaho, Hiroshige? It matters little that the European

window-makers suffered compulsion from the mechanical requirements of the architecture of the age-mediæval simplicity being a very ornate and gorgeous thing; whereas the simplicity of Japan is almost wholly the result of a national taste compelling the limitations which make the strength of her artists. In Hiroshige, or in that "Post Impressionist" of the seventeenth century—Korin—we find colour, line-composition, all reduced to the lowest terms—"A dream of suggestion, nothing more fixed,—but a suggestion of the Spirit, nothing less noble." (Okakura.) Here we get at the core! Surely it does not matter; the differences count not here; the same spirit works in either case.

But Japan once could be gorgeous and ornate—in the old feudal days. Read Lafcadio Hearn's description of the military trappings of the old Samurai, in his paper on "Jiu-jutsu"; of Matsudaira Busen-no-Kami, the "War-beetle, all horns and Mandibles and menace despite its dazzlings of jewel-colour."

When we come to observe the stained-glass of Ogawa, we feel at the start a keen curiosity. Here a trained Oriental has with both deliberation and gusto chosen a distinctively Occidental form into which to pour his "criticism" of the World Beautiful. It is, we know in advance, a much more serious thing than any attempt on the part of his countrymen to substitute oil and canvas for water-

Stained Glass in Japan: Sanchi Ogawa



SIDEBOARD PANELS

SANCHI OGAWA

colour and rice paper or silk. There were as many mechanical as artistic problems for him to solve, and on both the artistic and the mechanical sides he would meet with utter newness. Whom shall he "imitate," indeed, in order to be "original"? And will he be found to retain his native, idiomatic originality, while of necessity driven into imitation by the very demands of the form of art he has elected to employ? We should not be fair to Mr. Ogawa did we hesitate to admit that the hall-mark on his stained-glass designs, even though we have here to judge of them without the colour which must add unspeakably to the window effect, is that of Nippon and the Nipponese. This would be less remarkable were we not dealing with an artist who, as indicated above, is pouring very old wine into an entirely new bottle. Almost every technical tradition of the art in which he had been suckled and reared had to be ignored, forgotten, before he could execute, by wholly alien methods, work that can stand with the best of its kind in countries where this particular form of art is indigenous. That it can do so will be acknowledged by any one familiar with unmodified Japanese work, even in the little billiard-room window, where the actual house and

trees, the perspective and the composition, are all decidedly un-Japanese. One may strive long to analyse it in order to lay a pencil-point upon the thing which—I may be allowed the word—orientalizes the tiny landscape. Perhaps only expert critics could do this and perhaps they could not do it. It is nevertheless there, attested by a sign invisible yet plainly sensed. Again, in the exquisite sideboard panel we have only a grapevine with grapes—a universal subject, but in its unaffected treatment we perceive a curious blending of the universal with a special racial touch.

The peacock window, a "glass mosaic," is almost beyond praise or even comment; its beauty is overwhelming, even in black-and-white reproduction; its mere suggestions of colour and colour-harmonies are breath-taking. While marvelling at the singular foreground composition, one asks what the colour of those wonderful roses may be to blend with the peacock hues.

The two staircase windows were designed and executed under the supervision of Ogawa in his studio, where he is training artists in his⁸ beloved handicraft. Those who know Ogawa's work well, feel his touch in these beautiful windows, and are impressed with the



STAIR WINDOW

SANCHI OGAWA

Stained Glass in Japan: Sanchi Ogawa



DOOR PANEL

SANCHI OGAWA

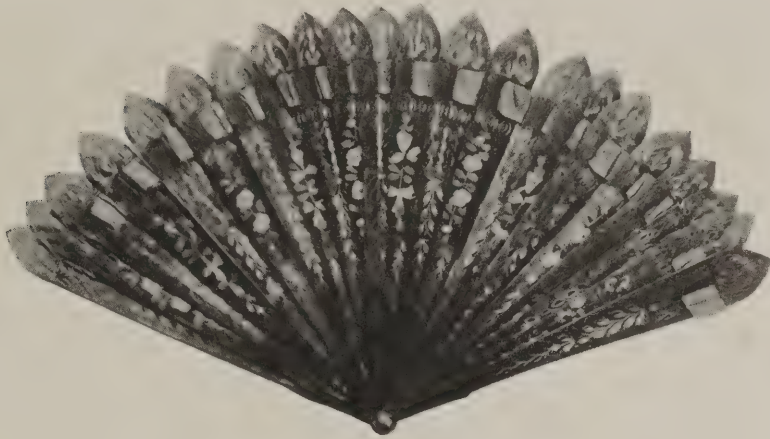
fine artistic stuff he has succeeded in drawing to him. The doors in a Japanese steamship, though executed in the Ogawa studio, were designed by a man in the dockyards at Nagasaki; the sliding-doors for a bathroom of the Imperial Palace, executed by Ogawa himself, were designed by an officer in the Architect's Bureau of the Department of the Imperial Household. A very large window—9 feet wide by 20 high—in the Library of Keio University is the work of Ogawa alone.

It has been said that few artists, however skilled in the technical demands of painting or drawing, know enough about glass-work to make successful designs for windows. Ogawa, already highly trained in the "bones and brush work," not to mention his gifts of the "spirit," had the wisdom and the patience to perfect himself in all, to the least detail, that goes

to the manufacture of such art-productions. It is quite evident from these specimens of the output of his studio that he is requiring the same thoroughness from his pupils.

This new art for Japan naturally allies itself with the introduction and adaptation of Western Architecture. Born of European mediævalism, and uttering its first lovely messages in terms of religious faith and theological superstition; transplanted to the "New World" and here modified to other than ecclesiastical uses, yet never quite successfully departing from the original formal standard; it is now, in an old world but recently made new and still thrilling with the wonderful renaissance, putting forth fresh fruits from the ancient root. Whatever manner of tree shall result, it is certain to be a growth of unparalleled freedom and beauty.

In a Mexican Pawn Shop



No. 1

IN A MEXICAN PAWN SHOP BY MARY WORRALL HUDSON

IN Mexico it is no disgrace to pawn one's dearest possessions: your watch, your lace handkerchief or your flat-iron. In Monte de Piedad, the National Pawn Shop, in the City of Mexico, one may find anything from jewels to tombstones. There are treasures of art and art monstrosities, embroidered priests' robes, drawn-work altar cloths, fine old goldsmiths' work and silver filagree, rare Chinese vases, Dresden shepherdesses, bronze and marble statuettes and brass candlesticks.

The long glass-covered case that interested me most when I visited Monte de Piedad was filled with antique fans. Mexican Senores and Senoritas, like the women of all Latin countries, are devoted to the fan. It is almost an essential article of miladi's toilette, and she is adept at manipulating it for graceful effect. She does not fan herself so much as she fans her fan, looks over it, blushes behind it, and emphasizes with it the many movements of her shapely hands and arms. She has learned that it is much easier to dispose of these members if they are occupied, especially with so beautiful an object as a fan.

I was strolling along the street in the romantic town of Cuernavaca one day when I saw an elderly woman, with a black lace mantilla over her head, come out of a church near by. My attention was particularly attracted to her

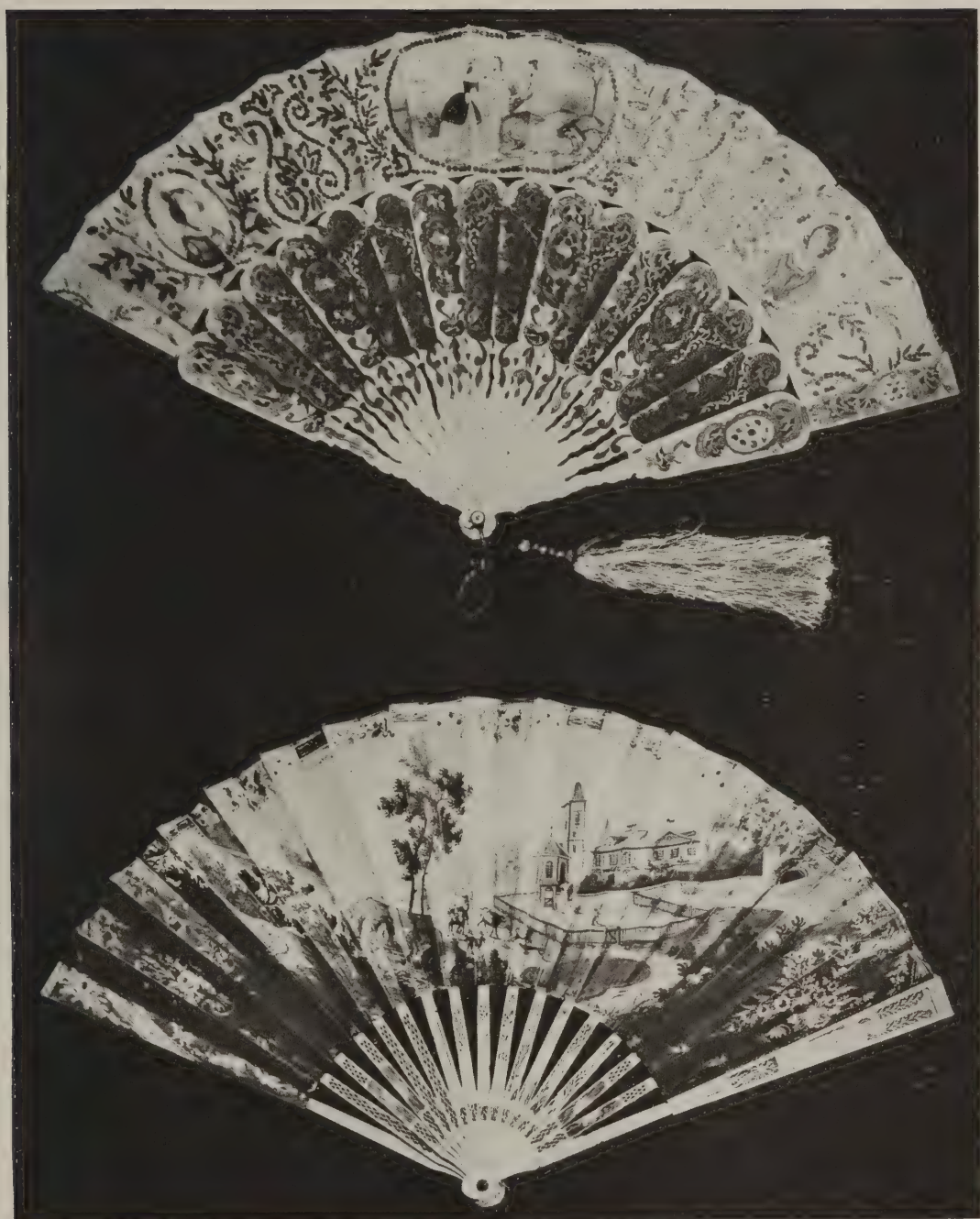
because she carried a fan and I had caught a glint of its rich colour as she folded it and tucked it beneath her lace. I determined to accost her and ask the privilege of examining her fan. "Ah! Madre de Dios!" she exclaimed. "Now I am caught! I know it is wicked to be comfortable in church, but it is so warm today. I took this little fan, and now I meet a stranger! It was the devil that tempted me."

Perhaps it was also the devil that tempted her to accept the price I offered, after she had made several amazing descents in its estimated value to herself. But if the senora of the lace mantilla started out with the express intention of selling her fan to an *extranjero* she accomplished her purpose to the stranger's entire satisfaction. Her fan is shown in No. 1.

It is made of horn, nine and a half inches in length, about the size that was much in vogue during the Empire, in France, but that was much later than the period of the horn fan. Fan lore says that horn as a material for sticks was used in the time of Henry the Eighth, and that horn fans were carried in that monarch's court. The specimen pictured looks as if it might have been borne by a fair lady even so long ago as that. Every other stick is perforated in its entire length, while the alternate ones have an unbroken space on which to paint the flowers. It is decorated on both sides, as were all antique fans. On one side the flowers are blue and on the other



Nos. 2 and 4



Nos. 3 and 5

In a Mexican Pawn Shop

pink. I asked the lady of the lace mantilla if it were an heirloom, and she said: "O, dear no! I picked it up in the Thieves Market one day when I was in Mexico." "Mexico" always means in Mexico, the City of Mexico.

It has been my ambition to add as many rare fans to my collection as Queen Elizabeth left in her "Inventory," which was twenty-seven. In one of her portraits she is painted with a round feather fan in her hand. The feather fan seems to have been a favourite with portrait painters because of the skill required in showing the texture, but the folding fan, originally introduced from Japan, was the great favourite with ladies, then as now. Its changing form adds to its attractiveness, and the various materials used for the mounts medium upon which artists may display their skill.

A discriminating judge of fans once called attention to the fact that fans decorated with figures, landscapes, flowers and vines were more graceful than those that bore architectural designs, and I have never since wielded, or even looked at, a fan on whose delicate frame were pictured castles and cathedrals without thinking of the remark. Yet some of the rare old fans belonging to the famous collections of Europe show glimpses of massive architecture. Certainly, a fan artist would indicate by a suggestion only such features as towers and turrets. It was the graceful drawing of the Watteau and Le Brun designs that made those artists and others of the same schools so popular.

Nos. 2 and 3 represent the two sides of the same fan, both elaborately ornamented in the style of the best of old Spanish fans.

On the obverse, No. 2, the ivory sticks are almost covered with gold-leaf inlay, in a pattern of baskets of flowers, scrolls and medallions. Connecting these figures is a very delicate vine, perforated in the ivory and remaining white, forming a beautiful contrast to the surrounding gold. The guard-sticks are also inlaid with gold, with designs in small round settings of faceted crystal. The mount is of silk, and the obverse bears three medallions painted in oil. The central one contains three female figures, and the others one each. The spaces between the medallions are cov-

ered with a design worked out in cut steel sequins which have a most brilliant effect when in motion in artificial light. On the reverse, No. 2, the sticks are less elaborately inlaid with gold, and the silk mount is more elaborately painted. Seven figures are gracefully grouped in a garden in the centre, and there are landscape and waterscape glimpses, foliage and flowers. I indulged a hope at the time of purchasing the fan that this painting was signed, but a magnifying glass revealed only a twisted blade of grass.

No. 4 represents a fan made wholly of mother-of-pearl sticks ribboned together. The obverse is beautifully inlaid with gold that is as perfect and as bright as the day it was applied. I can only guess at the date of its manufacture, but it was probably a very old fan when it came into my possession twenty years ago. The sticks of this fan are translucent white pearl, different from the pearl sticks of the lace-mounted fan.

No. 5 is a fan that would be valued in any collection because of the delicacy of the carving of its old ivory sticks. The guard-sticks each show a Grecian figure, one a man and one a woman, in classic costume, gracefully posed against a perforated, vine-like background. The short sticks when slipped near together show a group of two Grecian figures, also a man and a woman, the latter bearing a flag. I have never been able to determine whether the mount is the famous "chicken skin" or not, as I have never seen a specimen of that material to know it, but it is different from all others in my collection. The painting shows a house with surrounding towers and walls and gateways, a stream of water, with hills in the distance, groups of trees, and a man and a dog in the foreground driving two cows, a goat and a sheep. The entire surface of the obverse is covered with the design of this landscape and its framing decorations of flowers and bands. The reverse has a narrow border and a central spray of flowers in gilt. This fan is eight and one-half inches in length and as light as a feather fan because of the thinness of the sticks.

The would-be collector of an article that is at once unique, beautiful, valuable and historically interesting may safely choose the fan.

Ghosts: The Exhibition of the New Society



ELEANOR, JEAN AND ANNA

GEORGE BELLOW'S

GHOSTS: THE EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY BY JAMES N. ROSENBERG

CRITICISM, by an unimportant painter, of the work of the important ones, is a task so delicate as almost to become indelicate. It may be excused only if the critic begins by pointing out that what he says is lacking wholly in authority and is probably prompted by a Freudian subconscious envy. What I have to say will be merely an expression of my personal reactions. If my comments get a number of very able painters angry enough to examine their own work with a fresh, inquiring eye, it may be of some use to have spoken—even if I am cut dead for the indiscretion of frankness.

To begin with, the Exhibition of the New Society of Artists is a significant affair in the world of art. For the exhibitors, if yesterday's rebels, are today's professional leaders. What, then, in the large, is the essence of this representative show? Ghosts are speaking, it seems to me. Ghosts of France. Shades of Manet, Monet, Cézanne, Renoir and a dozen lesser men lurk cynically on these American walls.

Take Bellows, fairly a leader in American art—a man, in potentiality, at least, great. How about his important canvas? To me it seems to say: "Look at me; admit what a damned able picture I am—fully the equal of Manet." That is the way it hit me; and what a pity, if, as I hope is not the case, I am right. The younger Bellows did a picture called



WINGED VICTORY

GARI MELCHERS

Ghosts: The Exhibition of the New Society

Forty-three Kids, or something of the sort. Boys on the beach. Rollicking. A vital young painter's response to surging American boyhood. A little too close to illustration, maybe. But immensely living. When I see the Belows of the present show, I long for the Belows who can achieve the enormous capabilities within him of being a great American artist instead of being an almost great French artist. But ghosts hover around him.

I turn to McFee. What power in his brush. Yet is he, I ask, to be congratulated for submerging McFee in the ghost of Cézanne.

Then there is Sterner with his facile brush. But is this an authentic Sterner? I wish he would forget Puvis de Chauvanne.

Speicher? What a disappointment. Speicher knows I mean it when I say that I consider him the biggest portrait painter in this country. Speicher painted the biggest man I have ever known—and painted a portrait commensurate with the man, a portrait not only superb in colour, arrangement, drawing, handling of masses, distinction, earnestness, but a painting that reveals the inner man he painted. But the Speicher of this exhibition is pre-occupied, not in the substance and spirit, but in fourth dimensions, technique, Renoir's palette. Blind though I may be, I cannot but feel convinced that Speicher is off the track. His uncompromising sincerity, his balance will bring him through. But today, somehow, he is shooting at a wrong mark. He is not solely Speicher. Ghosts are meddling with his brush.

I started to say that in Sloan, the illustrator defeats the artist. I was wrong. A second view showed a sort of fine, honest, humble attitude in Sloan's contributions. They smack of nature, not of the studio. They are worth while.

Kroll's large picture is marred by a vision which reaches the edge of the canvas. Nothing is left to the spectator but to marvel at his technique. Kroll has done things of value. What wouldn't I give to be able to paint like Kroll just so that I might never paint so skilful, Renoirish and uninteresting a picture.

Luks strikes a refreshing note. His *Flapper* is one of Fitzgerald's flappers. Luks had his tongue in his cheek when he painted this acute, ironic canvas. But can't a big man like Luks

do something better than obvious satire? Still, I ought not to complain. The picture is a Luks. It's not anybody else.

Melcher's idyllic pictures of maternity—sensitive poetic things—are superseded by a large canvas which evoked the enthusiasm of my unsophisticated companion. When I inquired for the reason of his rapture, I learned that it was the wallpaper. It was painted so that it looked absolutely like real wallpaper, he declared with gusto. It is cruel to mention this. I apologize. But why not try to re-voke Melcher, the poet?

Frieseke is pallid; he has nothing new to say; a man has got to sing new songs, you know.

I paused at Hassam's shy little early canvas of years ago. What a relief. No trumpets here. No assertion of importance. That is its significance in this forest of terribly important pictures.

Henri's two canvases are irresistibly clever. But he has reduced the thing to a recipe. He says it all immensely well, but what is it that he has to say?

I looked at the water-colours. Those of MacKnight and Lever are a gay, fresh, spontaneous note. Buoyant, alive. MacKnight indeed is one of the vital moments in this show. And I must mention Lever's two oils. Here is a man going his own way. He has taken from France and England what he chose. But he is not a slave of tradition or technique. There is a real personality in his canvases. When he experiments, it is Lever, not Renoir, who mixes the paints.

Separated from all the rest of the painters, quite alone, stands Rockwell Kent. Here is a really large vision, a stripping of things to the bone of the essential. The work of a man who is alive and sensitive, as every painter must be, to the methods of others, but who, none the less, is simply and only and nothing but Rockwell Kent. This insistence on the inviolability of self is, I believe, the final measure of enduring value in all art. Without it, the rest is nothing.

But I have forgotten to mention the sculpture. *Woman*, by LaChaise, though stylized to the nth degree, is a thriller, a superb and great piece of work. Sterne's *Portrait Bust* is a dignified, fine, big thing.

The American Exhibition

And now, how about this exhibition in its totality?

It is always safe for the critic to lug in old Aristotle. So I do not apologize for quoting his declaration that, "Art is the expression of the general through the particular." There is much meat in all that Aristotle says; no finer kernel, though, than this familiar axiom.

The artist must generalize somehow from the life that surrounds him. Apply this to the Renaissance. The Church; the Holy Virgin, Christ, the crucifixion, were a vital glow, and it was from that permeating influence that the artist drew his material and inspiration. On what have the American artists drawn? Upon the Interchurch report of the Steel Corporation or the tragic grandeur of the strife it depicts? I hear the exhibitors scoffing at me. What has art to do with such matters? Nothing, perhaps. Yet it seems to me that American art shrinks from contact with American life. And I wonder whether such an art can be vital. I do not minimize the creative imagination, the pastoral or the lyrical note, the value of fancy or poetic vision. I do not forget that sheer abstraction may be

beautiful; that art is far more than a mere thing of subject matter.

But, none the less, art is not an escape from, but an approach to, life. And this gigantic life of capitalism, of the machine that has become a Frankenstein, has it nothing for art? Vast furnaces with plumes of saffron smoke; naked men sweating at the forge; turbines, motors, engines, power, water-falls, vessels in the harbour, dock-hands, sweat shops, cabarets, midnight follies, politicians, towering buildings lost in steam, crowds on city streets; grain elevators, wharves, battle ships—is there no food in these for art? Yet the American painter turns his back on stuff of such a sort, seeks refuge at Woodstock or Gloucester and buries himself in Cézanne. He is aping, not making tradition. He is in leading strings. He lives in a house of bondage. With what contempt he looks upon the old Hudson River school men who painted every leaf on every tree. Yet they played their own game, it seems to me, and no other game counts.

And where—where is Davies?



THE AMERICAN EXHIBITION BY EVELYN MARIE STUART

THE present exhibition at the Art Institute is, without doubt, one of the most beautifully arranged shows which Chicago has ever witnessed. But granting that it is well chosen and wonderfully presented, is it an exhibition of American Art? We incline to think otherwise.

One feels that the jury of selection must have been swayed unduly by the rising generation and its inclination toward the new, the smart, and the radical; for while this is a lovely, graceful, vivacious showing, one carries away from it little impression of great thought or intense feeling.

The major prize awards are indicative of the spirit of the occasion, for they have been bestowed upon well constructed but some-

what petty or pretty performances. George Luks's portrait of Otis Skinner, in his costume from "The Honour of the Family," which was awarded the Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Logan medal and purse of \$1,500, though faultless technically, cannot be regarded as a serious work of art. It is even a bit illustrative and would make a most excellent lobby display or poster.

As to the Frieske which won the Potter Palmer prize of \$1,000 and the William R. French Medal of the Art Institute Alumni, it, too, inclines toward the trivial, though exceedingly lovely and scientifically handled.

Other notable portraits and figure pieces, which might have merited consideration, are Louis Betts' portrait of James B. Forgan; Oliver Dennett Grover's portrait of John C. Johansen; Louise Lyon Heustis' canvas entitled *A Peaceful Old Age*, and Charles Hopkins' portrait of Dr. Watson.



OTIS SKINNER IN
THE HONOUR OF THE FAMILY

G. B.
LUKS



NIGHT—AN
ABSTRACTION

C. R. W.
NEVINSON



CORNISH LANDSCAPE

C. R. W. NEVINSON

WORDS . . . WORDS AN EDITORIAL

OF the innumerable exhibitions which I visited this month, the one which made most impression was that of C. R. W. Nevinson at the Bourgeois Galleries. Having seen Nevinson's exhibition in London last winter, and knowing that the finest paintings there shown have been sold, I entered the Bourgeois Galleries with some misgivings. I was afraid that, like so many European painters, he was bringing over only the sweepings for American consumption. Happily, my fears were unfounded. Many indeed of the pictures which had given me most pleasure a year ago are here missing, but others have taken their place and the addition of earlier works makes the exhibition even more representative of Nevinson's development.

Like most modern artists, Nevinson started out with a great many beliefs and disbeliefs. His Chronology, which appears, helpfully, in

the first pages of his catalogue, tells us that his first picture to be shown (at the Friday Club in 1911) was painted while under the spell of Monet. In the same year he appears in Paris as a Neo-Primitive. A year later he sees life through the eyes of Cézanne. In 1913 he is a Futurist. In 1914 a soldier. And in 1916, I am tempted to say, an artist. For, as Nevinson himself preaches in these days of comparative wisdom, art commences where labels, and all the self-consciousness that labels imply, end. What then is Nevinson's creed today? That too is printed in the catalogue. It begins: "I wish to be dis-associated from every possible clique, school, ist, ism. . . . I aim at creating paintings which shall be a vital magnetic force, in which "Beauty" or "Ugliness" is subordinated. . . . Technique, accomplishment, and again accomplishment, I aim at, so that they may become second nature. . . ."

Sane, almost trite, but what follows is startling in the mouth of a young, fire-eating modern, at once Impressionist, Neo-Primitive, Futurist, and none of the three.

Words



NEW YORK

C. R. W. NEVINSON

"Originality is and always has been unknown in art. So-called originality is a result of the influences of contemporary art and a tradition of the past, plus individual shortcomings, tastes, selections and reactions."

Of course I have quoted the mild, explanatory passages; there are others drafted with intent to alarm. That is Nevinson's way. It is typical of him that he has chosen to crown his exhibition with the portrait of a madman, so that, as he explained to me, he can point it out to any more than usually tiresome visitor as his masterpiece. Yet there is history back of that horrible *Madman*. For months during the War Nevinson was in charge of a ward of lunatics, of whom that hideous dribbling head was the leading light. So with

Nevinson's other contortions. It is his delight to hide his essential sanity under a mask of madness.

Nevinson's exhibition is interesting not only for itself, but also for the answer which it gives to those doubters who ask: "But is there any meaning in Futurism?" Futurism and all the other isms are merely the stressing of some formal element that has been in the great art of all time, but had come temporarily to be neglected. In Nevinson's work is depicted the passage through the isms to art. In the three illustrations traces of the old influences may be noticed, but in each the influence is subordinated to design, is merged in treatment. There are futuristic influences in *Night* and *New York*, but the subject is no longer treated

Words

as an essay in futurist design. They are New York. Still less can *Hampstead Heath* be attributed to any one influence. It is "'Appy 'Ampstead," the cockney lovers' Paradise.

This pagan picture was the outstanding feature of the last London exhibition and was there sold. I had wished to reproduce it here, both for its own intrinsic excellence and because it provides the key to that extremely unpleasant canvas, *The Lovers*, but my stenographer was shocked. *The Lovers* was the first to be painted, and represents the couple in the foreground of "Hampstead Heath" almost life-size, with the wooded background almost shut out. Nevinson was dissatisfied with this, and so came to paint *Hampstead Heath*. *Hampstead Heath* is a pagan idyll. The intentional brutality in the painting of the loving couples is justified in the treatment of the landscape. A tinge of brutality was necessary to save it from over-sweetness. But in *The Lovers* the brutality is unrelieved, indeed the horrible doubt crosses one's mind whether it is really brutal. The figures are too limp.

This tinge of brutality is in many ways one of Nevinson's most valuable characteristics. It lends firmness to his line. His pictures never lack form. Look at the road in *Cornish Landscape*, or the Elevated track in *New York*. Quite dissimilar, there is in each the same brutal strength which lends to the former its significance, and to the later that feeling of terror which many of Nevinson's pictures inspire. Yet for all his brutality Nevinson is seldom cruel. If he laughs somewhat loudly in the *Portrait of a Modern Actress*, it is only in *Success*, that extraordinary picture of the couple in their opera box, that his cruelty really hurts.

In *Pan and Night* it is interesting to notice how, without softening the hard contours, he can by a balance of lights achieve an almost lyrical note.

It is these last two pictures and the *Cornish Landscape* that, it seems to me, point the road down which Nevinson is progressing. Already he has command of form and light. Ideas he has in plenty. It requires only a richer palette and perhaps a richer, more mellow mind, to transform his exhibitions from a stimulating to a satisfying experience.

The Exhibition of Modern American Etchings at the Montross Galleries introduced me to several men whom I had known only as painters. Hayley Lever showed several Gloucester Prints. He is feeling his way at present, but at least he does not overcrowd. Eugene Higgins is either a genius or . . . I want to see more. One of his farm scenes is excellent. Hayes Miller seems always to be not quite. And, of course, Arthur B. Davies. Spend an hour before one of his later etchings (how long has he been etching?) and you will know something about design. But of course Davies must have a number to himself. That is a promise.

The Touchstone Gallery deserves a visit. Here the great men are seen in their lighter moods, throwing off little pencil sketches. One sometimes wishes they would paint as they sketch. The portrait by Helen Peale, reproduced on page LXVIII is an excellent example of what is being done by those not in the limelight. Miss Peale's work is tending towards the elimination of the inessential. Drawing is giving place to modelling, representation to expression.

THE following books have been sent me for review, unfortunately too late for inclusion in the present issue:

ENGLISH PAGEANTRY. An Historical Outline. Vol. II. By Robert Withington. Harvard University Press.

THE MEDALLIC PORTRAITS OF CHRIST. By G. F. Hill. Oxford. The Clarendon Press. Three lectures: The Medallion Portraits of Christ; The False Shekels; The Thirty Pieces of Silver.

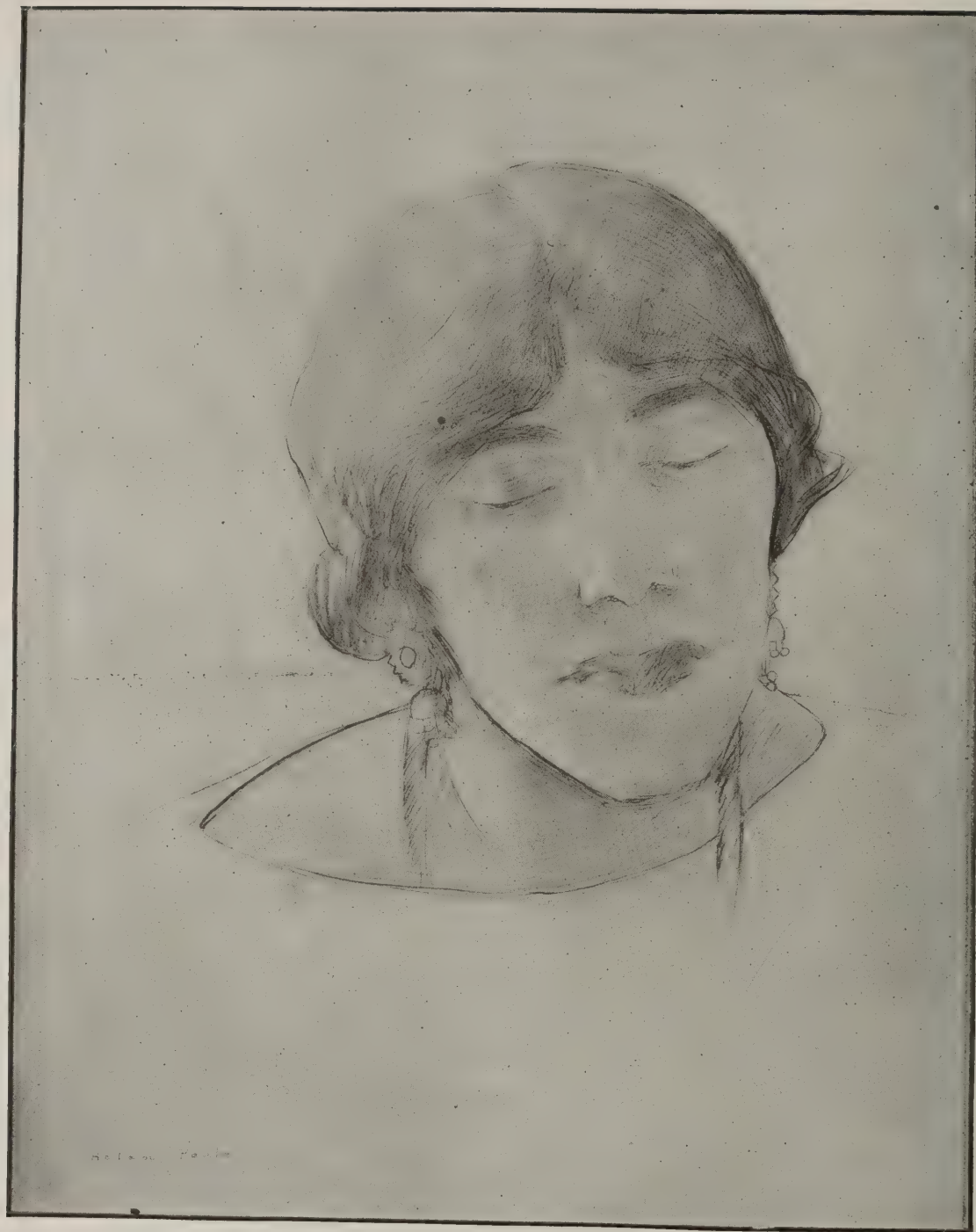
WALTER GAY. PAINTINGS OF FRENCH INTERIORS. Critical essay by A. E. Gallatin. Edition limited to 950 copies. E. P. Dutton & Co.

MEMOIRS OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME. Vol. III. New York. University Press Association.

BOOK PLATES BY FRANK BRANGWYN, R. A. J. B. Lippincott Co.

See Review page 163.

HELLENISTIC SCULPTURE. By Guy Dickins, M.A., with a Preface by Percy Gardner, Litt.D., F.B.A. Oxford. At the Clarendon Press.



RATAN DEVI

HELEN PEALE

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JOHN H. TWACHTMAN
BY CAROLYN C. MASE

THERE died in Gloucester, Mass., in the summer of 1902, one of the greatest painters that America has ever produced—in truth, one of the great painters of all time—John H. Twachtman. He was classed among the Impressionists, but in reality he was independent of any school. He painted far ahead of his time, so far that the general public was vastly ignorant of his greatness, the dealers did not know Art well enough to buy, and only a few painters themselves as well as critics can say, "I saw him, knew him, and named a star."

To this day, years since his death, much of that ignorance continues. As yet, no one has attempted to give the world any adequate conception of his wonderful genius, his charm of personality, and his honesty and devotion to his work.

True, at the time of his death, some of the painters,—of distinction themselves,—did write an appreciation, published at the time in the *North American Review*. These men were Blashfield, Simmons, Reid, Hassam and Weir; and they one and all placed him in the front rank of painters. Also at that time, Charles H. Caffin, the well-known Art critic, pronounced him "the most spiritual painter that America has ever produced."

In a spirit of curiosity one day I turned the leaves of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, edition

of 1911, and failed to find even the name of Twachtman. Whistler was there, and other American painters, who had died later, but no mention of him. And then I was impelled to go to the book shelves, and take down a *History of American Painting*, in two volumes, and there I did find mention of him. It read in this wise: "John H. Twachtman, A Munich painter. Born in Cincinnati." An epithet awful enough to make Mr. Twachtman turn in his grave.

At a sort of indignation meeting held just before we went into the late war, Childe Hassam who was one of the speakers declared that some one should write a book on "Johnny Twachtman." He should have such an appreciation, we all agreed, with a reproduction of his works. Whistler had had it, and Cézanne has two fine books, but for all these years no life of Twachtman has been given to the American public. "I wonder why it is?" said one of the indignant ones, and again Mr. Hassam spoke up and said: "Twachtman himself answered that question when he spoke before the Art Institute in Chicago. He said, 'You are studying Art here now, and some day some of you will become painters, and a few of you will do distinguished work, and then the American public will turn you down for second and third rate foreign painters.'"

This, unfortunately, has been true of the American attitude towards the best American art, with an exception or two. Let us hope now, since New York has become the clearing house for Art, that America will at last take

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the French attitude towards Art and that of her own painters, and give them at least an equal show with the mediocrity flooding our country from other lands.

During the last winter of Mr. Twachtman's life, while his family were stopping in France, he came to his old artistic haunt, the Holley House, Cos Cob, Conn. It was my privilege to be there also, that winter, with two or three other painters, who, knowing the artistic qualities of the surroundings, were also there for painting purposes. I had studied with Mr. Twachtman and was a friend of himself and family, but during that winter I had a new insight into his absolute honesty towards Art, his devotion to his ideals, his love for Nature, and the wide grasp of his knowledge.

Three pictures—word pictures—will tell you better than in any other way how he was never far away from his obsession for his work.

The first picture was that of one beautiful, snowy morning. He came into the breakfast room of the Holley House with a rush, a vigour, bringing with him a sense of good fellowship with the world. He had on a white sweater which he much affected. "Hurry," he said to the maid, "and bring me—well, a half dozen eggs, a rasher or two of bacon, several cups of coffee, and a dozen or so cakes. I am hungry!" And as the smiling but puzzled maid went out to fill his order, he sauntered towards the window, and stood silent there for a few moments. Turning he said, "But Nature is fine this morning!" and went out of the room. The maid brought in his breakfast and set it down. It grew cold, and somebody went to find Mr. Twachtman. They found him standing outside in the snow, painting like mad, utterly forgetful of the breakfast, ordered but never eaten. He was not making a "human camera" of himself, as the Moderns accuse the Impressionists of doing, but he was painting under the stress of the emotion produced by the sight of his beautiful Mother Nature that morning, and the result was one of the wonderful snow canvases for which he is now so justly famous. An overpowering emotion acting on the temperament of a genius.

The second picture—In the afternoon, when it was quite a daily occurrence for the painters to walk over the hills about that part of

the country, "Johnny" would swing along, his eyes eagerly worming the hidden beauty out of the landscape—his thoughts never off "Nature." Even in the midst of some of his most fanciful sayings, or interrupting a joke, or breaking into a witticism, he would stop and point out some beauty of line, some harmony of colour which had escaped the others. He and Nature understood each other. He was always speaking of the aristocratic moods of Nature, when she was high above the comprehension of the masses. He might have been a Prince of the Royal House of Nature, he so hated a bourgeois conception and handling of her beauty.

And the third picture—In the evening, when everybody ventured at least one art opinion, Mr. Twachtman would sit near the wood fire, his head thrown against a chair back, and a fresh canvas—the result of the day's work, or a part of it—placed across the room where he could look at it. After a long time of thought, he would sometimes say, "Give me a criticism, say something nice about that!" and if in a spirit of mischief, or perhaps earnestly, we did as he requested, he always took it in a spirit of humility that astonished. Then the talk would always drift to Art, for he was bubbling over with it, and he dominated the conversation, as great men do. He could no more help talking of Art—I do not mean shop talk—than he could help talking, and he was rarely silent when with people—appreciative people. And he would touch on literature more than occasionally. He loved poetry, and Heine was easily his favourite. Music, too, was a passion with him. I remember well one evening he asked me to play a part of a symphony. I promptly refused. He urged it, and finally threw out a bait. "If you will play that symphony, I will write you a letter on art." Of course I began to play, and during the performance I could watch him scribbling away while he listened. When I finished I said, "My part of the bargain is finished, now about yours." He handed me a sheet of paper, on which was written among other things, "The world has given us three beautiful things—a beautiful child, a beautiful woman, and a beautiful landscape; but on second thought, I would reverse that—a beautiful landscape

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comes first." I read the letter aloud, amid exclamations of pleasure from the rest of the household. He seemed rather abashed at its reception. "Give it back," he said. "No, indeed, I worked hard for this—it is mine." At last he begged to have it back to correct it, and with ridiculous confidence, I handed it over to him. It went instantly into his pocket, and no entreaty could make him give it up. He flaunted it too in our faces every day. He had only promised to "write it," he said.

He talked often that winter of Velasquez—of his mastery of planes, of his colour. He seemed more impressed with Velasquez than with any other of the old Masters.

How he painted that winter—with what vigour! It was as if some unseen prompter stood beside him and whispered, "Do your best, for this is your last winter." And in the Spring, when the lilac buds came—"Another spring, with its tender lilac buds will never come again." And at least one of those spring canvases showed the touch of the unseen hand on his, hastening him on, it was so wonderful an impression—a single impression, no time for details. Done before the emotion of sadness which had produced it gave place to gladness and joy of spring.

John Twachtman was born in Cincinnati. His parents were Germans, coming from Hanover. And they came here to be free of the German curse—tyranny. They were farmers of some importance, small landed proprietors. His mother, so Mr. Twachtman told me, was a woman of great shrewdness, of remarkable intelligence; and he was said to be distinctly more like her, than like his Father. How he came to paint, he told us himself in one of those Twachtmanesque, picturesque talks one evening at the Holley House. It was his father who first put the idea in his head. He, the father, worked in a window shade factory, where were made the old fashioned window shades with centre pieces of fruit, flowers, or landscapes. And he set his son studies to paint during the noon day rest.

When John Twachtman went to work for himself, he always carried his entire weekly wages home to his mother, which she thriftily put away, and which money, later on, carried

him to Europe, and supplied him with necessities during his Munich days.

He persisted in studying Art, and give up everything in order to do this, studying in the night school at the Mechanics Institute, and later at the Cincinnati School of Design. He there came under the influence of Mr. Duveneck, and studied with him, and it was Duveneck who persuaded the family to allow him to go to Munich—the then Mecca of American artists—to study.

He went over with Mr. Duveneck, studied two years in Munich, and a third year in Venice. Once I recollect his showing me a brownish-black water colour, reeking with all the colours that Nature does not show. "That," he said with a chuckle, "is sunny Venice, done under the influence of the Munich School."

He came home, married, and went again to Europe. He worked very hard at the Julian school, under Boulanger and LeFevre, when the Julian was at its height. LeFevre used to invite his most promising pupils to his private studio on Sunday mornings to talk painting, and to see any of their work done outside the school. It was a stimulus and a pleasure to him to receive this recognition of his work, done on his own initiative.

The third time that he was in Europe he came directly under the influence of the French Impressionists. And this time when he returned he had a splendid lot of canvases to bring home with him, but alas! The ship went down.

Times were discouraging. American Art—as he understood it—was little appreciated, and Mrs. Twachtman's father, a physician and a writer, suggested that if Art were no good, perhaps raising cows might go. They began raising cows on some place in which he had an interest. At that time, out of a clear sky, Mr. Twachtman had an offer to paint on one of those cycloramas which were much in vogue at the time. It required a good deal of knowledge, and paid remarkably well, and strange to say, I have heard that both he and Mr. Arthur Davies painted on the same cyclorama. The makeshifts of our great men for their bread and butter are amusing—to all but themselves!

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Finally he brought up as an instructor in the Art League—and truly no instructor was ever more popular. Twachtman's pupils, almost to a unit scattered over the world, always think and speak of him with absolute Art reverence and devotion. There was a personal charm in the man, as great as there was in Whistler. He was not a master of repartee, as was With the eternal boy in him was some of the great. In his everyday life he was surrounded with as much light and atmosphere as were his own pictures. He was a keen observer of people—knew their foibles, their idiosyncracies. With the eternal boy in him, was some of the mischief of the boy. He loved to stir up the fads of people, and one day, on his way to the dining room at the Holley House, and knowing well the people, he said, "You say so-and-so, and I will say so-and-so, and in two minutes we will have a row on." And in two minutes they did have a row on.

He had a fine sense of humour. Only once can I recollect that it failed him, even in connection with himself. In the nineties, before I studied Art, I had seen a beautiful snow picture by him called *The Brook in Midwinter*. A most impressionistic thing, in the days when Impressionism was stirring up much wrath and comment. One could only feel the brook under the snow, and only the people who never looked beneath the surface could fail to see in the picture the fact that the first sun would bring it into full showing. A young woman came into the gallery, towing evidently an unwilling brother. She enthused—he balked. He also refused to admire. At last, after some talk on her part, he took up the catalogue and read, "*Brook in Midwinter*, John H. Twachtman, \$500."

"Produce that brook," he said to his sister, "and I will pay you five hundred." I thought it as funny as anything I ever overheard, and at the first opportunity I told Mr. Twachtman. He was thoughtful for a long time, and then he said, "It only teaches one that he should be careful in naming his pictures."

But he compensated for this in the story of his visit to Chicago, to speak before the Art Institute, when both he and Anders Zorn had an exhibition on. Zorn was sweeping over the country like tight skirts, or spats, or any

other fashion. He was the man of the hour there. "Have you seen the Zorns?" Mr. Twachtman was asked times without number. "You *must* see the Zorns, greatest exhibition ever in Chicago! Fine show. Everybody should see it, and you, being a painter"—suddenly recognizing that he might be saying something not quite tactful—"would be much interested." At last Mr. Twachtman intimated that he, too, had an exhibition there. "Have you seen it?" he demanded of his host, who, after backing for a time, declared that he had had no time. "But the Zorns!" Mr. Twachtman told it with great zest.

He was inconsistent in details, but consistent about big things. For instance, for months he harangued against the elm trees, and then he discovered that they were the most beautiful of trees. He was swayed by his moods, his emotions. One day a thing appealed to him, the next day it bored him. One day his talk was spiritual—you looked for the halo. The next day you laughed at yourself for the feeling. But the steady strong convictions which were his towards his work never varied—never even by a hair's breadth.

During those years when he was teaching at the League he was also turning out wonderful canvases. Many of them were done at his beautiful home near Greenwich, Conn. He had a very decided conviction that you painted best where you knew Nature's moods, and most loved her. And though he painted some fine canvases at Gloucester, three or so of Niagara, a few of the Grand Canyon, some wonderful things at Cos Cob, Conn.,—still, perhaps, his very best were done about his own place and brook. One of these, now, I think, in the collection of Mr. Gellatly—*The Hemlock Pool*—he himself thought one of his best. Perhaps the reader may have seen it in the International Exhibition of 1913, where it shone like a great planet.

And one which I saw at the Montross Gallery with Mrs. Twachtman a few years back—in 1915, I think—was one of the most beautiful of his canvases, a snow canvas, the luxuriance, the radiance of which it is not possible to describe. This was done at his own place, at his own brook, and his son, Alden Weir Twachtman, a painter himself, told me that

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his father said he "sweat blood" over that canvas. It took it out of him—and out of his genius, that wonder-world canvas of snow!

But John Twachtman was not alone a landscape painter. To quote Mr. Hassam again—and there is no better judge—the figure picture of the Mother and Child, which was purchased in San Francisco, would alone place him among the master figure painters.

And when one comes to his pastels, one holds one's breath for fear of breathing them away. So tender—so exquisite—so spiritual in their handling!

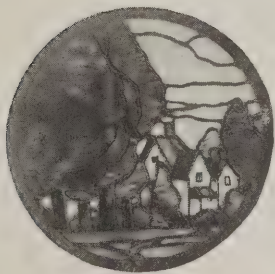
Though the American public, as a mass, has not recognized Twachtman's greatness, some of the museums are just beginning to give him the place he deserves—pre-eminently Cincinnati. Washington has several pictures. Boston has one, or had not long ago. I heard one very big painter say that it was the finest landscape in the Boston Museum. Yale has a fine one—Worcester another, and the great Metropolitan one—and only one, and that one the gift of Mr. Hearn, and until lately skied.

Nature spoke to Twachtman as she has spoken to but few from the beginning. He

won her confidence, and she told him her innermost secrets. He never told them, never could tell them in words—only through his works. It was a spiritual communion. He must have realized this, and yet the fact that he was never appreciated failed to make him jealous of others. He was always helpful, glad of their success if they deserved it, and at the last of his life his opinion on Art became the final word to many.

And during those last years when he was painting canvas on canvas, which those who saw knew were destined for everlasting fame—but which he could not persuade the American public to buy—only once during all this time did I ever hear him utter words of complete discouragement. It was the year before he died. He said, "Do you know that I have exhibited eighty-five pictures this year, and have not sold one?"

In speaking of this to Mrs. Twachtman one day, she said, "It was not all discouragement. Only the last letter Mr. Twachtman wrote me before his death held these words, 'I feel encouraged—Like Heine (his beloved Heine) I see the laurel climbing to my window!'"





BROOKLYN BRIDGE

J. H. TWACHTMAN

The Art of John Twachtman



GLOUCESTER HARBOUR

J. H. TWACHTMAN

THE ART OF JOHN TWACHTMAN BY ELLIOT CLARK

THE painting of John Twachtman may be classified in three periods, in each of which we observe a radically different style. One does not grow out of the other; it is rather the reaction from the other. But each manner is thoroughly consistent within itself, and is imbued with the direct impulse, intention and intensity of the painter. We never feel at any time with Twachtman that uncertainty or confusion of purpose and that technical solecism which is its result.

The early work is dominated by the Munich influence. The contrast of light and dark is exaggerated, the colour is subdued, in variations of browns and black, the paint is applied heavily and with an unctuous fatty quality due to a free use of varnish. But the brushwork is always vigorous, impulsive, spontaneous, direct. The subject matter includes many

studies made abroad in '76-78 in Southern Germany and Italy. Some of the happiest results are of harbours and shipping, subjects in which there is no extended perspective, wherein the objects lend themselves to direct treatment. It is to be noted even at this early time that Twachtman's pictures are derived from direct experience. There is never an endeavour to make his subject poetically picturesque, or to embellish through added details and associations, the particular aspect of a place. His pictures always have, therefore, local character. Twachtman had a very happy faculty of arrangement without seeming or studied effort, the effect of which was to heighten and strengthen the salient characteristics of the subject, and to give it a significance singular to itself. The pictures of this period are mostly small in size and intimate in conception. The spectator shares with the painter the exhilaration of the moment, the feeling that each motive is a new discovery. Thus in his little picture of Brooklyn Bridge

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Twachtman has revealed the pictorial possibilities of modern mechanical construction, and a theme which might so temptingly have been used to parade the great engineering achievement of the New World and display with pride its imposing grandeur, Twachtman treats casually, with a sense of familiarity and with a discerning understanding of its æsthetic possibilities. Nevertheless it is vividly graphic and descriptive. Likewise in his harbour picture dated "N. Y. '79" the painter surprises his subject unaware, so to speak, and has through his manner of arrangement and method of treatment expressed most vividly the significant elements of the subject. He has very happily contrived forms which are æsthetically interesting and stimulating and at the same time are made to express most intensely the purely graphic and descriptive elements of the subject. We note that each subject is given its particular pictorial interpretation and is not made to fit into an accepted convention or a prearranged scheme. Thus we may note the varied compositional themes in *Nutting*, with its splendid decorative and descriptive silhouette, *Italian Landscape* dated Venice '78, *Coney Island* with its unusually effective spacing, and many other examples which show the active observation and keen descriptive insight of the painter.

The second period we may associate with France and Holland where Twachtman painted in the early eighties, and the later echoes of this foreign experience. In contrast to the Munich influence of unctuous impasto and powerful brushing, the work of this period is characterized by delicate technique, a close study of relative values, simplification of forms and a cool gray palette. The canvas is a fine French linen, the pigment is applied thinly, but with technical directness and sure but sympathetic touch. Many of the motives introduce water, showing scenes along the Seine, or the waterways of Holland. There is seldom an attempt at sunlight, so that the gray hues of the clouded sky and its reflections dominate the colour scheme. The effect therefore depends upon carefully considered value relations, in variations of neutral greens and browns. The first plane is often in the immediate foreground, and we observe the facile

and sympathetic treatment of field flowers, grasses, and foreground forms, which later were rendered so exquisitely in pastel. Twachtman seems to have been instinctively sensitive to the æsthetic tendencies of his time and receptive to its achievements and aspirations. We therefore remark the influence of Whistler and the echoes of the æsthetic theories of that time. This is particularly evinced in the treatment of flat planes rather than gradated sequences, and a tendency toward the decorative through nicely considered spacing and the arrangement of light and dark areas. The composition is however restricted to very simple themes, most of which depend upon the nice placing of the horizon within the chosen proportion of the canvas, the spotting of a group of trees in the middle ground effectively breaking the horizon, or the simple line of river bank leading into the picture. *The Windmills* is an excellent illustration of this pictorial theme, wherein we find a very exact adjustment of the relative positions of masses and the division of areas. It is one of the painter's largest canvases and although it is executed with technical mastery, it is perhaps a little ineffective and insufficient in filling such large areas. And this suggests that Twachtman's art is always intimate, sensitive and elusive rather than robust and powerful. But it is a part of his artistic distinction that he respected given limitations and worked within them. If in the pictures of this period we do not find fullness of form or colour and their accompanying volume and weight, we may rightly say that in his elimination he has intensified and magnified the simple æsthetic charm which he wished to express.

It is difficult to trace the transitional steps from the pictures of which we have been speaking to the later work of Twachtman and his ultimate development. If, however, the theme and presentation completely change we remark two characteristics of a fundamental nature which are common to all his work, however different its outward manifestation. His artistic impulse is derived from direct experience; his compositional theme and the method and manner of expressing it are evolved from his visual and resulting emotional impression. The outward effect how-

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VENICE

J. H. TWACHTMAN

ever indicates an entirely new and different expression. Defined in the terms of the means the later pictures are considerably higher in key, cooler, fuller and more exhilarating in colour, launching into new problems of light and atmosphere, and discovering new modes of design and composition. It is by this later work, covering a period of not more than ten or twelve years, that Twachtman is most generally known and which represents his mature and most personal expression.

The period of the nineties in America was quickened by an intense artistic impulse. The pictures of the Impressionists whose work had been proclaimed abroad had revolutionized the visual world, and our young American painters who had studied in France returned with enthusiasm and youthful exhilaration. But fortunately they did not return merely

with a formula. The great lesson which they learned was to appreciate and portray their environment. The romance of nature was not to be found only in distant places and remote countries, but to the perceptive vision and the sensitive soul was reflected in the immediate surroundings. Whistler had shown that the pictorial possibilities of a place depend upon its susceptibility of arrangement, and not upon its scenic value or associative background. Monet, less sensitive to the niceties of decorative adjustment but infatuated with the glory of sunlight and the great outdoors, transcribed with sensuous exuberance the ever-changing picture of the world of light and colour. These two universal influences expressed in the æsthetic beauty of design and the palpitating effects of light combined to awaken a new interest in local surroundings.

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Instinctively sensitive to his environment, susceptible to the quickened tendencies of the artistic "*milieu*," and animated by the exhilaration of living, Twachtman intuitively expressed in his painting the newly discovered beauty of the outer world reflected by means of the eye on the inner soul. Not a lover of nature, or a naturalist, either in the truly pantheistic, scientific or religious sense; not a poet in the romantic or traditional sense, Twachtman was purely hedonistic in spirit, a highly sensitized medium on whom the outward world acted and conveyed through the sensuous susceptibility the mystical meaning of manifestation expressed in form and colour.

Twachtman did not perfect a manner or a style. His pictures have not a sense of perfectness, the inevitable conclusion of an idea carried out in definite, conscious and carefully calculated terms. Each picture seems an individual expression, and to a certain extent an experiment, a venturing into new realms of consciousness and appreciation. He always retained something of the play spirit. But it

is precisely this æsthetic exhilaration, this quickened spirit, that the painter has so successfully imparted to the spectator. Careless of himself in so many things, not building up with calculated purpose or for material rewards, Twachtman had an unimpeachable artistic integrity. He never sacrificed this purity of purpose to popular applause. This was not the result of a profound purpose or a moral intention. Much better than this often affected nobility, it was simply natural.

The subject matter of Twachtman's pictures is varied, but we may in a general way group them as the Harbour subjects of Gloucester, where he worked in the last few years of his life; the series painted in Yellowstone Park and Niagara Falls; and the pictures of Connecticut about his home at Cos Cob.

Harbours and shipping seem always to have held a vague fascination for the painter who enjoyed the pictorial suggestiveness of houses, wharves, water, and their infinite possibilities for artistic arrangement. The hills at East Gloucester, looking down on the harbour, like-



CANAL BOATS

J. H. TWACHTMAN

The Art of John Twachtman



WINDMILLS

J. H. TWACHTMAN

wise give the painter splendid themes for spotting, spacing and that variety of form which is so necessary to design. Many of the little sketches of this period are wonderfully suggestive and show a splendid sense of linear invention. But in some of the canvases we feel the lack of sustained effort, the consistent building up of pictorial purpose, and a too great reliance upon the mood of the moment. In consequence the result is uneven, the brush at times is too uncontrolled, evading the form too freely. In experimenting with the unity of form and colour and their effective relations, the painter has neglected their content and significance otherwise. In consequence there is little differentiation in substances and surfaces, that relation which exists between the solid and the soft, the resisting and non-resisting, and in short those distinctions which are based upon the relativity of things and their impression upon the human mind apart from the visual illusion.

The pictures of the Yellowstone have little scenic or illustrative value. Twachtman was evidently unimpressed by the grandeur and sublimity of nature or perhaps thought it outside of the limitations of pictorial representation. We sense the fact, too, that he is happier within the human habitat where the presence of man, if not indicated, is always suggested. He failed to humanize the Yellowstone, or to bring to it that human emotion which might do so, but he brought back some splendid bits of colour from its jewelled pools and radiant waterfalls. His intimate placing of forms, and his endeavour to see things in a new way is, however, not so happy in the presence of great constructive forces, where nature has built on the grand scale and has patterned everything relative to stress and strain. Twachtman was not impressed by that elemental power nor did he attempt to express it. He is more purely sensuous in his perception.

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THE WATERFALL

J. H. TWACHTMAN

The pictures of Niagara are happier. Here the terrible and relentless power, the elemental force of nature, is veiled with mists and the evanescent hues of the rainbow. The variations in white, the subtle relation of values, and the delicate harmonies of closely related hues, appealed to the painter's æsthetic sensibility. The rhythmic movement of water, the repeated action of the waves, the rising vapours, were as the realization of an artistic vision. Twachtman has revealed this beauty and showed us something other than the largest falls in the world.

Twachtman's pictures of the Yellowstone and Niagara were not, however, the direct result of the quest of the beautiful. Fortunately he did not need to leave his home and surrounding country to find the beautiful, and it was there that he painted his most representative canvases. There is a feeling of home in his pictures, of a country well-beloved. The painter has, as it were, become a part of the thing painted. We feel a perfect intimacy which comes from perfect understanding. Not descriptive in a purely graphic or illustrative sense, the pictures of Connecticut reveal the



Courtesy Macbeth Gallery

NIAGARA IN WINTER

J. H. TWACHTMAN

The Art of John Twachtman

type and character of that country, its nearness, friendliness, its peculiarly intimate charm. It is not the loneliness of great expanse, not the rugged dramatic power of nature that Twachtman expresses, but rather tranquility and repose and the interest of nearby landscape, made significant by the way in which it is seen and composed. Thus the neighboring pool, the little waterfall, the undulating stone fence, the outcropping rocks and the varicoloured fields assume an importance which elevates the commonplace to the realm of profound beauty. The human figure is seldom introduced, although we frequently see a neighboring house and indication of human presence, but whether directly indicated or not the human interest looms large in the presence of the spectator who, as it were, occupies the foreground, and shares the interest of the painter.

The simple linear spacing of the earlier works has developed into more subtle and less apparent design, the simple contrast of horizontal and upright has given place to undulating masses and rhythmic interchange of form. The painter is continually experimenting with space relations, and varies the proportion of his canvas to best carry out his schematic intention. The picture of *Summer* is nearly in the proportion of one to two, revealing the contour of long rolling hillside, the gradual uphill road, the house with sloping roof, the flying clouds and fleeting shadows, all brought together in a manner which not merely discloses the general topography of the country but brings to it an indefinable and sympathetic charm which is inspired by the painter's personal conception. But more generally the composition is seen within a squarer proportion, the sky line being placed high on the canvas, so that the eye does not travel beyond, but is arrested and entertained in the middle ground.

Twachtman has shown us the country in the dress of different seasons, but perhaps the most appealing are the neutral hues of November and the snows of winter, where the intricate forms of nature are replaced by the undulating fields of snow. His colour is always related to values, and his values to light. The local form and colour are enveloped and

modified by the dominant hue of the light and atmosphere. But Twachtman is not a luminist in the full sense of that term. He preferred the diffused light of hazy days, or the gray days of autumn to the blatant effects of sunlight and its corresponding contrasts. In fact most of his colour schemes are harmonies wherein the colour manifests entirely relative to the dominant hue. He expressed the elusive and fascinatingly evasive effects of nature, the delicate modulations of a simple theme, brought together by subtly combined variations and textures which make the surface palpitate and vibrate with the illusion of light and atmosphere. He was a master of nuance. His interest in winter landscape was therefore natural. He has rendered the æsthetic beauty of snow rather than the rigours of winter; he discovered the beauty of closely related values and softly modulated forms under clouded skies, but did not record the brilliant sunshine and the crisp clear days of New England winter. At times this love of subtle relations led to weakness, when the effect becomes so illusive as to be almost lost. But in this he echoes the spiritual yearning of the time as expressed in the haunting melodies of Verlaine; the plaintive, ephemeral strains of Dubussy, or the nocturnes of Whistler. At times too this interest in subtle relations, of similar lines relieved only by variations of form and texture, assumes something of the nature of a stunt, wherein the painter has displayed only the keenness of his observation.

Twachtman's technique seems entirely a part of his pictorial vision. It is not affected, insistent or mannered. He did not follow a fixed or conventional method of painting. On the contrary, it is varied as a result of his different pictorial problems, and frequently it is suggested by the character of his canvas and the mood of the moment. But his handling is always adequate. Interested in the evanescent effects of nature his manner of painting has an illusive charm. The painting is not exploited for itself; it is preceded by the artistic vision which controls it. Thus the movement of the brush is free and unconscious, the pigment is animated and suggestive. The quality of the surface varies in accordance with the underpainting. The painter carefully avoided the

The Art of John Twachtman



MOTHER AND CHILD

J. H. TWACHTMAN

unctuous, fatty, varnish-like surface and would often expose his pictures to sun and rain to flatten the effect and relieve the pigment of superfluous oil. Frequently, however, Twachtman achieves his result, *à premier coup*, with a delightful flow of colour, thinly and suggestively rendered. But although impulsive and exhilarating, the effect is somewhat thin, lacking in that solidity and fullness of form which he achieved over carefully prepared undertones. This gives to his final painting, and the improvisation of brush work, a background and a body, and allows the painter to work in thin semi-transparent washes which renders so successfully the illusion of the atmospheric veil. Twachtman was

susceptible to the colourful innovations of the impressionists and their technical expression, but he was not interested in the science of colour, and did not cultivate the optical illusion of light attempted by the juxtaposition of complementary contrasts, or the method of the so-called "Pointilists" or "Spotists" in rendering it. Absorbed in expressing his æsthetical impression, he was concerned with the larger relation of colour masses and that unity and oneness of effect achieved when the forms function simultaneously.

As a figure painter Twachtman achieves a very happy ensemble, an intimate realization of his subjects in their own environment. There is nothing deliberately contrived or set

The Art of John Twachtman

up. He seems to surprise a living moment and transfer it to canvas. His subjects are never on show. When the figure forms the principal element of interest his constructional rendering is not always convincing, but Twachtman had a splendid sense of poise and posture and a fine understanding of contour and silhouette. This gives to his compositions an authority and distinction without which his figures would seem somewhat empty.

Twachtman openly declared the decorative intention of his painting. But he did not define his understanding of the decorative. His work has nothing of ornamental prettiness or affected pattern. He was not artfully clever and would have found it more difficult to paint a popular pot-boiler with its ingratiating suavity and its factitious sophistication than to conceive a picture in his own back woods. He

avoided the pictorial commonplace; but he made the commonplace pictorial. His interest was not as a naturalist or a realist, but he took a purely sensuous delight in the beauty of the visual world, and felt a keen enjoyment in the relative significance of forms and colours. And this for Twachtman was the decorative. But there is something else which gets into his work for which we cannot account in the purely decorative. It is that element which was so much a part of his nature that the painter was not conscious of its existence. It was his indescribable appreciation of the human significance of things. This vitalizes his line with life and informs his composition with meaning, without which the merely decorative is empty. It is this mysterious, indefinable something which evades analysis that imbues the work of John Twachtman with enduring charm.



THE OLD MILL IN WINTER

J. H. TWACHTMAN

Prints of Modern Masters



Photos courtesy Keppel

LE GUITARISTE

MANET

P RINTS OF MODERN MASTERS BY AMEEN RIHANI

FREDERICK KEPPEL & Co. have brought together, in their December Exhibition, such masters of diverse genius as Manet and Degas, Gauguin and Redon, Pissarro and Steinlen. The collection of etchings and lithographs, dating back to the sixties when Impressionism first raised the standard of revolt, covers a range of achievement that is most turbulent and most brilliant in the world of art. It is an extraordinary collection, and, in this country, a rare one. The two adjectives require no qualification. A glance at the Catalogue, which begins with Goya the Father of the Moderns and ends with Edvard Munch, and to which has been added an illuminating paragraph on each artist represented, is sufficient to convince one of the extensiveness of

the undertaking. A visit to the Keppel Gallery brings the whole impressionist epoch in graphic art vividly to mind.

And brings with it tokens of revolt, of triumph, of surrender, of concession. Here, for instance, is impressionism in etching initiated by Pissarro, impressionism in lithography perfected by Steinlen, and some interesting experiments of Degas in these and other technical mediums. Here too are the sound traditions in graphic art adhered to by the most revolutionary and most belligerent of the Masters, by Manet. But what strikes one primarily and forcibly in this collection, is a converging emphasis of the note of concentration, an almost apotheosis of the synthetic process. Indeed, synthesis was the ruling influence, the ruling passion of the times. Every artist strived at least for it; some succumbed to it; others mastered it; many lost their sleep over it. That is why, I think, we get such diverse

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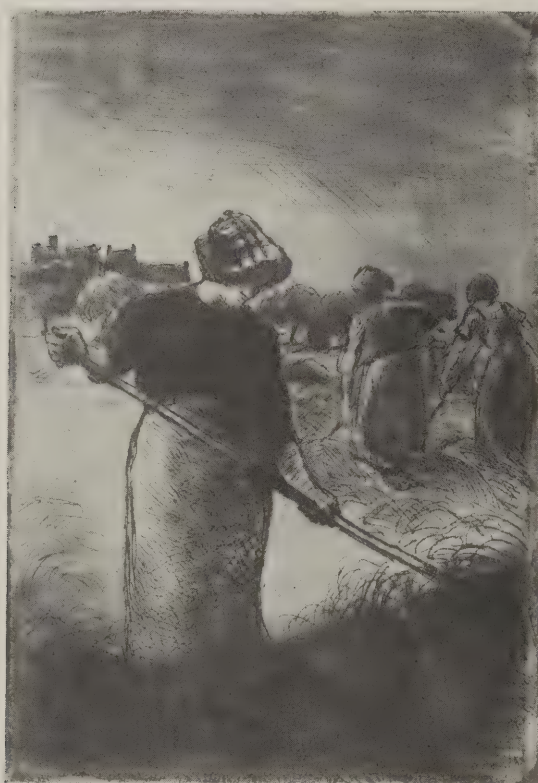
expressions or manifestations of it, which sometimes accord with the temperament of the artist and sometimes are but a reaction to it.

Thus we have in this collection the rustic scenes of the modest Pissarro, the quiet and conventional etchings of the hyperæsthetic Manet, the stubby, pudgy dancers of the misanthropic Degas, the glittering surfaces of Paris life by the gentle Lautrec, the very depths and dregs of it by the saturnine Steinlen, a fascinating harmony of colour expression by the anarchistic Gauguin, and a most realistic version of the occult universe by the visionary Redon. A pageant, indeed, in artistic expression, of technique and style, of moods and manners, of feeling and fancy and thought.

Manet's etchings, according to Duret, are about sixty only, some of which are exceedingly rare. His lithographs, not including the illustrations to Mallarmé's translation of Poe's "Raven" do not exceed a dozen. His subjects are mostly reproductions of his own paintings as well as some old masters and a few original compositions as *L'Odalisque* and *La Toil-*

etc. Some of the least as well as the best known, however, will be found in this collection. Of the Portfolio published in 1874 there are four that not only represent some of his best work in etching, but recall those stormy days of criticism of which he was for a long time the central figure.

Here is the *Torero Mort*, for instance, a fragment of the original painting, *A Bullfight*, which was called by Edmond About "a wooden torero killed by a rat." Other critics were not less severe. But Manet recognized the justice, in this case, of their criticism and cut up the canvas with the result that the redeemed piece, of which this is an etching, is in itself a masterpiece. And here is *Le Guitarist*, which Baudelaire praised in elegant prose, standing in wonderment before the very sandals of the Spanish singer. Here too is the famous *Olympia*, which the Salon first rejected, which was called immoral because of the cat near the nude figure, and which Emile Zola, in paragraphs rhapsodic and defiant, proclaimed a masterpiece.



PEASANTS CARRYING HAY

PISSARRO

Prints of Modern Masters



SOUS BOIS A L' HERMITAGE, PONTOISE

PISSARRO

The painting, I mean. But Manet's etchings as a rule reproduce his paintings in a very free manner. Sometimes, as in one of the Olympia plates, which was done to illustrate Zola's book of art criticism, he is very careful about his drawing and succeeds in obtaining a fineness of touch that is seldom evident in his other work. His *Lola de Valence* shows also how well he could wield the needle, when he chose, and make it yield some very delightful and subtle effects.

But he did not often do this. Influenced as he was by Goya, he seems to have been impressed mostly by Goya's sketchy manner. Even his sketches barely indicate his subject; some of his plates are excursions in shadow-land. There are those who insist of course upon a motive. These drawings, we are told, are done swiftly, sketched roughly in order "to seize the passing impression, the salient feature or detail." Impressionism and synthesis, in other words, which every artist of that

period made the object of his passionate quest. But Manet had reached along that line such heights of expression in his paintings and fought, in the course of his progress, such battles with the Paris Salon and critics and public, that most of his etchings seem to me to have been done in moments of relaxation—when he should have been relaxing instead.

For his so-called summary process dwindles in them to mere shorthand. With all respect to Duret, who compares him, in this sense, to Hokusai, I must confess that I can better read the stenographic notes of the Japanese. The simplicity of the Frenchman's is there, but the definition is lacking. The words, one would say, are fine. Briefly, the etched work of Manet divides itself into two classes, the finished and the unfinished. I use these words in their original meaning. The finished work is solid and firm and respectable—I have already said conventional. The unfinished—well, even a big name should not be invoked in

Prints of Modern Masters

justification. For real impressionism in etching we must look somewhere else.

Towards Pontoise, for instance. Camille Pissarro, who does not rank as high as Manet as a painter, is certainly of greater stature as an etcher. He is in etching what Manet is in painting—the inventor of a new technique. And how well he makes it serve to give us the essential quality of the canvases of the impressionists. It would not seem possible that such dazzling effects of sunlight and refraction could be obtained on zinc or copper. And yet, here they are in *Le Chemin dan les Champs*, a graceful composition of grey tints punctuated as it were in silver, or in *Sous Bois à l'Hermitage*, the most beautiful in the collection. In such plates, Pissarro depends chiefly upon aquatint and soft ground; the needle is but an auxiliary. But he is so successful in the method that one forgets in the contemplation of the wonderful atmosphere produced that there is such a thing as linear beauty.

And yet, he has a fine feeling for the delicate and flexible line, which his pure etchings and drypoints especially reveal. *The Haymakers* and *Peasants Carrying Hay* are examples, not only of a very expressive elegance, but of the sincerity and spontaneity with which he rendered the labourers in the field. Pissarro's work in graphic art is little known, despite the fact that, of all the impressionists, he produced the most. In

quality, too, it has a superiority that marks out from all the rest.

A superiority that Degas himself recognized. He was moreover responsible for the increased activity of Pissarro in that he made him contribute to *Night and Day*, a magazine he had started in Paris. There was something in the Master of Pontoise, his rustic simplicity perhaps and his poetic charm, which must have appealed to Degas in his latter days when he was more conscious of the lack of it in himself. Pissarro's work in etching—his street and market studies, his rustic scenes, especially his landscapes—will no doubt be better known and appreciated. They are destined to an enduring and wider recognition.

I am not sure about those of Degas. While some are quite worthy of the master draughtsman, others I have seen are technical failures. The reason is plain. Degas experimented with various means and combinations to produce novel effects; and some of his prints, we are told were intended only for himself. In which sense his own intention ought to have been respected. Such etchings as *Loges d'Actrices*,

however, and *Au Louvre*, and such lithographs as *Après le Bain*, will be esteemed more for their quality than their rarity or origin. A fine example of his modelling power is *La Sortie du Bain*; and as showing the summary process, *Danseuses dans la Couliasse* is a notable



AU LOUVRE: LA PEINTURE

DEGAS

Prints of Modern Masters



CHRIST

REDON

plate. The mere indication of the figures, though firmly defined, is quite characteristic of Degas.

For he, more than any one of his contemporaries, was continually striving "to catch a movement, a momentary effect, a silhouette." His work in this sense is a triumph in impressionism. He stated the facts of life briefly, but not profoundly. He was a great analytical realist, but not a deep thinker;—an unemotional master of technique, an incomparable draughtsman, but not a sympathetic observer of life. In banishing from his art all literary imagination, he banished also the human soul. Like Ingres, he considered drawing as a supreme end in itself. Thus his dancers, for instance, stand always on their physical merit—or demerit—and show the pitiful effect of it. They talk to us with their strong pudgy legs, but they do not confide to us their secret ambition or grief. The soulless Degas did not concern himself with these.

And yet he had, we are told, a great passion for truth. Which he saw in the anatomical defects of a dancer, and with cruel frankness insisted upon it. But did he go beyond anatomy? Yes, into movement,—into the very heart of movement, where his keen eye caught the significance of the most elusive gesture. His figures seem to walk out to us or to stand in a way that we have the feeling of being able to walk around them. But what do they convey beside the technical genius of their creator?

True, a good picture that says nothing is better than a good picture that says stupid things. But there is Odilon Redon, who is rejected by some as visionary, chimerical, but welcomed as a draughtsman of extraordinary synthetic power. There is no disagreement about this. Nor is there any disagreement for that matter about the portentous something in his art. To be sure, his pictures do not say stupid things. They are first excellent pic-



CHAT COUCHÉ SUR LA PAILLE

STEINLEN



RETOUR DU LAVOIR

STEINLEN

Prints of Modern Masters



THE SICK GIRL

MUNCH

tures; and in addition to this, they have the command of an uncommon speech. They whisper of things hidden in the material universe; they tell of secrets, terrible or cherishable, beyond our common ken. He has a love for the grey vistas of the night, this man. He is attracted to the velvet folds of darkness, where he sees things, indeed, but sees them with an eye that is not unfamiliar with the realities of life.

His intellect, in other words, saves his originality from his imagination. Out of the chaos of human knowledge he evolves a profound symbolism that captivates the understanding. Nor is there aught of the trite and commonplace or the merely fantastic in the conception and execution of his superb lithographs. The temptation of St. Anthony, for instance, is one of the hackneyed subjects in art and literature. But Redon's version of it is not only original; it is intellectually as well as ar-

tistically convincing. There is an invention in his technique which the hatchet stroke of Degas alone does not illuminate. The figments of a dream in his hand are turned into something that is amazingly vital and stirring. His conceptions, like Blake's, are sometimes too chimerical, but his figures rise out of the heaving darkness in solid and colossal form.

If Redon addresses us in symbols, however, Steinlen who has also mastered the Degas technique, talks to us in the idiom of the street, in the dialect of the people. True, his art has a social message, is grim with an economic and a moral purpose; but seldom is it sacrificed to a cause or even compromised. The cartoon in his hand is first an artistic pledge, after that, an artistic weapon. His figures reflect the mastery of his technique as draughtsman and etcher as well as the crushed spirit of humanity;— the spirit of the underworld upon which he gazes, not with the smile of a satir-

Prints of Modern Masters

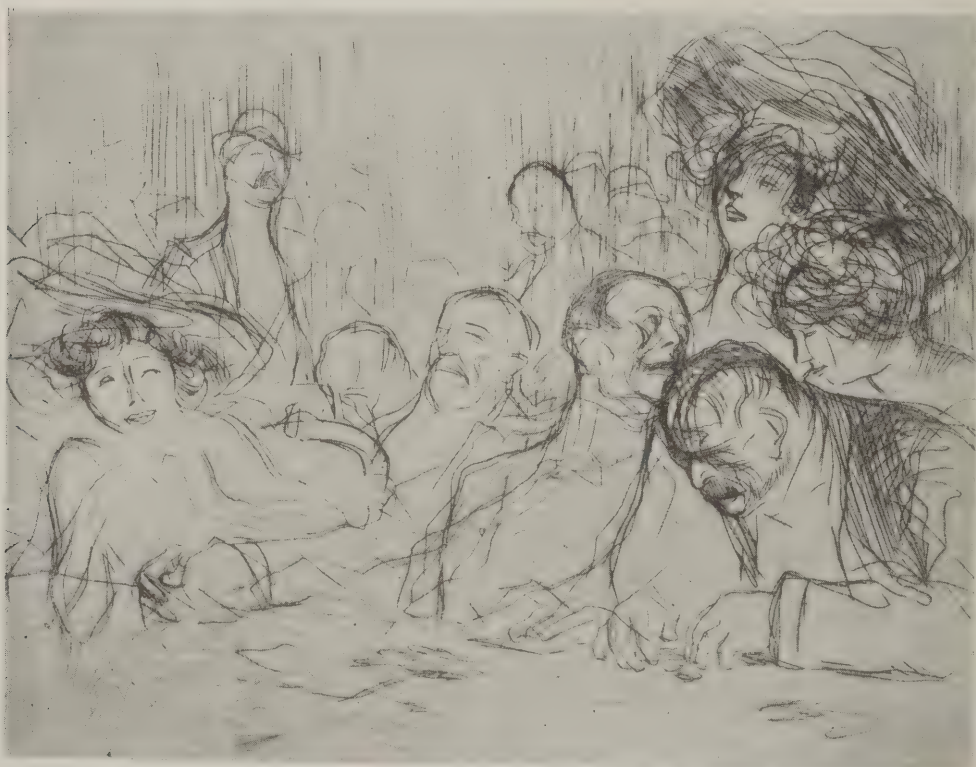
ist, but with the rage of a prophet. "His work," says Roger Marx, "is imbued with a deep spirit of brotherhood and pity and love."

Technically it is free from any artificial blandishments—no trick of refinement, no intricacy of line or tone. A direct and powerful stroke suffices his purpose. He seeks and finds his effects by the simplest means. His work, even like Degas', reveals the great secret of art, which is selection and simplicity. In his etching, *Retour du Lavoir*, the washerwomen, a group of muscular young creatures whose faces are aged with toil and suffering, are as powerfully conceived and executed as those of Degas. His *L'Enfant Malade* is an achievement worthy of Van Gogh.

On the other hand, he is capable of producing, in the manner that the drypoint dictates, such plates as *Vielle Femme* and *Temps d'Orage*. The sweep of line in them is full of delicate and vivid charm. They appeal to the eye, to the æsthetic feeling rather, before they appeal to the social consciousness. Even *Les*

Moutons de Boisdeffre, a lithograph representing the madness of the mob, is a proof of this. His graphic power is here supreme; the effect of the crowd in motion, stirred by a social or anti-social passion, is trenchantly produced. Observe in the foreground the two most conspicuous faces, savagely stupid, viciously idiotic—the key to the dominating spirit of the moment.

Edvard Munch has also a social conscience and sometimes adapts the symbol to his art. But, unlike Steinlen, he seems to labour under some terrible obsession; and unlike Redon, he symbolizes at times in vain. He does not touch the intellect in us nor does he arouse the emotions, when, pursuing an intention which is no doubt sincere, he calls the symbol to his aid. His work in this regard lacks the fascination that holds one in spite of oneself before an enigma or a thing of terror. But he is an anarchist in art, not an anarchist; his instinct is strongly, overwhelmingly positive. With a power of concentration and an intens-



A LA TABLE DE JEU

FORAIN

Prints of Modern Masters



SCENE IN TAHITI

GAUGUIN

ity of feeling he gives to such etchings as *Dusk* and *The Kiss* a peculiar charm and a distinct appeal. *The Day After* suggests the work of Lautrec in Montmartre; and while it reveals the technical skill of Munch, it betrays the obsession within him. For instead of moving us to pity the girl's lot, it bids us share in the artist's indignation. And thus is spoiled a work of art. I am not of those who shrink from the morbid and crapulous. But when they are far-fetched, they lose their significance. And Munch seems to drag them in at times to appease his own poetic wrath.

We now come to one who is devoid of a social conscience, but not of the symbolic instinct. It has been said that Redon's drawings inspired Gauguin and Gauguin inspired Munch. This may be true, for it shows the downward progression of the symbol. *Les Drames de la Mer*, a vague something tumultuously fantastic, is an example of it. But Gauguin only trifled with symbols and other things before he entered upon his career as a painter pure and simple. In *Leda*, a curious

bit of composition,—the head of a girl and that of a swan in a circle,—he titillates our curiosity with a few words inverted in the printing. But the joke is on him who would decipher them.

Aside from these *chinoiseries*, there are two splendid coloured lithographs that represent the Gauguin we know before and after Tahiti. *Scene in Brittany* shows him still flirting with impressionism, while *Scene in Tahiti* is done in his later manner. It is a good example of the master's supreme harmonies in yellow and green and faded purple. The figures, like those in his paintings, are firmly but gracefully outlined; they suggest the primitive animalism that also appeals to us through its love of the ornamental in colour and design.

Aside from the symbol and the diatribe and the primitive in art, I have still to consider—for lack of space I can only call attention to the *fin de Siècle* manner of Forain and Lautrec. But Carrière's flourish can be forgiven in his purity of conception and treatment. This man, too, could evoke a luminous beauty

Prints of Modern Masters

out of the darkness. The lithograph was well suited to his purpose. His portrait of Verlaine is indeed an uncommon production. It is not the Verlaine who said, "*Je suis l'empereur du grand empire de décadence*," but the Verlaine of a transfiguration, the sad and contrite expression still harbouring nevertheless a suggestion of his having once argued with his God. There is also a forceful example of the summary process in *Hommage à Tolstoi*. The face that reveals the soul, the hand that holds out the torch, they testify, not only to the graphic power of Carrière, but to his noble poetic vision as well.

This vision is sometimes missed in Forain. But we do not look for it in Lautrec. Both these artists adopted the Degas formula in drawing. The one carried it to the boulevard, the other to Moulin Rouge. They both made it serve the wit of the cartoonist, the raillery of the cynic. Even in his more enduring work, in some of his etchings, Forain could not wholly overcome the boulevard spirit within

him. He is essentially a Parisian, not only in his gambling and court scenes, but also in those subjects that were incident to a latter day accession of religion. In *The Resurrection of Lazarus*, for instance, the most conspicuous figure—I hope it is not intended for the Christ—is strongly suggestive of a Paris revolutionist of the old days giving the grandiose gesture from the top of the barricade.

A fine lithograph of Toulouse-Lautrec, very amusing, in subject, is *Au Moulin Rouge: L'Union Franco-Russe*. A fat blonde, typically German (La Goulu perhaps, whom he frequently painted in many of his earlier subjects), must have posed for it. A cynical Gretchen posing as France! It intrigues the speculative fancy. I don't know what the artist may have had in mind. But one can see in the good-natured insolence of the girl and the pensiveness of the not-too-hopelessly-distracted youth that one day something *will happen*—contrary to all international sagacity and craft. And the artist, alas! was right.



L'UNION
FRANCO-RUSSE

TOULOUSE-
LAUTREC

A Revival of Mexican Art



DESIGN EMPLOYING
MEXICAN THEME

ADOLF
BEST-MAUGARD

A REVIVAL OF MEXICAN ART ELIZABETH CRUMP ENDERS

EVERY country eventually vibrates to its own art. Though it may have temporarily followed other gods, it will always, in the end, return to its own. So it has been with Mexico. Its art, through an evolution of centuries, had grown to be an individual one, a composite of three distinct influences. Chinese, Spanish and Aztec.

Already in early Aztec and Mayan art there had been evinced a decided similarity to Asiatic art—for what reasons we can only conjecture. Later began the great trading of Spain with the Orient and the carrying of Chinese merchandise across Mexico for shipment to other countries. Hence, with great ease, did Chinese art insinuate itself; and leave, as it were, a filigree of beauty upon the Aztec—Spanish ensemble.

About half a century ago, however, the people of Mexico began discarding their own designs and colours for those of European countries. With little discrimination, foreign patterns and materials were sought and Mexican objects of art completely rejected.

This was the situation in 1914, when Adolfo Best-Maugard, a young artist of Spanish-French extraction, came to Mexico City. For a year, in the National Museum he studied traceries and designs from fragments of old Aztec pottery, broken and dimmed by age. From two thousand of these studies, Mr. Best-Maugard selected seven basic Aztec motifs to be built and enlarged upon. So imbued did he become with the possibilities and spirit of his neglected realm that he finally went to the Director of Schools of Mexico City and was given permission to teach it to their five thousand pupils.

In a remarkably short time these students were making original designs—all Mexican—many crude, it is true, but essentially of their own land and permeated by the feeling of it. Into their various frets and patterns were brought numberless Aztec, Spanish and Chinese combinations—some so subtly assembled that it is difficult to determine just where the line of demarcation comes. The result, however, is unmistakably Mexican. With a real appreciation of its beauty they are now fired with the spirit of its recreation; and thus this apparently lost Mexican art is being re-born to its country.

Words . . . Words

WORDS . . . WORDS AN EDITORIAL

I OWE a serious apology. In my article on Hart House in the November issue I omitted to mention that the architects of that building are Messrs. Sproatt and Rolph of Toronto. I congratulate them.

In the past month I have seen more bad pictures than I ever hoped to see in my lifetime. The galleries, even the most reputable, are full of them. But I have no intention of writing about bad painting, even to condemn it. Life is too short.

Without any doubt the exhibition of Modern French Prints at Keppel's is the event of the month. I understand that it is being kept open on into January, so I advise all who have not seen it to do so at once. It is a stimulating experience. They are all so alive. Manet, Pissarro, Degas, Steinlen, Gauguin, Redon, the walls are crowded with them and when you have finished with the walls you can lie on the floor, as I did, and rummage through portfolios!

After the Keppel show everything else is tame. The English Drawings and Watercolours at Scott & Fowles' are most disappointing. True, they are by *living* men, but an almost identical exhibition could have been collected twenty years ago. Sheringham's fans and Rackham's and Dulac's illustrations! Not a hint of the later Dulac. True, there is a fine John, some delightful Meninsky Babies, and a MacEvoy, but in 1920!

The Fourth Annual Exhibition of Intimate Paintings at the Macbeth Galleries is what it sets out to be, a collection of beautiful unimportant pictures. There is a fine Melchers *Mother and Child* and a dull ditto, a small Davies, two Dangerfields, and an early Twachtman, *Venice*. This latter charmed me particularly and I have included it among the illustrations to Mr. Clark's article. It is in what Mr. Clark calls the "unctuous fatty style," but there is *painting* there for all that. The idea of the exhibition is a good one, and should prove popular.

Coming down to one-man shows we have only Mary Cassatt at Durand-Ruel. Mary

Cassatt is a problem. Obviously she can paint, but she followed the wrong masters. What real bond of sympathy can there have been between this New Englander and Degas? A struggle is reflected in her pictures. In the *Fillette au grand chapeau*, the hat and face are Degas, the hands and drapery—who knows? The contrast between the strength of the head and the flabbiness of the rest of the painting is remarkable.

A comparison between the sketches and completed paintings is illuminating. In the sketches Mary Cassatt expressed herself. Her drawing has freedom, her colour a degree of charm, if not of deep quality. In the paintings she is never completely at her ease. Her figures are stiff and posed. She is forever striving to be someone else and the real Mary insists on peeping through—not by way of relief. Her colour sense is uncertain, her command of light extremely so. Only her drawing makes some of her work bearable. Of the paintings shown in the present exhibition, a fairly representative one, the finest are the *Femme assise*, and the *Jeune femme cueillant un fruit*, which is in the same style. Of the pastels I would pick out the *Jeune Femme et Fillette*.

I had an extraordinary experience at an exhibition of Sculpture at the Union League Club. In the first place the hall porter took me for a tramp and was extremely averse to letting me in at all. Then the attendant had his suspicions too and insisted on conducting me up back stairs and through dark corridors for fear that I might meet some of the inmates. And then, for reward, polite dullness. I wandered round the room twice, admired Solon Borglum's *New-born Lamb*, Lucy Ripley's *Seated Figure*, some groups by Ellerhusen and then, chancing to turn my head suddenly, saw . . . at first I thought that it was alive, a *Head of the Virgin* in alabaster, by Lee Laurie. Who was Lee Laurie? And whence had come this face with smile half mocking, half tender? I had not seen it before. Yet it dominated the room.

So great was its effect upon me that I spent the whole of the next day tracking down Mr. Laurie. I could get no information out of *Who's Who*, nor had any one heard of him.

Words . . . Words

At length I found him, and found too the cause of his obscurity. His work is to be found in churches, rather than in the auction room. A day later I made a pilgrimage to the Church of St. Vincent Ferrer on Lexington Avenue at 66th Street, to view the completed statue, for which this head was originally intended. It occupies a prominent position to the right of the Chancel steps. I was not wholly disappointed. The silver crown and gilt draperies do not entirely destroy the charm, but it is not the Virgin of the alabaster head.

But the galleries are this month completely overshadowed by the Metropolitan Museum, which besides the Vanderbilt and Grinnell Bequests, in themselves important, has on view in the Sixth Room of the Egyptian Department the most perfect collection of burial models ever exhibited. This collection, divided equally between the Cairo Museum and the Metropolitan, is the supreme achievement of the Egyptian Expedition of 1918-20.

It was the custom 2,000 years before Christ for a wealthy man to have buried in a chamber close to his tomb a statue of himself, surrounded by models of his servants at work. Thus in that future life, which was in all points to resemble this, he hoped to live in the same luxury. Examples of these models had been often found before, but never so complete a collection. The occupier of the tomb, Mehenkwetre, was evidently a Councillor of considerable wealth and prestige, for in his tomb at Thebes was found a veritable Noah's Ark in a state of perfect preservation. Traveling boats, pleasure boats and canoes, complete with rowers at their oars, one even with sail still bent, cattle in the stall and at the slaughterhouse, brewery, bakery, granary, carpenter's shop, women weaving (the thread still intact), the whole Egyptian menage is there.

From the illustration some idea may be gained of the perfection of these models. In the bow is a man with a "fender" (the Nile must have been crowded in those days!). On either side the rowers, the cloth round their loins is still intact. In front of the cabin sits Mehenkwetre, sniffing a lotus, on his left a harpist, before him a singer. In the cabin

is his steward with trunks neatly packed away. In the stern the helmsman. The boat on the right contains the kitchen, complete to the joints of meat and jars of wine in the cabin.

The workmanship of these models is superb. In each there is life and movement. On one of the pleasure boats the crew are busy paddling, on another setting sail, on a third harpooning fish. All are extremely realistic and in each the design is perfect. That is what struck me most forcibly. That an artist who took such pleasure in minutiae should have been able to combine with perfection of detail, perfection of design.

Now look at the statuette of the girl bringing food to the tomb. Is that not in the modern tongue? And after 4,000 years. . . .

The latest thing in Catalogue Prefaces has just been sent me by the irrepressible James N. Rosenberg, announcing the sale by auction of his recent work. It is in the form of a letter addressed to Mr. Mitchell Kennerley.

"Dear Kennerley:

"'An outright auction? Without reserve? How about the dealers? And what a humiliation if your pictures bring less than the cost of the frames.' Thus an artist friend of mine when I told him of the coming auction sale of my pictures at the Anderson Galleries.

"'Humiliating? Nonsense. Ruysdael and Hobbema died in a poor-house. My fear is that my pictures will bring too much rather than too little.' This is how I did not answer, for I do not expect to die in any of those establishments which are reserved exclusively for artists of distinction.

"Then why wait for death or the dealer? I painted these pictures for the fun of it, I am selling them for the fun of it, and I trust no one will buy them except for the fun of it. For priceless as they will doubtless be to the collector in years to come, I hope no mere collector's instinct for an art investment will induce buying, since their present value is nil.

"Did I tell you that I am thinking of devoting the proceeds of the sale to establishing an American School for Art Critics?

Faithfully yours,

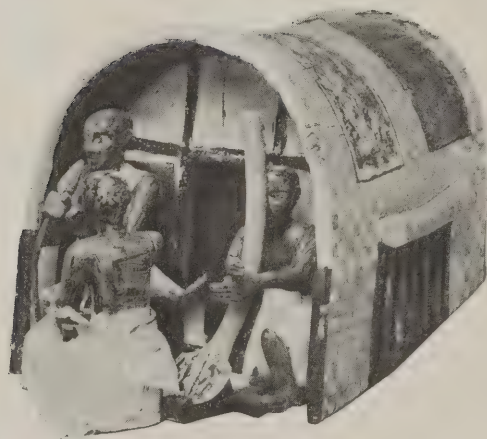
JAMES N. ROSENBERG."

I shall be present to collect the proceeds.



TRAVELLING BOATS

EGYPTIAN MODELS, 2000 B. C.



DETAIL OF ABOVE

Book Reviews

BOOK REVIEW

WALTER GAY. PAINTINGS OF FRENCH INTERIORS. E. P. Dutton & Co.
Reviewed by Marrion Wilcox

Walk with me through open country, and in an afternoon we may discover, at most, six or eight views that can be called true pictures. These are of primary importance, notable and memorable. All the other views are really of less permanent interest. They are secondary, because they just miss the full pictorial quality. You will find it easier, of course, to reproduce on your canvas any one of the six or eight primary views than any one of the secondary views. Moreover, if you choose wisely, the work will make you happier not only while you are doing it but also after it is done.

Thus even in the open country, with all its natural charm; by how much the more, then, in a wise choice of subjects seen to be the first requisite when an artist wishes to portray interiors. Here, in place of nature's charm, we seek examples of that very rare gift, exquisite taste, and we may discover only a single manifestation of exquisite taste, lending itself perfectly to pictorial treatment, though we may study the proportions, decorations and furnishing of rooms, galleries, halls, not just casually, as though while taking an afternoon walk, but most systematically, earnestly, and for quite a long time.

With such thoughts in our minds, we are better prepared to appreciate the swift and sure perception characteristic of a man who is an artist both by innate bent of mind and by long training; the unerring instinct for the apprehension of artistic value which makes him neglect secondary subjects and give his attention to none but principal, really significant and memorable examples of *le charme d'intimité*.

Mr. Walter Gay chooses for representation such interiors as have in a high degree the pictorial quality. Then, in each chosen interior, we may suppose that he selects those objects which make a true picture, and shows us those objects only—or with compelling emphasis shows them chiefly—enhancing by true interpretation, the beauty of those which seem to

be the most significant, and joining the significant features together not only by emphasis of drawing, lighting and colour but also by subtle harmonies of tone or shading, even as certain notes of music, though far apart, are bound each to each by natural consonance.

Apparently an actual human experience (a dramatic episode or interesting bit of real life, it might be better to say) and a different episode, spontaneously different, for each scene, is kept constantly in mind by the painter while at work; and so the observer's fancy summons the well-remembered figures created or portrayed by eighteenth century French masters. At this call they come, with considerable decrease in size to suit the smaller canvas. Presently they seem to occupy, for instance, these chairs of the Louis XV period, this "yellow sofa, château du Bréau."

A little quiet musing, whenever a number of Mr. Walter Gay's pictures are before you, will bring back the living sense of an age that was like an historic *interval* of taste. Fortunately it is an age not yet too old. Old enough it certainly is to yield already the pure delight inherent in all things that grow old beautifully; but we realize gratefully that it has not yet acquired, from our point of view, any coldly archaic and strange or repellent features.

Now, should it not seem a boon to us that a painter, simply by his virtuosity, has put into his pictures many alluring intimations of French eighteenth century life, glimpses of an age which is not too old to delight as well as inspire? Well then, Mr. Walter Gay has achieved this. He has achieved this admirably, indeed. He has captured (to set free again) the spirit of an age, somewhat as Washington Irving fixed upon his pages, by his literary skill, the romance of old Spanish scenes.

Other books received include:

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF DRESS. Life expressed in clothes. By Frank Alvah Parsons. Illustrated with reproductions of costumes from the Middle Ages to the present day. Doubleday, Page & Company.

OLD WORLD LACE OR A GUIDE FOR THE LACE LOVER. By Clara M. Blum. With numerous illustrations. E. P. Dutton & Company.



EGYPTIAN BURIAL
MODEL

FROM TOMB
OF MEHENKWETRE

The INTERNATIONAL • STUDIO •

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FEBRUARY, 1921

THE FORTY UNDISCOVERED WHISTLERS BY JOSEPH PENNELL

THE story of a discovery of Whistler's work in Baltimore has made a sensation in the art cotes of Europe and America. Anything by Whistler or about Whistler now is good enough to hang an article or a paragraph on, just as a few years ago anything about Whistler or by Whistler was good enough for the same people to shy a brick at. The world has moved if the critics have not. This incident is interesting to note for it is a positive proof of what I have been saying, that there is no art criticism on the North American Continent, nor any art critics save two or three. Not only are there few art critics, there are but two or three Directors or Curators in the United States of America who have been properly trained or whose word on the subject of prints is of value. The art lecturers are in the same category. From the time of Ruskin and that incurable bore, that peddler and purveyor of art to the universities, Charles Eliot Norton, art has been preached in the United States from the high places, but almost the only incident that has occurred is Mr. Berenson, now pretty well forgotten I believe. However, critics, experts and curators rush in where artists hesitate. And Baltimore gives the latest example.

There appeared about a month ago in the papers of the United States headings like the following, taken from *The New York Sun*, copied not only all over this country but in Europe: 'WHISTLERS NEW TO FAME FOUND. FORTY WATER COLOURS DISCOVERED IN MARY-

LAND INSTITUTE.' Leaders were printed on the subject in the same *New York Sun* and other papers. We were further told that this great find had been recently unearthed in Baltimore and that Mr. Fitzroy Carrington, Curator of Prints in the Boston Museum, Lecturer on Art at Harvard, Honorary Curator of Museums too numerous to mention, had come down a year ago to study them—though I have not heard if he has been there since; that he had pronounced the collection only second to that of S. P. Avery; and that, as a mark of their appreciation, the Directors of the Maryland Institute and School of Art had appointed him Honorary Curator of these prints. The news travelled to London and *The Times* had the following paragraph on DISCOVERY OF PICTURES. UNSUSPECTED TREASURES IN BALTIMORE: "Among the portfolios bequeathed to the Maryland Institute in Baltimore by the late Mr. George A. Lucas, a collector in Paris, a number of interesting and valuable discoveries have been made. Forty original water-colours by Whistler. . . . Until Mr. Fitzroy Carrington, the Curator of the Boston Museum, visited the Maryland Institute a few days ago, its members were ignorant of the treasures contained in the Lucas portfolios." On his return from his visit to Baltimore in the early spring of 1920, Mr. Carrington stopped over in Philadelphia and called on Mrs. Pennell, then informing her of his discovery of this collection which we had seen sixteen years ago in Paris and the Whistler items of which we had gone over at the Maryland Institute more than a year previous to Mr. Carrington's visit, and this last fact, she told him, somewhat to his astonish-

The Forty Undiscovered Whistlers

ment! Mr. Carrington has more lately informed me that he has also been made Honorary Curator of the Museums in Providence and Detroit. I would suggest that Mr. Carrington be made the only Curator of Prints in America, though he might then come under that Inter-State Trust Act which has dissolved the Standard Oil and other similar combinations. But let me dismiss Mr. Carrington for a moment—though not quite yet for I must refer to the concluding paragraph of his article in *THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO* for December, where he says that he cannot “claim to have found anything” in the Whistler Collection at the Maryland Institute, and I quite agree with him that he cannot.

This Whistler Collection, the property of the late Mr. George A. Lucas of Paris, formed part of the great Lucas Collection left—via Mr. Walters—to his native city some years ago and stored, I believe for several years, in the Maryland Institute, most of it until recently in a state of incredible neglect and confusion. Mr. Lucas and his collection have been perfectly well known for at least sixty years to every student, collector and dealer who knew anything at all. Mr. George A. Lucas was a public institution in Paris. He was a member of a distinguished Baltimore family and was sent to Europe in connection with the Whistler, Winans, Harrison engineering concerns. [I am just informed that Mr. Lucas was S. P. Avery's agent in Paris.] His Paris apartment was a museum, especially of the work of the men of the Thirties. He also collected Barye bronzes and it was he who interested Corcoran and Walters in Barye and got together for them the examples now in the museums at Washington and Baltimore. Another group of Barye water colours and bronzes is in the Maryland Institute, but has barely been referred to by any of the authorities on the great Baltimore discovery, though it is the most important collection within the whole Lucas collection. There are also the palettes of contemporary artists, one of the funniest if, in some ways, extraordinary fads that any one ever went in for. These palettes are set, many of them, with the colours the painters used, and some have original sketches on them by the artists. Was it because they

are catalogued and installed upstairs with the Baryes that Mr. Carrington and the other experts seem to have been unaware of their existence? To go further into the matter, we visited Mr. Lucas on several occasions in Paris, the first visit on February 11th, 1904, when Mrs. Pennell was taken to call on him by M. Théodore Duret. We saw his collections and talked with him of many things. Mr. Carrington, in his article, says “strangely enough Mr. Lucas is barely mentioned in their entertaining biography”—our *Life of Whistler*. I might explain to Mr. Carrington that we were writing the life of Whistler and not of George A. Lucas, to whom we referred as often and at as great length as we thought necessary. But I would think it more accurate on Mr. Carrington's part as a Curator had he said “useful biography,” as he obtained virtually all his facts from it, in the four pages of letter press quoting us eight times and never acknowledging the source of his information once. And the book supplied him also with the information he published on the subject in *The New York Times* of the 21st of November, with no reference to us whatever. We cannot help flattering ourselves on our usefulness to Mr. Carrington. But then in another of his pronouncements he has said his method is never to be original but to get it all out of books—out of our book on this occasion.

But to consider the Whistler collection. It consists of a very varied series of etchings, many of which derive their special interest from their inscriptions from Whistler to Lucas or from Lucas' comments on them, though they amazed Mr. Carrington more as prints. As to the details, I can supply Mr. Carrington with additional information which was written down on February 11th, 1904, but which there was no necessity to publish before. The note will probably have the value of news to Mr. Carrington and other curators:

“Among his etchings was a very fine print of *The Kitchen* which Mr. Lucas said he had picked up a few years ago in an old shop in the Latin Quarter, already framed, for a franc. He had shown it to Whistler, who had signed it for him with name and Butterfly both, as he had a number of others. . . . The way Mr. Lucas came by six prints of *The*

The Forty Undiscovered Whistlers

George Lucas. and his art dealer.



Whistler v. Ruskin

ART & ART CRITICS

BY

J. A. MACNEILL WHISTLER



London

CHATTO & WINDUS, PICCADILLY

Thames Set was interesting. Whistler had sent them to the *Salon* through a dealer, to whom they had been returned when the *Salon* closed. But the dealer refused to give them up to Whistler who owed him some money. Mr. Lucas was in his shop one day and the dealer showed them, abusing Whistler, offering them for sale, saying, 'Why don't your friend, that scoundrel Whistler, pay me what he owes me? As he has not paid me, I shall sell his etchings to whomever will buy them!' Mr. Lucas, who did not like hearing Whistler abused in that sort of fashion, went straight to him and said, 'Look here, you oughtn't to let him go on talking about you like that—you ought to settle with him, if only to stop him.' But Whistler couldn't pay him and asked Mr. Lucas if he wouldn't pay what the dealer asked for the etchings and carry them off—which Mr. Lucas did. It was only, he said,

for the trifling sum of a hundred or a hundred and fifty francs the dealer was behaving so abominably, and it was for that sum Mr. Lucas got the etchings. Whistler insisted that he should keep them and signed them all with name and Butterfly."

The Butterfly, however, was probably signed much later. Whistler had a way of signing early prints and books with later Butterflies when they were brought to him and he was especially pleased with them. This we have seen him do and he did it for us. It will no doubt also be news to Mr. Carrington, as it was to the authorities at the Maryland Institute when I spoke of it and looked for the work in Baltimore, to hear that an oil painting of Lucas by Whistler has disappeared from the collection. Mrs. Pennell described it in her notes and I publish the description now for the first time. There was besides a

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PLATE FROM THOMPSON CATALOGUE

J. MC N. WHISTLER

water colour of Maud that has disappeared from among the forty water colours said to be in the collection. I quote again from the note of February 11th, 1904:

"Mr. Lucas brought out a portrait of himself in oils which Whistler had done, or rather begun, once when staying with him in his place in the country. There had been only two sittings and then Whistler had not been able to stand the country any longer and had hurried away. It is a small portrait—anticipating the Holloway, Hannay, Crockett portraits. A label, stating that it is the result of two sittings with the date, is on the back, and the date is 1886. Mr. Lucas was therefore twenty years almost younger, but it is still like. He stands, facing you, in a loose blue-black coat and trousers, cane in hand, against a brown background, charming in colour, full of character, and finished according to Whistler's definition. Mr. Lucas said it was characteristic that, as he heard afterwards, Whistler was much concerned about it—had asked some one who had seen it whether it was really beautiful, really his best—he did not want anything that was not to remain.

"Mr. Lucas also showed me a wonderful little water-colour of a woman in bed reading—a portrait of Maud, he said, a sketch, the background simply suggested, but the pose, the arrangement, the colour with all Whistler's charm. That, Mr. Lucas said, for the real lover of Whistler, was perfect."

The Lucas family and the Trustees of the Institute do not know what has become of these two works. I might add incidentally that I am afraid at least one of the most important prints, the *Annie Haden* in big crinoline and soup-plate hat, has vanished. When invited to lecture at the Maryland Institute on January 23rd, 1919, I found the walls of the Lecture Room covered with the Lucas etchings, displayed in a most indecent and slovenly manner. This I believe was the first time they were shown to the public. I returned with a Baltimore collector the next morning and went through all the prints and letters and other documents—all in the most hopeless confusion,—and it was then, if I remember, that I saw the *Annie Haden*.

Among other things, on our last visit December 17th, a number of the destroyed plates

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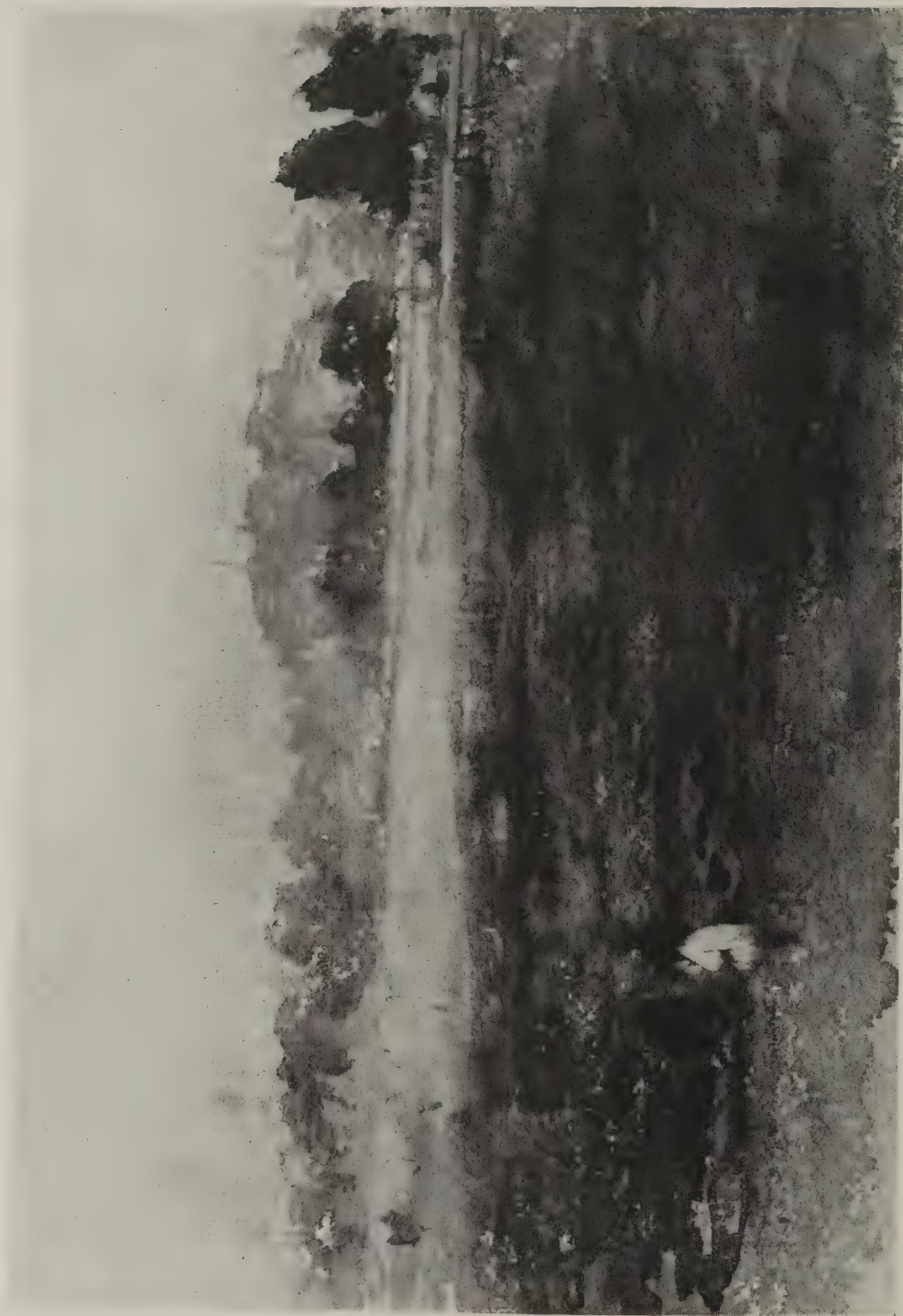


REJECTED DRAWING FROM THE THOMPSON CATALOGUE

J. MC N. WHISTLER

were produced as great rarities, though the entire series was issued within an unlettered book cover by the Fine Art Society, London. Of this detail the Honorary Curator does not seem to have informed the Institute authorities—or did he know it himself? He ignores them entirely in his article. The first time we saw Mr. Lucas' set was in 1904. He had lent

the prints from the destroyed plates to M. Duret who was writing his *Whistler* and who showed them to us in the bound volume in his Paris apartment on February 10th. The next day, the 11th, Lucas referred to it. He said, "They were plates mostly Whistler had destroyed when he was sold out in his Chelsea house after the Ruskin trial—some very



WATER COLOUR (WINDSOR CASTLE?)

J. McN. WHISTLER

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SKETCH OF
ROSA CORDER

J. MC N.
WHISTLER

rare. Mr. Lucas said he had not collected and bound them himself, but had bought the Album as it is at a sale at the Hotel Drouot. One or two he had taken out, though destroyed, to complete his incomplete sets of certain of the etchings." All those now in the Lucas Collection have been taken out of the cover which has disappeared. I bought a copy in London, at the Dowdeswell sale at Christie's in 1917, and it is now in our Whistler Collection in the Print Division of the Library of Congress.

The large number of letters from Whistler, Dr. Whistler, Maud, and others to Lucas seem to have been a revelation to the Honorary Curator, though, when we saw them two years ago and expressed an interest in them, the Maryland Institute sent us copies of the complete collection. There were then several letters from and about Mr. Frederick Keppel, which seem to have disappeared. At any rate, on our last visit, the Director did not show them. On the other hand we found a letter from Whistler to Lucas which we had not seen and which contained valuable confirmation of facts we had long been wanting to get.

The most important part of the collection, the greatest find, remains to be considered: *The Unknown Whistler Originals; The Forty Water Colours; The Masterpieces in Art; The Forty Whistler Drawings; The Art Discovery*; as the papers have described it, telling us that these gems of the collection had been kept very quiet, that no one had seen them. We certainly had not, and on the 17th of Decem-



SKETCH OF
CONNIE GILCHRIST

J. MC N.
WHISTLER

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ber we visited Baltimore. Everything was delightfully displayed for us by the new Director, Mr. Alon Bement, who, in the short time that he has been connected with the School, has had the Whistler prints mounted, frames made for them, and now proposes to show them in series of fifty at a time and thus make known in the best manner what is undoubtedly a very interesting collection. He has also fitted up a gallery in which they are to be exhibited, and in this good work he is being supported by the people of Baltimore. We saw many things of which we were glad to make notes for our own personal use—a photograph of the destroyed version of *The Fur Jacket* with Whistler's title for it in Whistler's writing underneath: *Arrangement in Brown*; another photograph of the destroyed full-length portrait of Maud, one of two we published in the *Life*, again with the title in his writing: *Harmony in Flesh Colour and Red*; a copy of his *Art and Art Critics* with the inscription *George Lucas avec bien des choses*, signed with the Butterfly; rare newspaper cuttings; a few lithographs, mostly from the publications to which he contributed them, though one or two are genuine proofs and signed. But our chief interest was in the forty water colours and at these we first looked. There certainly was one water colour we do not remember to have seen before. Then the others were shown to us. Two were pencil sketches, one of the *Connie Gilchrist*, one of the *Rosa Corder*, on pieces of blue writing paper—sketches such as Whistler often made from memory to show what he was working at, and probably these two were made in this way for Lucas. Similar sketches are reproduced in the “entertaining biography.” A pen sketch of the *Miss Alexander* on the back of an invitation also was probably done to show Lucas the design. And then came the gem of the whole collection—a photo-engraving of this pen drawing placed among the originals, sketch and reproduction described as “two pen-and-ink drawings.” Next, we found what we had especially come to see—“the twenty-two water colours that were made for the porcelains for the Thompson Catalogue.” We were interested for we knew, and all those who know anything knew, that the original drawings for

the *Catalogue of Blue and White Nankin Porcelain Forming the Collection of Sir Henry Thompson* are owned by Mr. Pickford Waller of London. We also knew, and Mr. Frederick Keppel knew that another set of these drawings had come up for sale, for Mr. Keppel had some of them and sold them, so that Mr. Carrington, who we think was in Mr. Keppel's employ at the time, should have known it too. A second set was astonishing. But that a third set should suddenly appear was paralyzing. Was another Whistler mystery looming up—or what? And we hurried to Baltimore. Thirty-six drawings besides were to be accounted for. We looked once. We looked twice. We looked at each other. We looked three times. And then we looked at the Director, and we said, “Nineteen”—the Director had said twenty two—“we think are bad proofs rejected by the Autotype Company in London. One is a drawing in wash, and a very bad one by Whistler, the reason it was never used. Indeed, the fact is stated in the French language in Mr. Lucas' handwriting across the top, *Dessin original de Whistler non employé dans le catalogue de Sir Henry Thompson.*” ‘Not to be used’ is written below in English. The letter lying with the drawings which you do not seem to have quite understood and which the Honorary Curator does not seem to have noticed, is from Mr. Murray Marks, who edited the Catalogue, to ‘Dear Philippe,’ possibly Philippe Burty. In it he speaks of these prints, and the letter is written in English, dated March 9th, 1899, with the address 23A Old Bond Street: ‘After a long search I succeeded in finding a complete set of proofs among my valuable collection of oddments and posted them to you yesterday. The plate marked ‘not to be used’ was not included in the catalogue. Please present these to our mutual friend with my kind regards.’ Even Marks made a blunder for what he calls ‘plate’ is an original drawing.” There is a reference to the series in Mrs. Pennell's note of February 11th, 1904. “Mr. Lucas has also a collection of proofs of the reproduction of the drawings for the Catalogue of the Collection of Porcelain, with one original drawing.”

It is of course too much to ask that an Honorary Curator should be able to distinguish

The Forty Undiscovered Whistlers



PEN SKETCH OF MISS ALEXANDER

J. MC N. WHISTLER

between an original and a reproduction, but it does seem strange that he is not able to count and cannot account for thirty-eight missing water colours. Now I know what Mr. Carrington will say, which is that he did not say it, just as he said that he did not find anything. But if Mr. Carrington did not say any of these things, he allowed the press of this country and England, including the art critics so-called and the curators, to discuss this find, to discuss these forty water colours, to give him the credit for discovering them,

and if he knew the statements to be false, he has made no attempt to repudiate them, to deny them here or when they have been repeated in good faith in journals of repute in Europe. It seems a curious position to find himself in for a Curator of the Print Room of the Boston Museum, a lecturer at Harvard University, and an Honorary Curator of we do not know how many museums besides. But Mr. Carrington has found something. He has found a mare's nest and put his foot in it.

Landscape Painting in America

LANDSCAPE PAINTING IN
AMERICA
ERNEST LAWSON
BY AMEEN RIHANI

IN the development of pure landscape painting, the work of Ernest Lawson contributes an element of distinction. And in its own development, it has attained a refinement and balance of expression that give it both vitality and charm. It has all the qualities of modernity, but it is not ultra-modern. It links with the past through formulas that have stood the acid test of cosmic laws,—in places where the past is not an official guide but only an interested witness. It has individuality and sobriety and power. It strikes a balance, in its latest development, between colour and form. It pays a tribute to the poet's ideal of beauty and recognizes at the same time the moulding influence of the material fact. For Mr. Lawson has a very refined sense of colour and a sophisticated sense of form; and in the use of both he has developed a technique that is wholly his own.

Once in Spain he had some trouble in finding the formula that gives his recent work its adequate expression. He could not strike a balance between colour and form. He heard the sirens of the rainbow call and he followed them to a land of melodies in opal tints and symphonies in turquoise hues. His canvases, painted there, have a jewel-like quality, indeed, and are deeply, though not mawkishly, emotional. There is an intensity and brilliancy in his pigment that are reminiscent of an Andalusian landscape in the haze and glow of dawn; and there is a subtlety in his impasto that suggests the powder of a butterfly's wing on the rim of a rose or the frost on the mulch under a sudden shaft of light. They give us the feeling, these Spanish canvases, that the artist, in moments of conscious restraint, has only been able to control his accents, which depend wholly upon line. But rhythm, which depends more on colour, sometimes overcomes his most sustained effort.

The trees in these canvases, the winding roads, the bridges, the cathedral towers, the very rocks seem to be lost in a diffusion of colour and light. Opacities in a nearby view melt into harmonies; articulations of distance

are composed into fugues. Even some of the details of tonality are striking. Ernest Lawson, in his prodigality, does not overlook the precious coin. We see it, particularly in his chiaroscuro, well spent or well invested, and it yields us a rare joy. The play of reflections upon surfaces, the fugitive waves of light and shade that give his greens especially a rare distinction, the subtle blending that sometimes bridges an obvious break in the composition, even the shadow of clouds promenading on terraces beneath cathedral towers,—they are all there to remind us that this prodigal has lapses of abstention in which he evinces a subtle appreciation of inner beauty and ethereal effects.

Few artists can be consistent in Spain, or can, at least, resist the temptations it holds forth. Because it is superficially a man's country and officially a bull's, its grace and charm are often lost on canvas in an atmosphere of feigned virility; and its ruggedness here and there is translated into an idiom of brutal power. The atmosphere of romantic idealism, so vibrant and absorbing, is made subservient by the modern artist to the reality of the street and the arena. But Ernest Lawson has not been seduced by these superficial brilliancies. He sought the more enduring, the more real. Even here, however, artists often lose themselves in the architectural mazes of the country or in its opulence of color. The result is either too pictorial or too chromatically amorphous. And although Mr. Lawson was irresistibly drawn one way or the other at different times, there is evidence in his Spanish canvases, slight as it is, of the chaste quality and the restraint that mark his more recent work. There is no break, in other words, in the development of his style and technique.

I take *Segovia* as an example that fairly represents his qualities and his faults of that period. As an achievement in colour, it leaves little to be desired. The high note in the symphony echoes deep and wide; the very rocks seem to respond to the pink adobes of the city's roofs; and the underglow throughout is superb. But as a composition, it could have been improved upon. The cathedral that dominates the city could have been made to dominate both the city and the hills; and thus,

Landscape Painting in America



SEGOVIA

ERNEST LAWSON

by eliminating a little architecture in the shifting, the pictorial effects would have been avoided and a better focus obtained.

Judging from these canvases one would say that Mr. Lawson is primarily a colourist. He is more. He is a stylist with a sense of form as real, though not always as apparent, as his sense of colour. His compositions are intellectual efforts that often succeed from sheer determination. His feelings are expressed in the richly shaded articulations of his mind. And yet, there is always a softly swelling melody in his tones. He knows, however, that intensity, particularly in the lyric mood, often kills a melody or a colour, and tonality always saves them. If he did not, his work would not have attained its present state of development. No, I can not imagine this artist rushing at Nature with a brush.

He is deliberate and calm; he feels deeply, but seldom without reason. He knows the value of colour and form in their dependence upon each other.

It was one of Cézanne's ideas that the richer the colour the fuller the form;—or, the deeper the feeling the more pleasing the aspect. But this is true only when colour gathers opulence of light and tone and thus begins to act upon form, effecting its measure, giving it an added poise, a solid footing. To be sure, colour goes first, leads the way. This is the most accepted of cosmogonic hypotheses. From the greyish, bluish, purplish nebula, the planet takes form.

And colour in Ernest Lawson's work goes first, leads the way to wherever there is beauty in nature—beauty of rhythm, of tone, of line, of volume. His technique does not hold his

Landscape Painting in America



CATHEDRAL HEIGHTS

ERNEST LAWSON

vision in subjection. His intensity is overshadowed, in his New York and New Hampshire scenes, by his opulence. He is not afraid, in his recent work, of looking at nature in a straightforward manner and treating her with a simplicity that yields only to his delicate aesthetic apprehensions. The poetic grace is sustained in his most vigorous moments. Indeed, there is a tenderness in his power that holds one a willing captive. That is why, perhaps, a hesitation is sometimes detected in his line. But the tonal opulence more than compensates for the casual lack of decision.

Does not this seem inevitable, however, in the work of a stylist, which has a finished sophistication and an individuality of expression and feeling? And what is decision's place

in a flow of dreamy loveliness from the palette of a lyric poet? Mr. Lawson, however, recognizes here the importance of the decorative, although he does not always take as much interest in the formally balanced line and the rhythmic pattern as he does in the mass of light and colour and shade. These he follows with a supreme devotion. More in the suggestion than the expression, is he a seeker of the beautiful. That is why, in places where we least expect beauty, he surprises us with a charming testimony of its presence. The hemlocks of the Bronx, the birches of the hills of New Hampshire, even the cloud shadows of Spuyten Duyvel are all expressive of the penetrating eye of the artist and his more penetrating sense of colour and atmosphere and design. He is as eloquent in his repres-

Landscape Painting in America

sions in these canvases as he is in his tonalities. The aesthetic gesture emphasizes the chastened feeling.

Morning Light is a good example of his idea of a landscape, pure and simple. It fairly illustrates his developed style and technique, and represents him in a particularly happy mood. It is very pleasing as a whole; in detail, it is charming. His shades of green—he certainly can paint greens—have a rare distinction. The water is rich with reflections and atmospheric effects. Even the rocks have a jewel-like quality. One may quarrel with his trees, which look sometimes like shadows twixt heaven and earth. But seen from a proper distance and in their surroundings, they are quite real, and very pleasing and assuring. In *Morning Light* they give a distinct charm to the composition and the scene.

So too in *Cathedral Heights*, which will also

serve as an instance of Mr. Lawson's keen artistic perceptions. *St. John the Divine* has been the subject of criticism and abuse ever since the masons abandoned it in an unfinished state. A monstrous amorphous pile, we exclaim, and turn away from it. But the artist sees it in its setting, and lo, a masterpiece. The curtain of trees and the winding road offset and balance the massive pile on the heights; and the difficulty that the artist encountered, which would have resulted in the obvious academic defect of cutting the picture in half, is overcome by the tonalities that hold it, in a masterly blending, together. I wonder, when the edifice is completed, if Lawson's *Cathedral Heights* could be improved upon. Considered from every point of view, it is, to my mind, one of his best achievements, strong and firm and fine.



MORNING LIGHT

ERNEST LAWSON

The Artist and the Paint Pot

THE ARTIST AND THE PAINT POT—A PSYCHOLOGICAL INDUCTION.

BY JOHN WINSTANLEY

Two great authorities have hinted at the distinction—at the fact that when every dabbler in paint is an artist, the attributes of the Muse become more multivarious than is consistent with the feelings of a perfect lady. George Moore has said that great art sees, feels, dreams—reasons never; and “Hizzoner,” Mayor Hylan, with magnificent genius for generalization and delicate grace of gesture, has referred to “art artists.” Now as it is well known that greatness never so far condescends, the labour of particularization devolves upon the lowly critic, and even though he come face to face in a tulgy wood, with William Shakespeare and that Wiffing Jabberwauk “What-is-art,” he must, in Her defense, mount his rampant literary hack and break in a lance; be it no better than a hop pole, stripped to the “altogether” in strict accord with Treasury Department Firmin. Hence this show of force; of course, attempted with the prayer that *fortes fortuna adjuvat*, as Noah Webster so aptly puts it. Nevertheless, we do not forget that fortune favours the wise also; therefore, it were perhaps as well not to attack from the front but from the flank—from an entirely new angle, if one can be found. The usual fate of the artistic dragon slayer is most distressing. Generally he rides his Pegasus to death amid the wilds of the utmost confines and is last beheld sitting upon the edge of Cosmos, with his feet hanging over helplessly. As we do not desire this crown of Martyrdom and—pinning our immediate faith more to the typewriter than the ouija,—wish to remain on the earth, we had likely better never leave it. Anyway, there is almost enough humanity in artists for their work to be considered from a purely mundane point of view, so—let’s go.

It is unquestioned that there exists in the minds of the *hoi polloi*—and of other competent judges as well—considerable confusion as between the genius who paints pictures, and the luckless wight who paints Art. Just why the former is not an artist, they cannot under-

stand, and what kind of a being an artist may be, none of them know, save the omnipotent American Business Man, whose opinion we are not, fortunately, bound to accept. That there exists two classes of artists—aside from the commercial, newspaper and magazine monstrosity—is obvious. One is represented by the man whose work is accepted generally and accorded the validity of a college diploma, and the other forms the basis for the venerable artist-garret joke; which to him who lacks an independent income, is no joke at all. The former finds no difficulty in making himself understood. His progress, from his school days to his column obituary and subsequent oblivion in the Hall of Fame, is consistent. If his ability is exceptional, he passes over the art world a brilliant meteor, leaving in his train worn-out fonts of type, worn-out drawing room rugs and worn-out bank books; but the latter seldom till late in life gets even a hearing, and even then his popularity is but x in the equation. He appears in the school and the exhibitions—when they will let him—and between times fades from view, his very existence unknown save to the discerning few. Usually arteriosclerosis claims him while in such state; sometimes he is rescued alive, but whatever his fate, he leaves his imprint upon the art of the world. Alive he is dead; dead he is sought after. When the final act of the little drama is over, and a sketch of his life is appended—in agate—to the record auction price of the year, the average man, the man on the street, slumping to the back of his neck in his office chair, and waving his strangely strong Connecticut perfecto, delivers the verdict: that the trouble with that fellow was, he was unbusinesslike. He should have painted what people wanted—produced a marketable commodity.

Now, granting that the difference between these two examples is fundamental, and no mere matter of supply and demand, still—*vox populi, vox Dei*—may it not be possible to find in this view, trite and commonplace as it is, the germ of a sound hypostasis which will enable us to define the respective artistic characteristics of these two men; for it must be apparent that the easily accepted work, that type of painting which passes unquestioned,

The Artist and the Paint Pot

must follow the line of least resistance—must be something readily comprehended by the mass—and assuming that both painters are sincere men, neither willing to capitalize the known public weaknesses, and of approximate ability; then the capacity for general appeal must be inherent in the work and an index of the attributes of its producer. Let us then see if it be possible to determine the mass preference; that quality in painting to which it will soonest react favourably, that we may apply it as a unit of measurement.

Fortunately for the reader, the answer to the problem is at hand and if we are to believe history, as written on the rocks in prehistoric times, has always, since the dawn of the art instinct, stood ready for our reading. Speaking of the drawings on the walls of caves in France, made during the Quaternary period, M. Reinach remarks that their most striking quality is realism—that fancy seems to be absolutely excluded; and if we, in our turn, review in our memory those canvases which have from time to time been generally acclaimed; confining ourselves to such as were accepted casually, winning flattering and favourable comment from the profession, laymen and press, without arousing contention in this or that quarter; we cannot help but conclude that their basic quality is one with the productions of the man who hunted the bison and reindeer ten thousand years ago. One of the writer's earliest recollections of a demonstration of public approval is of that which was bestowed upon a painting depicting the varied ordnance with which Uncle Rastus was wont to hunt the toothsome red head duck—generally sold as a canvas back—all represented as hanging upon a barn door. Although it seemingly would have been quite possible to fire the guns and pick the feathers—doubtless the bones as well—the quality for which each spectator most loudly demanded approval from his fellow at his elbow, was the painting of the nail upon which the collection hung and which appeared to stick out from its background as nothing but a nail or the face of an Academy portrait ever could or can. Although freely admitting the puerility of such an example when contrasted with those seen upon varnishing days and at hushed gatherings, it

nevertheless remains that that nail is symbolical of painting as generally accepted and appreciated. It has been reproduced in the catalogues of exhibitions and written about in the press; it has fastened most of the names to the roll of membership of the various art societies, and supported the picture of the year; aside from publicity, it has always proved the strongest magnet to draw the Price from the purchaser, and, driven with matchless facility, it has served as the peg for a great and deserved Reputation.

The technical proof of a common genesis for all realistic pictures lies in the possibility of comparing both the very bad and the very good, point for point and quality for quality. Were it possible to place Uncle Rastus' gun and game bag beside a portrait by the accepted master, we could judge each from the other; never being at a loss for contrasting qualities. Seen together, faults would be instantly apparent. The former would be niggardly in drawing, the latter incisive; the first would lack atmosphere, the second have it in abundance; the implements of Rastus would be as dead and black as himself, the colour of the masterpiece virile; and in addition, it would show a mastery of the medium as against laborious, limping execution. These, and a hundred other charges we might bring against the first, but—and this is the vital point—we would never stand bewildered, asking of ourselves, if one were painting, what on earth could the other be. We would at once recognize a very good and very bad work, but consider both as painting. Deciding in which of the pictures the objects had been worthily represented, we would fall to admiring it from instincts which psychology tells us are two of the strongest of human traits; the love of the "stunt" and the love of craftsmanship. One and all we wonder at the seeming impossibility being accomplished—life counterfeited—and one and all we admire good work—the thing well done according to such conventional standards as we may have acquired since our primary amazement at the thing being done at all. Is it then, not logical to infer that this quality—Realism—alone, constitutes the line of least resistance, and that the easy position of the first painter is due to his psychological simi-



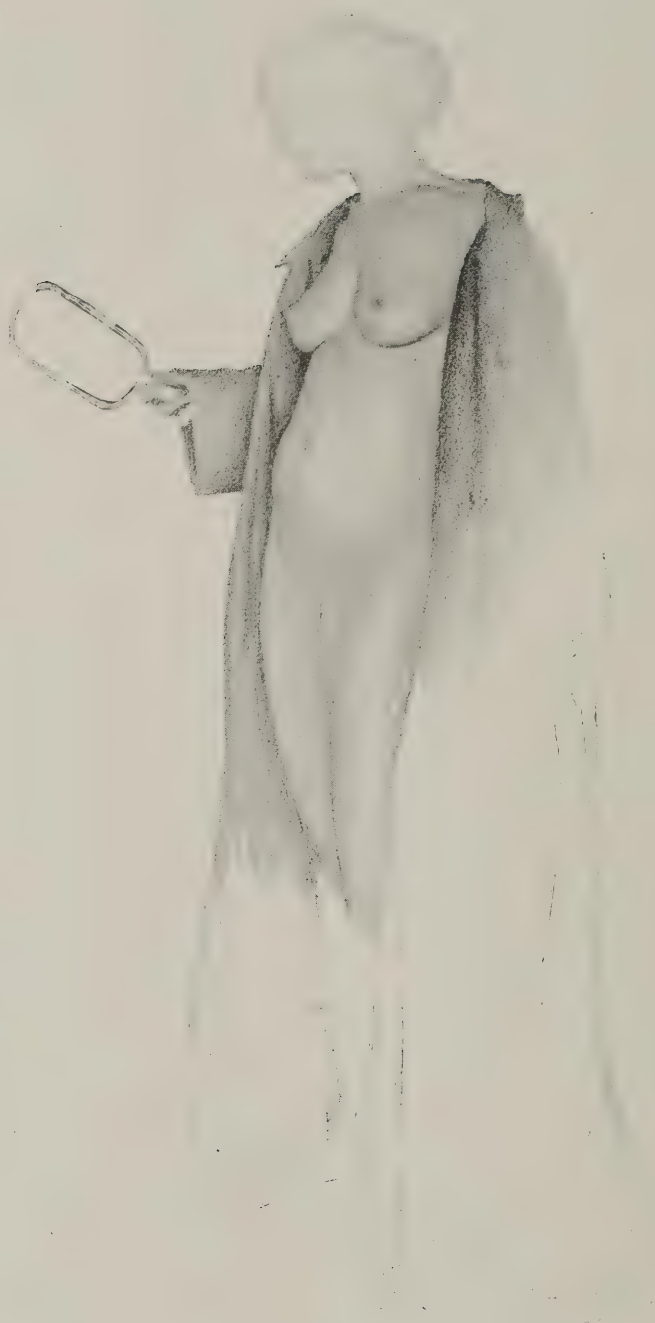
PORTRAIT OF
MADAME X

JOHN S.
SARGENT



PORTRAIT OF
MISS FLORENCE LEYLAND

JAMES McNEILL
WHISTLER



Drawing I



Drawing II

The Artist and the Paint Pot

tude to the mass; that by this very nature he is the representer in paint, pure and simple? Also that our conception of good painting is purely physical, depending solely upon the development of our senses, plus facility?

This admitted, it becomes easy to analyze the character and sense the limitations of both the painter and painting. Purely objective, his work, aside from technical mannerisms, is almost as impersonal as the photograph, which tells us nothing of the photographer. More than that, he possesses marvellously trained eyes, and at times amazing dexterity, we may not know, and in this respect, when hanging upon the walls of the museum, his canvases seem like orphans in an orphanage. Psychologically he is but a unit of the crowd, sharing its interests, work, amusements, joys and sorrows; thinking its thoughts and seeing its sights as it sees them; differing from the masses only in that he alone has the ability to mimic upon canvas the realities surrounding them, and perhaps, in so doing, add that atmosphere of material opulence which constitutes the common ideal, or lends to plainness the semblance of physical beauty. And these things he is able to do as the mechanic is able to reproduce the model, or erect a building from drawing; singing at his work and mulling the memory of the previous merry night, or enjoying in imagination the anticipated frolic, while his trained eye and hand execute habitually the conventional forms and colours. What *he* may be is beside the mark. All he needs be is a craftsman. So long as he can use his dexterous eyes and hands, he can be either angel or devil, accomplished man of the world or a piece of common clay; and his subject a Duchess or a Dutch cheese. If he is a good workman the Duchess will look her part and the cheese will look its part, and that's all there is to the matter.

Leaving the painter to squirm upon the hook; where, he will doubtless believe, we have very casually hung him higher than Hayman; let us see what an analysis of the mass can tell us of that other man at whom it jibes and jeers. A crowd jeers as it is told, at what it cannot understand, and at what it considers as pretense in anyone who affects to see or think differently from itself. It requires but

little psychological observation to discover that its ideals are conventionally commonplace, and that to pass current with it, a coin must have a loud ring. Always so, this is intensified in the present age of commercial exploitation. Hitherto, ignorance was merely lack of information and complacency was complacency; the frozen mind was regarded as a misfortune, but in our time the influence of business is paramount, and business has found it profitable to toady to common weaknesses, confirming them by so doing; till vanity, not decency; sentimentality, not sentiment; levity, not wit; sensation, not pleasure; allurements, not love; all sometimes legal tender with the crowd, have been exalted to the dignity of an established currency. With such a condition added to the heritage of centuries, during which externality and expediency became dogmas, we cannot wonder that the mass, while applauding the facile rendition of the obvious to which it was always accustomed (see Sargent's *Portrait of Madame X*), is ready to regard him who would paint otherwise somewhat as a heretic; and as the gammon yearns to muss the Sunday clothed boy, and the corner crowd to swat the silk hat, so must the mass have its fling at one who sees a world where to them there is but a star, or a round world where they see a flat one.

Such universal attitude, together with its universal application, proves most enlightening regarding the character of the artist. Clearly, this strange man "who takes no joy in the ways of his fellows" is out of tune with his time—an anomaly; either mentally erratic or one of the exceptional few whose subconscious activities result in more than the formation of habits. As in the end his sanity is admitted, and as even the crowd itself, after a long period when no longer annoyed by his goad, fashions itself upon his model (Oscar Wilde's statement that nature follows art being true), we can only conclude that he is that curious compound of action and dreams, sometimes resulting in the iconoclast. Dissatisfied with things as they are, he becomes one of the band of eternal pioneers. Where the painter, content, seeks nothing beyond that which is ready at hand, the artist senses something further. For him the material

The Artist and the Paint Pot

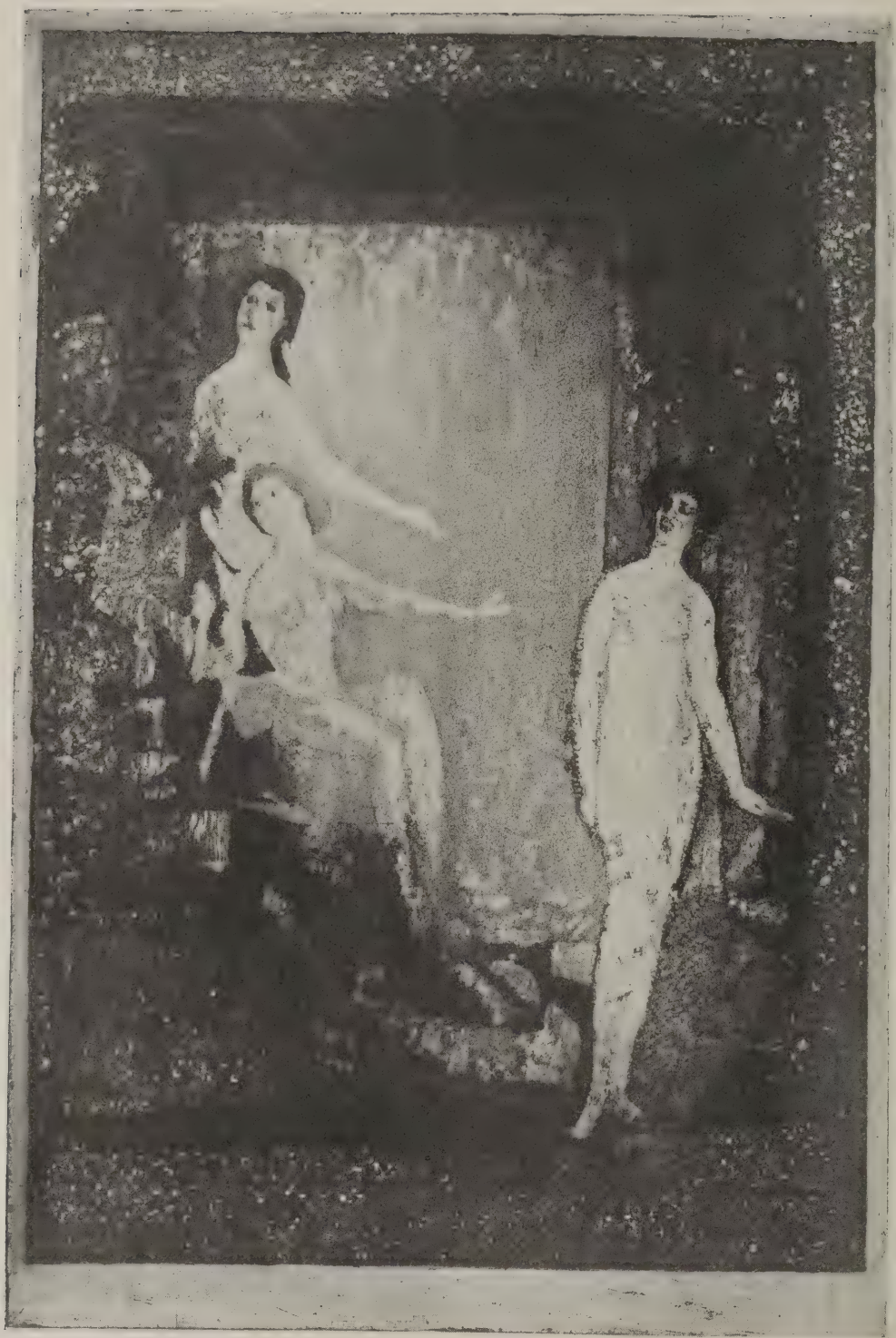
world is not the final word, and a mere reproduction of a rock-strewn hill, a watered and fruitful valley, or the physical characteristics of the model; each arranged according to certain "rules" of composition; is not sufficient.

Not but what he recognizes the merit in literal truth and respects it in a painting as much as another. Correct modelling, texture, colour, rendering broadly in facile brush work, appeals to his sense of craftsmanship as to that of any other man and he is willing to become enthusiastic over the cleverness of the painter, but after all it seems to him merely cleverness akin to juggling. Even though a painting seemingly could exist of itself alone, solely because of being a beautiful object, as a gem is beautiful, it still would not intrigue him, for he feels that nothing can have an abiding place in art apart from the personal message of its producer—that if the artist has nothing to say there can be no real art. That after all, art is a language in which something is sought to be conveyed, and as this something cannot be merely a story without the art being merely illustration, or a fact without the art being a treatise, or even the exceptional, without art descending to the anecdotal, there remains only the emotional. Therefore, he considers art as the means for communicating the inexpressible, not for the stating of physical facts—see Whistler's *Portrait of Miss Leyland*)—a something which composers, being through the very nature of things practically beyond the reach of realism—knew from the beginning.

Whether he is analytical or not, the artist feels this instinctively. He does not confuse it with symbolism, knowing well that the symbol is but a shorthand character representing a concrete idea; whereas, far from being general property, his ideas are not even formed and thus cannot manifest themselves

definitely through the conscious mind. Under the normal characteristics of the visible world the artist senses others, existing in a kind of artistic fourth dimension, and it is these he tries to express. What such qualities actually are, whether they really exist as separate manifestations of energy, or are but the reflection of his own personality, as is generally considered, is a subject for the metaphysician. The fact remains that the artist realizes an unperceived and therefore dormant quality of nature; that whether he takes his material from some vast storehouse of hereditary memories or receives it from some extraneous source, the very fact that he does not derive it from any casual appearance of nature is his especial distinction.

This conclusion, arrived at briefly and by a seeming backhanded method, may not at first glance appear startling; but reflection will reveal that the paths indicated are not parallel but divergent, and that followed consistently, they part the painter and artist immeasurably. However, it should be remembered that the painter has here been represented in an extreme that is seldom met with, save in the portrait studio; for where the artist clothes the abstract in the garment of realism, the painter generally clothes realism with art. Thus Drawing I is primarily a realistic drawing, while Drawing II is first of all an arrangement of line rhythm and mass balance and only secondarily a woman. This fact, which suggests the possibility of environment rather than nature, bearing the responsibility for the painter's development, eases the way for the author's apology for any seeming prejudice. The Pantheon of Art holds so many images that a personal preference is essential. Therefore, each of us can but say with the Sage of the Vidas: "Though I know that the Gods are One; still for me, there is none like the lotus-eyed Krishna."

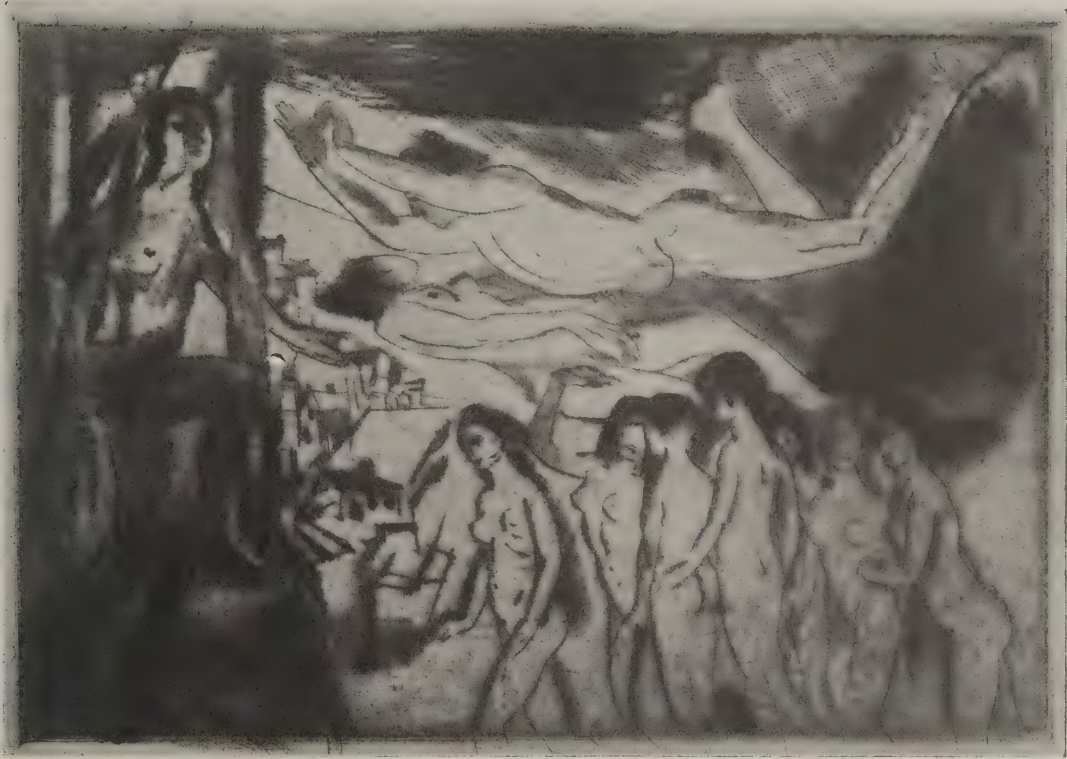


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THE
TEMPLE

FROM THE AQUATINT
BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES

Arthur B. Davies: A Muralist in Prints



THE GUIDING
SPIRIT

FROM THE DRYPOINT BY
ARTHUR B. DAVIES

A RTHUR B. DAVIES: A MURAL- IST IN PRINTS BY HENRY TYRRELL

BECAUSE Arthur B. Davies occupies a unique position in modern art—or, more accurately, because he is a unique figure who cannot be placed at all, at any given stage, unless relatively to his whole career—peculiar interest attaches to the recent exhibition, at the Weyhe Galleries in New York, of his etchings, aquatints and lithographs, supplemented with a few specially selected water colour sketches. The interest, as we shall see, involves something even more significant than the disquieting charm of the prints themselves, in which incidentally a new technique has developed—a motley of rich, strange and imaginatively suggestive effects of glamorous light and mystic voluptuous shade. They are

a surprise, truly, coming from the rainbow-chasing painter of *Dreams*, *Castalia*, *The Girdle of Aries*, and symbolistic *Unicorns* in purple-flushed classic vales of faery lands forlorn. Yet the elusive intimate quality of Davies is here, all the regal poetic allure, diffused through vanishing rhythmic lines and floating prismatic hues, translated into velvet tones and silver sheen of black-and-white. It was somewhat sudden, nevertheless, this versatile graphic show, for the conservative, methodical collector. Doubtless there will be heartbreak in the recollection of opportunities overlooked, when one day these prints now so prodigally scattered to the winds shall have become rare and priceless.

This is the first comprehensive exhibition of Davies's graphic work, all of comparatively recent date, which when accounted in the catalogue raisonné now in preparation by Mr.

Arthur B. Davies: A Muralist in Prints



AUTUMN

FROM THE AQUATINT BY
ARTHUR B. DAVIES

Carl Zigrosser will be found to embrace at least seventy-five etchings and aquatints and some threescore lithos. These constitute, as has been noted, a positive technical contribution to contemporary art, particularly in the fascinating but complex and tricky medium of aquatint. In the showing at Weyhe's they had the accompanying commentary of a selection of closely related water colours, supplying the necessary connecting link between Davies's paintings and his prints. In a sense, he is always working in terms of colour. He is first, last and all the time a potential muralist.

Important as it is, then, this graphic work of Davies in no wise stands as a finality. Regarded by themselves, as prints *per se*, these things are in a measure meaningless, despite their personal distinction, their omnipresent intimations of beauty in countless forms and aspects. From the detached viewpoint, they are indeed "vague," "fragmentary," even

"cubistic," as certain myopic critics have written, for want of more definite characterization. But seen in relation to the artist's whole work and already determined ultimate aspiration, they are as one strophe in a grandiose symphonic poem.

Whatever else these etchings and lithographs are or are not, first of all they constitute records of the artist's study of pure form, and of form in its most subtle interpretation through colour. They represent so many spiritual adventures in search of expression. Their trend is all in one direction. They have a common motive, a single dominating theme, carried through variations infinite. That theme is the undraped human figure. In this supreme model the artist finds ready to hand all his enchanting shapes hewn in the living marble of the human flesh—fragments of statues lovely as the relics of antique imaged gods.

He is standing face to face with primal beauty and nobility. This he strives to catch



REQUIEM

FROM THE LITHOGRAPH
BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES

Arthur B. Davies: A Muralist in Prints

in reflection upon the magic mirror which is his art. For a few brief moments he fain would divert us from the accustomed banalities of Use and Wont that daily life has interposed between our true selves and the eternal reality. So, the artist is not dealing in abstractions, after all. What he reveals to us is, as Bergson has so finely said, only a more direct vision of reality. "Realism is in the work when idealism is in the soul."

Sometimes the motive of a plate is but a fleeting shadow, curve, contour or gesture, expressed in a single figure or part of a figure—as in *The Antique Mirror*, for example—drawn in the consummately *dégagé* manner that Degas might have drawn it. Or it may involve an experiment with the grain and texture of the aquatint ground, over which the artist trails the biting acid with a brush, on the hazard of some enchanting effect like the *Palace Under the Sea*. Then again there will occur a group so symmetrically balanced and structurally sound, so exquisitely inter-related in spatial arrangement, that the artist must perforce complete it to a pictorial unity. Then he gives it an identifying title in accord with

his naturally poetic fancy—for with Davies there is generally a smack of classic ambrosia. Hence the *Pleiades*, *Guiding Spirit*, *Pompeian Veil*, *Autumn*, and the rest.

The aquarelles, in some instances, are colour sketches for the Greek idyls, romantic symbolisms and Dionysian dancers figured forth in etching or drypoint. But the most interesting of all the water colours is the composition tentatively called *Reconstruction*—a pictured epic of modern civilization in twentieth century America. This, it is understood, is the design for a mural decoration to be placed in some public building in Washington, D. C. In this conception, Niagara, pouring forth power in the roseate flush of dawn, is the Castalia from which the modern Muses of Art, Science and Invention are nourished.

All these things belong on the walls and ceilings of men's homes, market guildhouses, and temples. They are for fresco. They serve as preliminary notice that Architecture, mother of the arts, is once again calling home her own. Twentieth century painting must go back to the wall.



RECONSTRUCTION

FROM THE WATER COLOUR
BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES

Words . . . Words

WORDS . . . WORDS AN EDITORIAL

In re Pennell-Carrington. The article on the "Undiscovered Whistlers" was printed for Mr. Pennell's first-hand information on Whistler, not for Mr. Pennell's opinions on curators. I have before me the whole correspondence leading up to this article, and if I thought that it would amuse casual readers as much as it has amused me, I would publish it. But I fear that too much explanation would be necessary.

But the story must be told. Last May Mr. Carrington visited Baltimore, and being shown over the Maryland Institute, was interested in the Lucas Collection and made some suggestions as to cataloguing, exhibiting and so on. The trouble then, as always, at the Maryland Institute, was lack of funds (Baltimorians please note!). In appreciation of his services at that time Mr. Carrington was made Honorary Curator of the Collection. He then went to Europe, and in his own words "forgot all about it." What was his surprise, when, six months later, he saw his name in the newspapers connected with a *Great Whistler Find* and began to receive a deluge of letters and telegrams asking for information.

Among the latter was one from myself. I received a puzzled reply, but reiterating my demand for an article, extracted from Mr. Carrington in an incredibly short space of time the one published in December. At once I saw that something was wrong. Here was nothing new. But the article was interesting, so in it went.

It was not until some weeks later that I heard the true story of the "find." It appears that the Maryland Institute was, as usual, "hard up." Too hard up, in fact, to carry out Mr. Carrington's suggestions. But the new Director was a man of resource. He argued that the possession of an artistic treasure such as the Lucas Collection, rightly advertised, should attract attention; attention would breed interest, and interest perhaps dollars. So with much labour he extracted \$300 from the Board of Trustees, and invested the sum in preparing the collection for exhibition. It

must be remembered that at that time the Whistler Prints were unmounted, the letters unsorted and that there was in the Institute no wall suitable for showing them. These things the Director accomplished as best he might and flung open the doors.

He received visitors. Among them some gentlemen from the press, in search of "copy." To them the Director told his story. The gentlemen were impressed. Whistlers! Quite a quantity. Almost forty. Wash drawings. And a water-colour. Perhaps the Director spoke too fast. Perhaps the gentlemen missed a word. However it may be, the next day the Baltimore papers heralded the discovery of Forty Water-colours.

Did the Director rush into print with frantic denials? No. He sat tight. A decent time elapsed. A New York paper stretched itself, yawned and turned its eyes on Baltimore. The story grew. Found echoes in Europe. The Editor of the INTERNATIONAL STUDIO commissioned an article. Baltimore was launched.

So much for the Great Baltimore Discovery.

But that is not the best of the joke. Being myself considerably puzzled I thought it worth while to go down to Baltimore myself and see what really was there. I asked for water colours and was shown one water colour and nineteen wash drawings from the Thompson Collection. These I glanced at and passed on. The letters and cancelled plates interested me more. I thought them rarities. (It was a week later that Mr. Gallatin showed me his complete bound set!) I was enthusiastic and wrote to Mr. Pennell. He replied that he was "much interested" and would go to Baltimore. A fortnight later I received the article on the Whistler Find and photographs of what he had found. That day there was laughter in the land.

It was to a degree excusable that no one of all who had seen the collection should know that the originals of the Thompson Catalogue are in London, but that we should all mistake prints for originals was damaging, if it were not so ludicrous. The only thing to do was to join in the laugh with the best grace possible.

But the laugh was a little forced until I



HERCULES AND OMPHALE
DETAIL OF CEILING



PINTURICCHIO'S CEILING, FROM THE
PALAZZO DEL MAGNifico, SIENA

Words . . . Words

found that here too things were not quite as they seemed. In particular the paragraph in Mr. Pennell's article which reads: "We looked once. We looked twice. We looked at each other. We looked three times. And then we looked at the Director and we said . . . " suggests rapidity, a cursory glance, wonderment that mortals should be so frail, and then—a little piece of information from the expert. No hint of the puzzled looks and knitted brow, of the doubts, of the thought that perhaps, though they *could not* be originals, they might be copies by a brilliant pupil, and certainly no suggestion that *each look lasted half an hour*.

Oh! Mr. Pennell!

The thing to see this month at the Metropolitan Museum is the Pinturicchio Ceiling, which has just been installed in the South End of Gallery 32 (the "Gold Room"). It is from the Palazzo del Magnifico in Siena, built for the despot Pandolfo Petrucci about 1502.

This palace had been in a very dilapidated condition for some time and it was thought that everything of value had been taken out. An odd chance preserved it. About a hundred years ago the building began to be used as a tenement and false ceiling and partitions were put in, presumably for the sake of warmth. In this way the original vaulted ceiling was hidden and remained so until Professor Franchi, Director of the Institute of Fine Arts in Siena discovered it. Several of the painted panels had been destroyed by the workmen in remodelling the palace and the moulding was considerably damaged, but sufficient remained to justify great interest. The panels were transferred to canvas and were bought by the Museum in 1914, just before the outbreak of war.

In the present installation the dimensions of the room have been kept and casts made of the original mouldings and decorations. So that the gallery has much the appearance of the original. The floor, which was in Majolica, is now in light plaster to reflect the light, and the walls are bare where before were carved woodwork and panels by Pinturicchio, Signorelli and Genga. Just enough has been done to recapture the atmosphere without running the danger of swamping the originals under a mass of imitation.

The illustration on the next page shows the whole as reconstructed. The round panels in the corners represent *Venus* (top left-hand), *The Three Graces* (top right-hand), *Jupiter transformed into a Satyr, bending over Antiope* (lower left-hand), and *Bacchus and Pan* (lower right-hand). The two outer panels remaining represent *The Rape of Europa* (above) and *Hercules and Omphale* (below). The four lozenge-shaped panels round the centre have for subjects *A Figure of a Sea Horse* (above), *Helle* (below), *The Hunting of the Caledonian Boar* (right), and *The Judgment of Paris* (left). The remaining eight panels represent Triumphs, a favourite Renaissance theme. Working round from the top right-hand they are *The Triumph of Alexander*, *The Triumph of Apollo*, *The Triumph of Mars*, *The Triumph of a Warrior*, *The Triumph of Cybele*, *The Triumph of Ceres*, *Pluto and Proserpine* and *The Triumph of Amphrotrite*. In the centre were the Petrucci Arms; so this feature has been restored. The room is well worth a visit.

George Bellows has painted something very like a masterpiece. It is reproduced on the following page so little comment is necessary. A comparison between this portrait and the treatment of the same subject in *Eleanor*, *Jean* and *Anna* (reproduced in the December issue) may be of value. That the portrait won the National Arts Club prize is a commendation of the Club's judgment. Bellows has painted a picture which carries its own commendation. Make a point of seeing this portrait.

Another picture at the National Arts Club exhibition which sticks in my mind is Jonas Lie's *Tropical Storm*. Jonas Lie is an uncertain quantity. His work has always a distinctive quality. His canvases shout "Lie." But the distinction is not always flattering, and the "Lie" does not always ring true. However, his *Tropical Storm* encourages me to look deeper into his other work.

The other pictures in the exhibition were for the most part obscured by the painters and their wives, but a talk with Mr. Ritschel on the "Champagne of Life" served as an admirable pick-me-up.



Courtesy National Arts Club

THE OLD LADY
IN BLACK

GEORGE
BELLOWS

Book Reviews



BOOK REVIEW

PEN DRAWING AND PEN DRAUGHTSMEN. By Joseph Pennell. The Graphic Arts Series. Vol. III. The Macmillan Company.

Here is a book to own. Four hundred pages odd, with as many illustrations. Such an array of drawings was never collected in one book before. The letterpress? Well . . . Joseph Pennell. You know. Information in plenty. Sound hints for students. And throughout the customary Pennell dirge, "Art is dead, 'Art is dead," with its refrain, "Damn those fool Editors." But don't mind that. Art was alive twenty years ago . . . Then there were other mourners of the good times past.

The book proper starts with Fortuny, the father of modern pen-drawing. For by pen-drawing, Mr. Pennell understands pen-drawing for reproduction. Thus he compares a study by Duerer with one by Rossetti, and immediately many things become apparent. The Duerer has a certain stiffness, the Rossetti is bold and free. The Duerer is cold, a delicate framework in black and white; the Rossetti suggests colour and warmth.

It is in this power to suggest colour that modern pen-drawing differs from the old. Look at the Rembrandt Head. It is a perfect drawing. But there was no need for Rembrandt to paint with the pen.

With Fortuny, then, modern pen-drawing begins. His figure work and Vierge's architecture strike a new note. Not only form but texture is conveyed and light begins to play a prominent part.

It is impossible to discuss all of the artists

here represented. Mr. Pennell's taste—up to 1900—was happily Catholic, so that every manner is represented. But the really big men stand out. They are Vierge, Casanova, Meissonier, Menzel, Leibl, v. Stueck, Sandys, Rossetti and Beardsley. All of these men are well worth remembering and I wish that I could reproduce an example of each. The Manet *Raven* on the cover is magnificent, but Manet is primarily a painter. The Beardsley advertisement is reproduced, as it shows Beardsley in a new light. The others must bide their time.

As to the Americans, this is the least satisfactory section of the book. The examples chosen are remarkable chiefly for their technical excellence. One might mention Abbey's *Old Songs*, Blum's *Portrait of Joe Jefferson*, and for sheer craftsmanship Brennan's *Spiral Staircase*. But there is nothing to make one exclaim, "Behold the Master." Is America there at fault or Joseph Pennell?

I repeat, this is a book to own. Pen-drawing is in a bad way, though hardly so bad as Mr. Pennell would make out. But colour printing and half-tone will pall, and this book may prove as an inspiration to some unknown pen draughtsman.

Other books received include:

LUSTRE POTTERY. By Lady Evans, M.A. E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE BOOK OF A HUNDRED HANDS. By George B. Bridgman. Edward C. Bridgman.

A HANDBOOK OF INDIAN ART. By E. B. Havell. E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE CATHEDRALS AND CHURCHES OF ROME AND SOUTHERN ITALY.

THE CATHEDRALS OF CENTRAL ITALY.

By T. Francis Bumpus. E. P. Dutton & Co.



*From Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen.
By Joseph Pennell. The Macmillan Co.*

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AUBREY
BEARDSLEY

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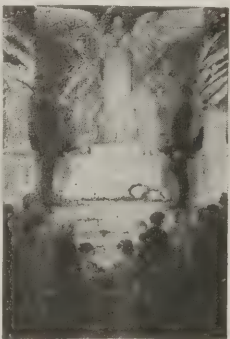
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(Continued from page 3)

ing in the forest where stands a Chris-
tian chapel. Moorish horsemen wear-
ing turbans and carrying shields of
fantastic form are seen charging out
of the forest, while from the nearer
rocks gallop Spanish soldiers in half-
armour led by their commander who
flourishes his baton. These are followed
by shadowy pikemen the shafts of
whose weapons in striking parallel slant
into the picture from the left. Another
pikeman, going out of the picture at
the right, is almost in silhouette, the
upper part of his body larger than life,
the lower cut off by the frame. The
effect is startling; it is as though he
had come too close to the camera. It is
not on him, however, that the eye comes
to rest but on the handsome figure of
the cavalier at the left, standing at
ease, mysteriously aloof, the cavalier
whose eyes look directly out at the be-
holder, whose well-formed left calf
stretches half across the scene, whose
pike resting along his arm cuts sharply
across the pikes of the charging sol-
diers beyond, and whose powerful
swarthy hand pointing at the battle ap-
pears as large as a war-horse, rider and
all, in the clearing beyond.

This obviously is no mere fighting,
sweating cavalryman. It is some saint
returned miraculously to earth to help
a Christian army against the Moslem
foe. No record has been found telling
what saint it is that Zurbaran intended
and the answer depends on which bat-
tle in the long history of the Recon-
quest is in progress before him. The
history of the picture and the legends
dealing with the apparitions of two
saints in particular supply evidence
which may prove entertaining, albeit in-
conclusive.

The Museum picture and a number
more of Zurbaran's important works
were painted for the Carthusian mon-
astery at Xeres de la Frontera-Jerez,
according to the modern spelling. The
Spanish houses of the order were sup-
pressed in 1835, and the decaying cloister
may still be seen on the rich sherry-
growing banks of the Guadalete, not
far from Cadiz. Two years after the
order of suppression, many of the
treasures of which Cadiz had been justly
proud were dispersed, owing to "scan-
dalous events and fatal circumstances."
Among them were six paintings of par-
ticularly fine quality according to the
judgment of Cascales. Five of these
later found their way into European
museums. The sixth which represented
a Moorish battle disappeared after the
sale and its whereabouts remained a
mystery until recently.

When it came into the possession of
the Museum the picture bore the title,

(Continued on page 10)



HENRY C. LAWRENCE: AN APPRECIATION BY CORNELIA DEARTH

THE approaching dispersal of the collection of Gothic art gathered by the late Henry C. Lawrence brings to all who knew him and his home, a memory of beauty unique of its kind.

From early life, Mr. Lawrence realized the liveable qualities of the objects of art which became his hobby. Educated in France, his favourite relaxation was visiting and studying such collections as those of the Musée de Cluny, and of the Châteaux of Langeais and Azay-le-Rideau where treasures are displayed as though they were part of every day existence. His home in New York reflected this influence. From its front door, set with a fine thirteenth century stained glass panel, to the remotest bedroom where the walls were decorated with Florentine and Italian polychrome stuccos, everything was part of the collection and the collection made the home. Guests sat on rare Gothic chairs of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, or upon choir stalls, and dined from a priory table of the sixteenth century. The portieres and curtains were Genoese velvets and brocatelles; and the windows served to frame old stained glass, of which his collection was by far the finest in America.

This stained glass was the outstanding delight of the house. For Sundays and other days when Mr. Lawrence had

leisure to enjoy his treasures, every window was hung with panels, so mounted as to exclude all extraneous light, and the radiance made of the rooms a holy place, where the lover of beauty felt like putting his shoes from off his feet. There were over fifty examples of the glass, covering every country and all periods from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century, and Mr. Lawrence knew and loved them all. One connoisseur was moved to write a play concerning the vision which came to him from seeing them.

Henry C. Lawrence had the artist's delight in colour, and loved to combine the rich tones which he found in the stained glass and in the tapestries and old fabrics. Under the touch of his genius and instinct for beauty the spirit of the great art of the Gothic ages pervaded his home. He was a true spiritual heir to the reverence and devotion of the craftsmen of that ancient time. The subjects of his tapestries and wood-carvings, with their presentation of what was beautiful in the life and surroundings of their artists, brought them very close to him, and he loved and appreciated them as few moderns have done.

Not only the tapestries, but every piece of furniture or bric-a-brac in the house was beautiful in itself. There were examples of practically every article of use or beauty of the Gothic period. These Mr. Lawrence gathered, not from the desire to collect, or the wish to own such examples, but because he loved them.



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(Continued from page 6)

The Battle of Las Navas de Tolosa. It is not known how long this title had been traditional, but it is a tempting one, for at Las Navas was gained the greatest Christian victory over the Moors recorded in the annals of the Reconquest. "From that day commenced the decay of the Moslemah power in Spain," writes the mediæval Arab analyst, Ismail Ben Jusef, "since their affairs were never afterwards found to prosper therein, and the Christian foe becoming masters of one district after another, gradually occupied and kept possession of almost all of the land."

After an important victory at Alarcos in 1195 the Almohades had overrun half the peninsula. Pope Innocent III, grasping the seriousness of the situation, proclaimed a crusade and threatened to excommunicate any Iberian potentate who should refuse to take part in the campaign on which the salvation of Spain depended. The armies, united under Alfonso VIII of Castile, set out from Toledo in the spring of 1212. They were outnumbered by the Moors, who confidently awaited their advance among the mountains. But "God provided a remedy in this extremity," writes Mariana; "a shepherd, who had long used those mountains and knew them thoroughly (some say it was an angel, for that after he had shown the way, he was never seen more), promised the king, if they would rely on him he would lead the whole army through by-ways he well knew." Another historian is skeptical of the angel and attributes the victory to "the good counsel of a certain peasant whom God sent inspired." Popular tradition among the people, however, affirms that the shepherd saviour was none other than the beloved Saint Isidore, labourer and patron of Madrid. In our painting, is it not the plains of Tolosa where Christian and Saracen fight their battle? And the splendid figure standing aloof from the struggle. Is he not Saint Isidore, his ploughmans humble garb transposed to suit the aristocratic Spanish taste, pointing out the path which the troops take in falling upon the enemy? In the background the Christian church may well typify the significance of the victory about to be gained. Zurbaran must have painted the popular peasant saint con amore, for his own youth was spent labouring in fields and pastures.

Well and good. But a tradition of surer origin does not admit of the Saint Isidore theory. Ponz, who visited the Carthusian church at Jerez in the eighteenth century, writes of seeing there two excellent paintings by Zurbaran, one of which represented the



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Virgin and Child and some kneeling monks, while the other showed "Our Lady aiding the inhabitants of Xeres in a battle which they won from the Moors in that vicinity, in which was captured their leader Aben faha, who was then sent captive to Alfonso XI." If we assume that the monks at Jerez informed Ponz correctly, we must search Spanish history for another and later battle.

From early in the eighth century the Moors had possession of Xeres and the country round about. It was ultimately recaptured in 1264 by Alfonso X, the Learned, and after that played a prominent part in the struggles between the Christians and the Moors. In the reign of Alfonso XI, the Implacable, the king of Granada and the Moroccan emir joined in the last great effort of the Moors to reconquer Spain. Castile and Aragon forgot their quarrels and made common cause. In 1340 the Africans made a raid on the territory about Xeres, robbing and pillaging and "leaving a desert as might the devastating tempest of thunder and lightnings." But while they were embarrassed by the quantity of their booty the Christians took them by surprise and turned the tide once more. Thrown into a panic the Moors withdrew leaving two illustrious generals stretched on the field. The disaster filled the hearts of all Islam with bitterest grief. Their armies awaited the final issue with sad foreboding. On October 30 in the valley of the Guadalete, on whose fertile banks was built more than a century later the Carthusian monastery, the Spaniards won the battle of Rio Salado, by all odds the most important Christian victory since the days of Las Navas de Tolosa. The importance of the preliminary battle at Xeres was appreciated by the Spanish among whom the tradition sprang up that no less a being than the apostle Santiago of Compostella, patron saint of Spain, had been present at the battle interceding for the Christians in this great overthrow of the Mohammedan power.

As Slayer of the Moor, Santiago has often been shown by the Spaniards dressed in armour and leading the battle on a white steed. The Acta Sanctorum devotes 29 folio pages to the "consideration of amazing victories which it is said the Virgin Mary with Saint James, being invoked, performed against the Moors in Lusitania" alone. The church in the background may well prefigure the Carthusian monastery which was destined to stand near the site where the battle occurred and which was to house during two centuries the painting of the battle now owned by the Museum.

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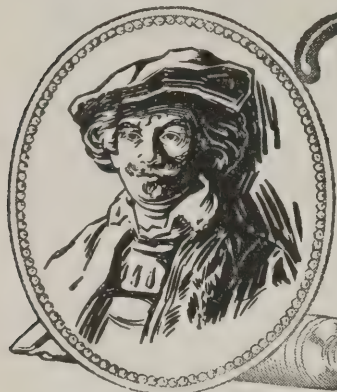
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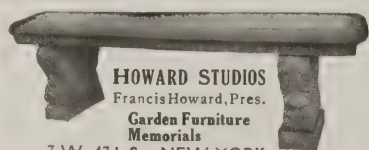
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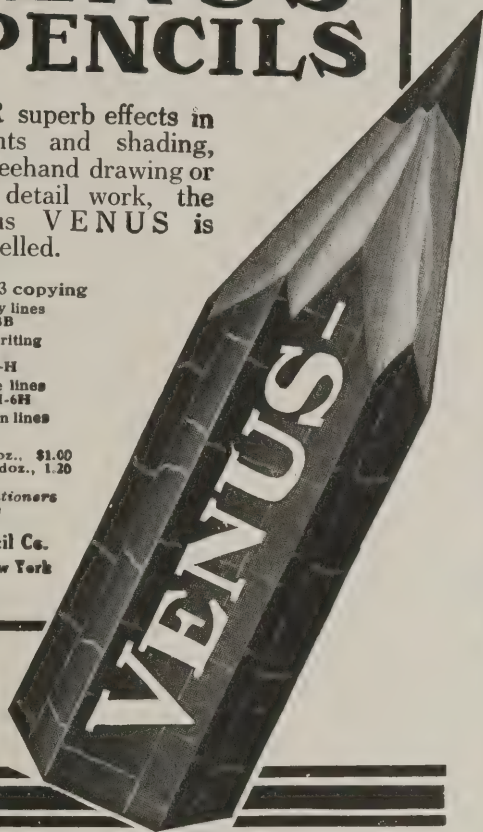
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*When the heron's in the high wood and the last
long furrow's sown,
With the herded cloud before her and her sea-
sweet raiment blown,
Comes Mary, Mary Shepherdess, a-seeking for
her own.*

*Saint James he calls the righteous folk, Saint
John he calls the kind,
Saint Peter calls the valiant men all to loose or
bind,
But Mary seeks the little souls that are so hard to
find.*

* * * *

*When the bracken-harvest's gathered and the frost
is on the loam,
When the dream goes out in silence and the ebb
runs out in foam,
Mary, Mary Shepherdess, she bids the lost lambs
home.*

*If I had a little maid to turn my tears away,
If I had a little lad to lead me when I'm grey,
All to Mary Shepherdess they'd fold their hands
and pray.*

**From the Lamp of Poor Souls
By Marjorie Pickthall**

*The pigeons dwell in Pimlico; they mingle in the
street;
They flutter at Victoria around the horses' feet;
They fly to meet the royal trains with many a
loyal phrase,
And strut to meet their sovereign on strips of
carpet baize;
But Peter, Peter Pigeon, salutes his cradle days.*

*The pigeons walk the Guildhall; they dress in
civic taste,
With amplitude of mayoral chain and aldermanic
waist;
They bow their grey emphatic heads, their top-
knots rise and fall,
They cluster in the courtyard at their midday
dinner call;
But Peter, Peter Pigeon, he nods beneath my
shawl.*

**From Coal and Candle Light
By Helen Parry Eden**

*Surely, from out this agony of mind
Some good things shall be born;
Some beautiful slow thought become an act
As children come to manhood, so to find
Justification for the piteous and worn
Faces of women who once gave them birth.
Now this strange pain's too wide to be exact,
Too cold and heavy, like a winter tide
Flooding the fields that once were warm and
green
And ringing with the spoken joy of birds
When Noon danced in his tunic, shadow-pied.
Never words,
Only the cool unhurried hands of Time
Can make me gentle surgery. An hour
Will fall upon an hour, until a day
Has passed, and cadenced like a rhyme,
The days will dawn and die and come to flower
Over and over, till the measured play
Of loveliness laid upon sorrow's smart
Obliterates the aching of the heart,
And one may use a memory of grief
To bring another traveller relief.*

**From Tossed Coins
By Amory Hare**

*Death's dance may have a languid grace
As to his tune you tread the gay measure,
Slowly, slowly.
You feel not his arm around your waist,
His icy breath on your cheek.
It is summer.
In the pauses of the dance
You forget he is with you in the sitting out places,
And even as you are thinking of other summers
to come,
Of other roses as sweet as those you now fondle,
Death invites you once more to the dance,
Slowly, slowly,
With a little more languor.
Summer is fading.*

**From Songs of the Dead
By Margaret Napier**

G. K. CHESTERTON

IN AMERICA

SO Chesterton the Heretic, Chesterton the Orthodox, Thinker, Poet, Jester to Democracy, Prophet of Cheese and English Beer, is in the States. Lectures crowded to the door. "The Ignorance of the Educated," "The Perils of Health," "Shall We Abolish the Inevitable?" Good rousing themes. And camera men rushing around in a frantic endeavour to get larger plates. Chesterton filling the front page of the illustrated papers. What a picture. . . . And books. . . . Readers tumbling over each other for **The Flying Inn**. Deathblow to prohibition.

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Talking of poems and parodies, here is one of **Lepanto**, from Charles Powell's **Poets in the Nursery**.

Don John, quaffing as the high gods sup,
Sees his merits mirrored in the crescent of the cup,
Holding his head up as the magic letters leap;
"Virtue's counsellor,
Heaven's own Banqueter" . . .
Don John, the Cloisterer,
Is going off to sleep.

Luckily Chesterton approves of laughter. For other books here they are, a fine array:

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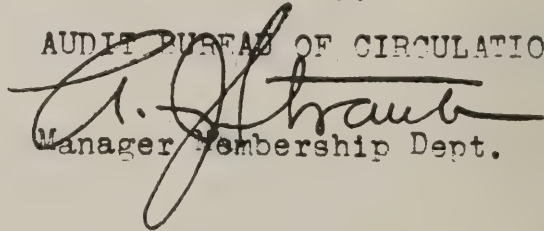
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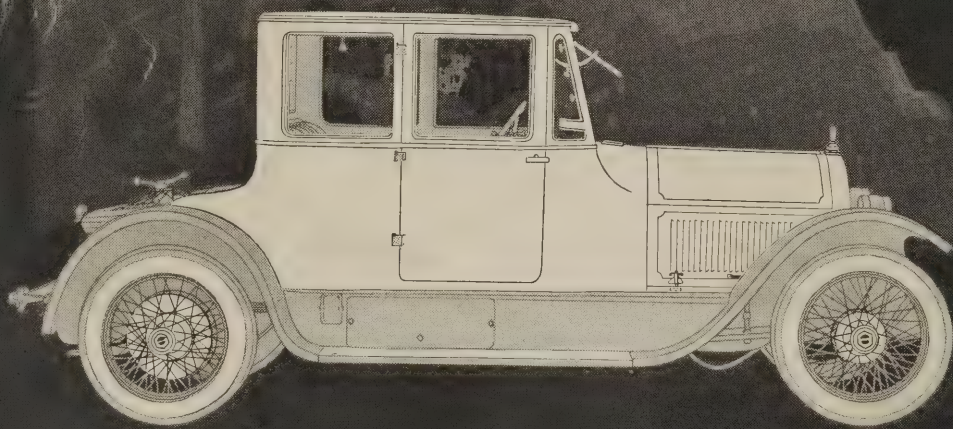
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